The Mountain of Silver Snow

MARION H. DUNCAN

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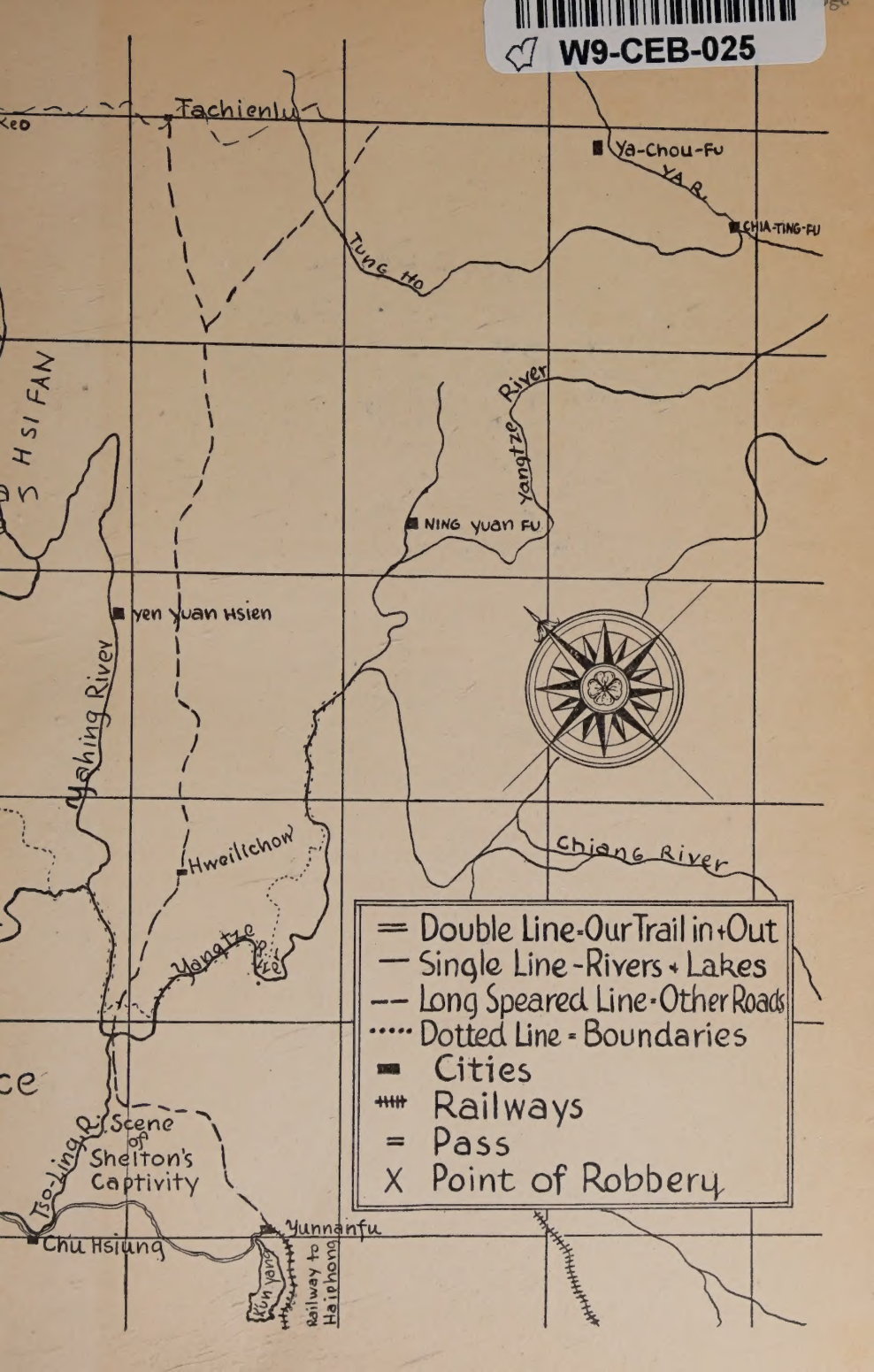
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Hweilichow
Yangtze R.
Chiang River
Scene of Shelton's Captivity
Tso-ling
Chu Hsiung
Yunnanfu
Railway to Haiphong
= Double Line-Our Trail in+Out
— Single Line-Rivers + Lakes
-- Long Speared Line-Other Roads
····· Dotted Line = Boundaries
Cities
Railways
= Pass
X Point of Robbery

Mr. and Mrs. Marion H. Duncan and John Kenneth in Tibetan dress.

The Mountain of Silver Snow

By

Marion H. Duncan

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Dedicated to all of the noble men, women and children of whatever race or creed both Living and Dead who have given of their Life that The Spirit of Jesus might live in Tibet.

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PREFACE

Six years residence in Western China on the Tibetan Border have given an unusual perspective of the various tribes among whom the writer has travelled. The incidents, customs and characteristics related have not only the ordinary flavor of casual contact which the traveler receives but are reinforced by the background of his experience with Chinese and Tibetans. An adequate command of both the Chinese and Tibetan languages enabled him to verify facts and understand episodes more intimately than would be the case if an interpreter had been used.

The aim has not been to give an exhaustive or scholarly treatment of the lands travelled but an interesting and instructive narrative of personal experiences over strange trails. Accuracy and fair statement have been striven for. There has been no thought of ridicule in the portrayal of habits and beliefs of the people but a frank statement of the impact which the experience seared on the mind at the time. Representative facts of the different peoples in their daily life have been given for the sake of knowledge and entertainment. It is hoped that the brief survey of Missions will aid in developing a more impartial attitude on the part of the critics of Missions and a greater zeal to participate in the evangelization of the world from those friendly to the Missionary Cause.

The mutual experiences of several families portrayed in this volume beg for a generous attitude from those concerned.

Tibetan bandits having seized all of the negatives belonging to the writer, he has sought some of his illustrations from relatives and friends who have been kind enough to lend him prints sent to them from Batang. In other instances former missionaries who resided in Batang have generously permitted the use of their photographs. For these kindnesses,

grateful thanks are due to World Call, Mrs. A. L. Shelton, Dr. W. M. Hardy, Mr. R. A. MacLeod, and others.

Miss Joy Taylor and President C. T. Paul have given valuable aid in suggestion, helpful criticism, and inspiration, doing this out of their crowded time. My wife Louise has generously spent hours in correction, and in constructive suggestion.

Miss Lucy King DeMoss did the editorial work on the manuscript. Without her aid it could hardly have been made ready for publication, so limited has been the author's time while at home.

In the back of the book will be found a guide to pronunciation of Tibetan names of persons and places. You may find the map on the fly-leaf helpful in following the journey in and out.

It is the hope of all concerned in the preparation of this book that it will be entertaining and informative about lands and peoples little known to the world and that the narratives of Mission work in isolated sections of the earth will appeal to the adventurous Christian spirit of America.

MARION H. DUNCAN

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FOREWORD

Tibet has always been a field of lofty spiritual adventure. High up in the great mid-mountain plateaus of Asia, this isolated and set-apart land has ever challenged the daring faith of souls bent on high undertakings for God. A few weeks ago I bade good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Marion H. Duncan and their two small children as they started on the long journey, returning to missionary work on the Tibetan border, after their first furlough home from the field. They will be four long months on the way. I shall never forget their joyous expectation in returning to their post at Batang, in the face of dangers in travel and exceptionally hard problems when they reach their field. On coming out two years ago, they were set upon by robbers, who took all their possessions, even most of their clothing, leaving them destitute in the spurs of the Himalaya mountains. The story of their long journey south to the coast, through the wilds of West China and Burma is an epic in itself.

Now Mr. Duncan writes a book embodying experiences on going in to the Tibetan border, experiences while serving at Batang and experiences coming out two years ago. It is a vivid story. The book not only has the thrill of adventure in it, but it tells of strange lands and peoples, of marvelous scenery and of loving service to a rugged race, bowed down by superstition and ignorance.

At Batang, on the trail to Lhasa, two self-forgetful pioneer medical missionaries, Dr. Zenas Loftis and Dr. A. L. Shelton, lie buried—the first, a victim to dread typhus, the last, falling at the hands of murderous robbers. The sacrifice of these men has stirred many hearts. Mr. Duncan gives a new interpretation to these high adventures for the Christian faith, through striking pen pictures of the native people, their customs, their mountain homes and the adaptation of the Western

missionary pioneer to a very difficult task. One reads the chapters with a growing appreciation of the challenge which calls earnest hearts back to lonely service for a neglected race, on "a long, long trail a-winding" to the Roof of the World.

Indianapolis, Indiana
March, 1929

STEPHEN J. COREY

The Mountain of Silver Snow

I

THE CARAVAN AND THE COOLIE

EIGHT hundred miles from the nearest railway station and two thousand five hundred miles up the mighty Yangtze from whose rushing waters it is hid by the thrust of a mountain spur, lies the little Tibetan village of Batang. Towering ranges whose peaks are eternally frozen guard this garden paradise from the beaten paths of men. He who would enter must scale airless heights, ford rapid rivers, and endure the dangers of precipitious trails. Men and women, ambassadors of the King of Heaven, have found this beauteous valley, and its genial climate and sheltered location, in a land famous for ice and dryness, have captivated their hearts. Here on the Roof of the World men and women have taught Christ in word and deed, have died in the manifestation of their faith and have left the Challenge of the Unconquered Land behind them.

Climb the loftiest heights that overtop the valley of Batang until the city is but a greyish blur and the fields of the valley are spiderwebbed plain. Turn the eyes southward and when the day is clear two hundred miles away a white cone looms above the waves of mountain ranges. It is the hallowed peak of Kawagabo, "The Mountain of Silver Snow," an icy king gazing coldly down upon the bare mountain tips beneath her. Under the mystic shadow of this peak towards which Tibetans go on sacred pilgrimages, missionaries of the Disciples of Christ under the leadership of Dr. A. L. Shelton and J. C. Ogden have presented the Christ to the people of Tibet.

In answer to the Sheltonian call "Come On," a party of men and women made the extensive preparations necessary for the establishment of homes in that remote Tibetan valley, and on the 13th of August, 1921, sailed on the Steamer Empress of Japan for Batang. The party consisted of Dr.

and Mrs. A. L. Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Morse with their eight months' old baby, Eugene, and Mr. and Mrs. Marion H. Duncan. At Shanghai Mrs. Shelton left the party, her plan being to work on Tibetan translations in Darjieling, and the rest of us went on to Hongkong where food of all varieties, sun hats, mosquito netting and a host of odds and ends could be purchased to advantage, and also some of the articles which had been forgotten.

To enter the Chinese province of Yunnan in the most convenient way, the traveler must pay tribute to the French of Indo-China. We embarked in a freighting steamer loaded with cement for a two days' ride in a choppy sea, going from Hongkong to Haiphong. Haiphong is a thriving French-controlled Anamese city lying a few miles up a shallow river whose mouth was concealed from our curious eyes by high rocky islets. In this city the French searched our boxed goods with a fine-toothed comb, taking so much time and patience that we were not sure whether we would not prefer to be overcharged if they would do it in a week instead of a month.

Leaving the moisture-laden heat and the blood-thirsty mosquitos of Haiphong as soon as possible we had a grimy three days' railroad trip northward to Yunnanfu, the capital of Yunnan province. The trains run only in the daytime. At night we lodged in comfortable French hotels. Admiration for the marvelous skill of the French engineers who built this railway with its hundred tunnels and chasm bridges that enable the trains to climb six thousand feet as they circle around the mountains was mixed with pity when we were told that a Chinese or Anamese laborer died for every tie in the roadbed. As we sped northward, the rice plains of Indo-China gave place to the jungle mountains of Yunnan. The first day's journey took us to the Chinese border. From this point for two days we were surprised to see the corn-clad hillsides. We had thought of China as a land of muddy rice fields with water-buffalos dragging a rude wooden plow beneath the yellow waters, while a sleepy youth wearily pulled

his feet out of the sucking mud as he clung to the plow handles!

Yunnanfu, with its few French houses near the railway station and some unpretentious mission buildings in various sections of the city, was still little touched by the modern world. Leading from the station to the city was a broad muddy street kept wet by the dripping buckets of coolies carrying water from the recently installed water pipes. There was no rumbling auto nor clanging street car to hurry the feet of the sedate pedestrian who could stop and talk to friends in the middle of the road as long as he desired, undisturbed by the passing donkeys or the burden-carrying pedlars. Out of sight of the railroad station, ancient China thrilled with her strange teeming life.

While waiting in Yunnanfu for the arrival of our goods from Haiphong we visited some missions whose work is still in incipient stage. Representatives of several mission boards and at least one independent missionary were scattered through this city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. The China Inland Mission had completed a new chapel a short time before while the Church Missionary Society had a splendid new hospital. The converts are few but the influence of the missionaries is rapidly spreading. The Y. M. C. A. has a good school where I made my first speech through the aid of an "interrupter" as an interpreter has been facetiously called. I said a few sentences, then the interpreter would translate. By that time I had forgotten what I had said before, as well as what I intended to say afterwards. I was too engrossed in listening to the Chinese interpreter, although I couldn't understand a word he said.

To us who were making our first visit to the Orient the sight of blue-gowned Chinese in their heel-less slippers emerging from latticed homes with turned-up roofs was quaintly appealing. Cubby-hole shops where half-naked sweating workmen hammered out copper kettles fascinated our imagination. We remembered that these people had been in this

country when Abraham started for the Promised Land. These same shops had been doing this same business transferred from father to son since Columbus discovered America. There were shelf upon shelf of highly embroidered silk cloth in rich colors, causing us to dwell contemplatively on well-known evidences of a high civilization when America was still roamed by savages.

There were other features which repelled and nauseated: The squalor of the streets cleansed partly by mangy dogs and the corpse of a man scantily covered by rice straw in a side street amid the callous indifference of the Oriental. Later we realized that intense massing of people over a small area cheapens the value of human life everywhere. When our servants charged us five cents more for a basket than it had cost them it was hard for us to consider this extra money as a tip or commission for business transacted. This commission idea was foreign to our previous business training. To be laughed at by the sophisticated for paying three times too much for a rice bowl provoked us until presently we were willing to forget our own customs and learn to bargain for the smallest purchase. We thought they were crooked and they considered we were fools when it was really only mutual ignorance of each other's background. Romantic and idealistic, our thought revolted from the petty economic shrewdness practiced on us by the Oriental which, later, sound reflection forced us to realize was the outgrowth of intense competition among a crowded population with an inadequate religious dynamic.

We had flattered ourselves that little had been left undone to perfect us for our work, and did not sense how far we were from comprehending our task and its environment. We had come with a spiritual message. The onrush of humanity overwhelmed us. We were confused in our ideas and our action. Only the material seemed to be evident. Casual glimpses led to the feeling that each one in the countless throngs was fighting only for enough pitiful cash to continue a sordid

existence. We had unconsciously adopted an attitude of superiority in material matters and it was easy therefore to slide into an intellectual and spiritual pride. Our expensive standard of monetary life seemed to place us above fussing over a few coppers when the porters differed with us about the carrying of our luggage. We paid the excess, an exorbitant amount when viewed with the usual charge, and marked ourselves for easy prey. Because we could order a sedan chair carried by four men for a trip downtown, or buy silk or furs for a third of their cost in America, or hire a servant for five dollars a month, enough to support his family and save money, we got the wrong perspective of Chinese civilization. It took time and thought to understand that living costs are not a criterion of advancement. It took years to appreciate that copper cash was not the aim of the Oriental; that these toiling masses were striving for a finer life; that the Chinese had hoary traditions of honor and honesty and were our equals in mental and spiritual ability. Our first contacts were from the bread and butter standpoint. Some of these were disastrous. Later, we had contracts of large sums where we mutually trusted each other without a scrap of paper and each lived up to his word. These revised our first impressions. Time and association brought us those fine adventures in understanding with Chinese and Tibetans which caused regret for many of our attitudes of earlier years.

It was with a peculiar sensation that we found ourselves on the borderland of modern conveniences in this ancient Chinese city of Yunnanfu. We were puzzled about what we should do first as we began our preparations to reach one of the most remote stations of missionary activity in the world. We did not realize the distance to Batang until Dr. Shelton initiated us into the mysteries of preparing a caravan.

It was the end of the railway. From now on we must depend on a train of pack animals. We newcomers knew no Chinese, hence, the responsibility and burden of finding a hundred and twenty pack animals that would go to Likiang;

hiring chairmen to Batang; finding servants willing and able to help us, not to mention a thousand and one details that sprung up at unexpected times, had to be borne by Dr. Shelton, who was generously and ably assisted by M. J. Graham of the China Inland Mission.

It would have been easy if one could have called up "central" and over the phone connected up with a string of mules and the required number of men to start across country the next morning. That is the way of the West but not the East. Money is taken too seriously. A servant was sent out and told to scout around the places where men and animals could be hired. This man dropped in at such a place and while he sipped a little tea casually remarked to the landlord:

"I know a foreigner who wants to go on a long journey."

"Good," replied his host as he too sipped a drink of tea, thus giving them both time to think about the next words. In a few minutes the guest continued:

"If you want to talk about it there might be a little money in it for both of us."

The landlord showed more interest.

"Is this foreigner a newcomer or does he understand Chinese ways?" was his next question.

"One of them, the one who does the business understands our customs," was the reply.

"That is a pity, but perhaps we can eat a little profit. We will discuss it later," were the parting words of the caravan dealer.

The servant returned and announced that it was hard to find anyone who was willing to think about such a journey but finally he had found a man who would talk about the matter with us.

"Why did you not bring him along with you?" asked the doctor.

With a gaze of astonished pity came the answer:

"I will bring him around in a few days."

The two arrived. After some preliminary remarks a question was asked.

"How much do you want per stage?" (One would never get there if the men were hired by the day).

The coolie boss took a sip of tea and calculated a moment.

"If the teacher (teacher is a commonly used title of respect) should give me less than two dollars a day per man I would not make any money."

The doctor showed astonishment and incredulity. The coolie boss said that it might be done for a little less:

"How much will the teacher give?" he asked.

"I will give you fifty cents a day and that is more than it is worth!" loudly exclaimed the doctor.

The boss was shocked. He recovered to say:

"I might be able to do it for a dollar and a half."

After arguing a while longer Dr. Shelton said magnanimously, "I will give you more than it is worth, let us say seventy-five cents a day per man."

More tea is drunk as the man decreased his bid and we increased ours. It was a contest of wits and craftiness. Finally when most of the tea was exhausted and both are despairing of reaching an agreement, the coolie boss said, "Teacher will please help me out a bit and we will make it a dollar a day." The doctor refused to help him out and insisted on eighty cents a day. The boss demanded silver and cash which was finally agreed upon. He was highly pleased to get the contract for eighty cents a day which was higher than that paid by the Chinese, finding it difficult to conceal his pleasure at the extra profit under a mask of sadness as he complained about the hard task of securing men.

The next day the coolie returned to discuss another point of the pending contract. He looked at the women of the party.

"They are pretty heavy. It will take eight men to carry each of the chairs," he said.

"Why those ladies are small. Four men could easily carry them!" the Doctor retorted.

Further conversation resulted in an agreement on six men. Point by point, day by day, over the teacups, there was wrestling of wits with the diplomatic and patient Chinese. Finally the terms were all worked out and the written contract was brought to be signed. The Doctor went over it carefully with the coolie boss to re-affirm the agreement; but one condition had been left out. He is sent back to rewrite it which takes another day and another conference must be held before it is signed and a copy given to each party. However, there is but little to fear now as it is a rare Chinese who would not live up to the strict terms of a written contract.

The same wearisome and elaborate process was used in hiring the animals. The number of animals, the weight of the loads, the stage price of each beast, the number of days on the road, the days of rest and a number of minor items must be talked over. We were lucky in that one man could supply us with all of the animals we needed or we might have duplicated our task one or more times.

Dr. Shelton escorted us down the street one day to order the chairs. He was wisely insistent that our wives be satisfied with the chairs which were to be their homes during the day for the next two months. A sedan chair is a cleverly made affair of bamboo and cloth. A comfortable seat is made and enclosed with top, sides and bottom. Two long bamboo poles, ten to sixteen feet in length are fastened to the sides of the boxed chair. We found the carpenters had a shallow shop fronting on the street, but most of the work was done out in the street. This arrangement has advantages. Passers-by can stop and spend a few diverting minutes watching the workmen. The workmen can prolong the enforced rest periods which come when an important person in chair or on horseback comes riding by. We were important enough for the workmen to watch us when the chair carpenter boss took down the desired measurements as a guide. He

only intended to make the chair about correct, with the expectation that we would come around and see whether he was doing as we had ordered. We did not disappoint him, else he would have disappointed us. We insisted that he adhere to the measurements given and to the plan stated. By insisting a few times, we finally secured satisfactory chairs. The foreigner is always at a disadvantage, as a down payment must be made before the workmen will start on any task. He gains a little before the article is finished but he always feels that the other fellow has the whip hand in the bargain. There is only one consolation—it won't cost much if he loses. Cultivating an indifference about losing money aids wonderfully in dealing with the Oriental.

Hiring servants was very trying. They didn't want to go so far from home. They all had to have at least two months' wages in advance. They were not keen about washing clothes. This last was always a bugbear; money would not often tempt the poorest to undertake this task. Then, the Oriental has specialized; the cook will not set the table; the table boy will not wash clothes. We interviewed a number before we secured all-around servants for each family and a cook for the group.

We waited five weeks at Yunnanfu for our freight to arrive from Haiphong. It was hard to understand how the French made money out of the railway—until their bill arrived. By this time we had all of the men we needed and every detail settled. When our freight finally rolled in, it only required a few days to repack most of it in boxes weighing around eighty pounds. Some, as a matter of course, were ten or more pounds overweight, but as others were light, the mulemen's protestations were talked away. This irregular weight proposition was one of the terms settled over the teapot days before, but he had to argue awhile lest his fellow conspirators should think a foreigner was beating him out of the right to grumble.

At last everything was ready. A strong escort had been

asked for and promised. It would never do to journey into a bandit-infested region without an escort of soldiers. There were a hundred and twenty animals with loads, besides twelve chairmen carrying the two sedan chairs. Mrs. Duncan was to ride in one, and Mrs. Morse, with her young baby in a basket in front of her, was to occupy the other. An extra coolie was hired to carry the noonday lunch. A second extra coolie was the boss chair-carrier and substituted as a chair bearer in times of emergency.

Each of the men, masters and servants, rode a mule, except Mr. Morse's servant who fell off the first time he tried to get on. He was afraid to try again so he walked and grumbled all the way to Likiang. Dr. Shelton was taking "Abe" his old black mule without a load back to Batang to rest and die while he rode a big red mule, also "Abe," which he bought in Yunnanfu. The black mule had carried his master over thousands of miles in Tibet and had given the best of his strength when they were both captives in the hands of Chinese bandits two years before. Mr. Morse and I hired mules from the caravan-man whose animals carried our loads. If we had known what balky, vicious beasts we were to ride and how sore their backs were, we would have bought animals. We never had the same ones more than two days in succession, asking for a change of mules in the hope that the new mount would be better than the old one.

The day after our preparations were finished was Sunday. We went to the church where the missionaries of Yunnanfu gathered every Sunday afternoon and listened to a sermon by Dr. H. G. Thompson who was afterwards one of two visitors in Batang within a period of six years. This fellowship was fine but the hour that lingered in our memory was the simple prayer-communion service which we had with the Disciple missionaries from Australia and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Amundsen. Mr. Amundsen and his wife were working on the Tibetan border in 1903 when Dr. Shelton arrived there. Dr. Shelton and Mr. Morse with his family had been enter-

tained in the Amundsen home during our sojourn in Yunnanfu, while we were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garnett. These last two families were the first missionaries sent by our Australian Churches of Christ to Yunnan Province. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson opened their first station in Hweilichow, some twelve days north of Yunnanfu, where they still labor as the pioneer missionaries of the Australian Churches of Christ in China. That final communion service was a fitting farewell to us who were to leave on the morrow for the interior.

II

CHINESE TRAILS

THE last day of October, our American Hallowe'en, marked the setting out of our expedition. It was raining, as it had been for the past five weeks, when we left that morning amid a curious crowd of onlookers. Some of the missionaries were there to bid us God-speed, Mr. Edward Amundsen accompanying us as far as our noon stopping place.

The chairmen were ready for their hard, gruelling work. Each chair with its contents of women and robes, not forgetting the straw hats and opium paraphernalia tied outside, must have weighed about three hundred pounds. Four men were to carry at a time with two extra men for each chair, who would take regular turns. Each man must bear for the greater part of a day a burden of seventy-five pounds. When one knows that this weight is concentrated on the end of a round pole, two inches in diameter, which rests on one shoulder, the constant pain of the burden may be understood. The shoulder of an old chair-carrier becomes calloused until it is like rough leather.

When the chair is being carried the front man who is the leader sings out in Chinese slang, the obstacles of the road. The others repeat his words as a signal that they have heard. All prepare to avoid the stone, the sharp turn or whatever is necessary. The chairmen keep step or break it at the shout of the leader who also determines the speed of the chair. On level ground, they will swing along rapidly. Over a grade, they have a slow steady pace which brings them to the top with the minimum of exertion.

The two most conspicious articles of clothing of the chair bearers were huge umbrella-shaped rice straw hats, two feet in diameter, which protected them from sunshine and rain, and the straw sandals that give excellent grips on wet

rock or ice. As a pair of straw sandals would last just a day they carried a large supply of new ones dangling at their belts and on the poles of the chairs. The rest of their apparel consisted of short cotton breeches and faded blue coats which they wore in chilly weather. Some had two or three of these light, thin suits all of which they would wear in the cool mornings. As the heat of the sun and toil increased, they peeled off their garments until like Elijah of old, they would gird up their single pair of breeches for the twenty mile grind.

Skirting the northern end of the sparkling lake K'un Yang, whose marshy shores are an insecure foundation for part of the city of Yunnanfu and mosquito breeding grounds for the whole city, we ascended a steep stone stairway. On one of the steps a legless beggar sat, his gnarled and crippled hands flapping from a shapeless trunk so exciting our pity that we reached for our pocketbooks. We cannot forget him.

The 'great road' over which we were traveling had been surveyed years before as far as Talifu—some said for the building of a railway. Some of the stakes could still be seen as we rode along the bumpy path between muddy fields of half-grown rice. These tiny gardens, sometimes an acre in extent and rarely more than five acres, rise up the mountainside terraced like immense stairways, each step a field. Leaving the sweating crowded city for these vast ponds of transplanted grain, we found ourselves in the Land of Rice.

We were now to become acquainted with the famous Chinese inns which bear such soothing names as "The Inn of Peaceful Bliss" (a snare and a delusion, for inwardly they were full of fleas and bedbugs!). After a few nights in a Chinese inn, we could understand why the charge for entertainment was so low—the fleas extorted out of us blood money which the landlord had failed to collect. An inn we discovered was a Mecca for the town's hogs, each followed by a litter of runts that incessantly rooted and grunted and squealed. All the town bums gathered here to drink tea, smoke opium, and gossip. The odor of sweating Chinese

mingled with the smell of filth, diluted by the steam of wet rotton wood and scented with opium smoke (which has no peer for vileness) rose from the lower story to assail our nostrils. Upon the ground floor, the musty smell of damp mud floors and mouldy straw fought for ascendancy over other odors.

We ate our breakfast and often our supper by candle-light. Eating in semi-darkness had its advantages—we couldn't see how dirty the dishes were. It was just a short time after leaving Yunnanfu that we started grumbling at the cook. He was slow. He seemed impervious to threats and hard words and exhorting the delinquent brother only made him slower. He had a deep-founded idea that we were rich. We were rich as judged by the Chinese scale of living. The cook spent our money like water—that is we poured it out into his hands. His extravagance and slowness hardened our nerves and our voices. He merely smiled blandly and added another half dollar to the bill.

Rain and mist, mist and rain, for the first ten days. We were drenched most of the time. Our journeying took us through very rugged country up and down hill all day long. Sometimes the mountains were too steep for fields but usually the road was lined by the rice-fields, resembling giant stair-steps, which one would need hip boots to climb since the fields were often half full of water.

The trail wound up and down from one muddy bank into another. When we were tired of mudholes, a stone road built two thousand years ago relieved the monotony. About one third of the original stones protruded, like little hillocks, with mud and water in the valleys. Each step was clink and gurgle and splash. Walking was preferable as one got only a jolt at a time, whereas in a chair there was the possibility of four jolts at once. Even sure-footed mules gave two jiggles simultaneously in different directions. This is called the big road. We had no ambition to travel on the little road.

There were the remains of temples, decayed and desert-

ed, along this road, the silent symbols of a former belief. High walls, upon whose plastered inner face was painted a hideous figure of dragon-like form, guarded the temple door from evil spirits which might attempt to enter. Spirits it seems travel only in a straight line, so when they dart towards the door of the temple they break their heads upon this wall.

Fords have not yet essayed to scramble over this stone road. Goods are still carried upon the backs of men and animals. Men, wearing only a pair of blue trousers rolled to the knees, passed us bent under huge loads of firewood, brush, thinly sliced white wood, food and hides. These coolies carry burdens which would stagger the small Chinese mules. Their intense exertions make them short lived.

A day's journey varies from ten to thirty miles, depending upon the roughness of the country. The Chinese mile is based upon the energy required to go a certain distance; it is an energy unit not a length unit. If a hill is actually of equal length on each side, it will be considered twice as far when ascended as when descended. It is always wise to ask about the character of the road, whether uphill or downhill, else one will believe he has been imposed upon. When our chairmen had gone the regular stage, according to custom, their day's work was done. Sometimes we reached our destination at twelve, and at other times at seven, but generally about three o'clock.

At the end of the day's stage, our coolies would gather around the inn stoves, eat their evening meal of rice and vegetables and then seek their soft pine bunks with a straw matting one fourth of an inch thick for a mattress. Here, reclining upon their sides, they rolled their little pills of opium until the fumes had lulled them into a dreamland of bliss and forgetfulness. All of our chairmen smoked opium. When one considered their cheerless, wearisome life, with so few pleasures, no comforts, beset by ignorance, filth and fear of evil spirits, it was not hard to understand their effort to drown their troubles in a smoke that eased pain, made them forget

all of the discomforts of the day and gave them for a short time a glimpse of paradise.

The second night we met Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ogden with their children, Ruth and Harold, on their way out from Batang on their second furlough. With Mr. Ogden was Gezongondu, a wealthy Tibetan, the staunch friend and capable teacher of the missionaries in Batang. He was the first Tibetan in native costume that we had seen. It was but hail and farewell as we passed.

Now we passed hundreds of animals carrying cakes of rock salt, each cake weighing about eighty pounds. In central Yunnan one of the big industries is the mining of salt. Much of the internal revenue of China comes from the tax upon this article in the various provinces.

As we neared the ravine where Dr. Shelton and his family had been attacked and the doctor led away into a seventy-two day captivity as they were returning on furlough to the coast almost two years ago, an extra escort of sixty soldiers was provided, for rumor had it that the same gang of robbers would try to repeat that feat again. Nothing of the kind happened, however.

At one stop on the journey, I made my first call upon a Chinese official, with Dr. Shelton who was kind enough to take me with him. Preceding us was Ming Shan, the doctor's personal servant, carrying a lantern. At the door of the District Magistrate, Ming Shan presented our cards to a soldier who sent them in by a servant. Soon "Chin dso" or "Please sit down" was heard. We stepped in and saw the Mandarin at a distance. We smiled and bowed with clasped hands. The official escorted us to the reception room. This room was lined with chairs, each near a little table. At the far end were two higher seats covered with red cushions, a table separating them. These were the places of honor. After we had clasped and shaken our hands towards one another, the official insisted that we take the higher seats which we did after much hesitation and many apologies. Dr. Shelton made

some preliminary remarks and gradually led up to the request for some soldiers for the next day's trip. Tea was brought in and, as the cup was presented to us by the official, we arose, clasped our hands and touched the top of the cup. Pumpkin seeds and cigarettes were offered to us, but were declined with thanks. After many desultory remarks we took up the tea cup, extended it toward our host and then sipped it loudly.

The drinking of the tea was the signal for our departure. The magistrate informed us that he would return the call within a short time, and he did so within half an hour, granting Doctor Shelton's request for escort. Upon departing we arose, shook our hands toward the host, who gave the same salutation in return, upon which we smiled and sidestepped toward the door. The official accompanied us to the door, though we insisted that we were not worthy of his coming out farther, but he compelled us to let him go with us to the outer gate, where we again bowed as we had before several times. With "we have troubled you very much" and, "please sit down" from us, and, "not at all," and "go slowly," from the Mayor, we parted each to his own domicile. Such is Oriental good manners.

Passing over a stone arch bridge, the next morning we were in a land of enchantment. The bridge, guarded by two great oak trees, one at each entrance, was built by a rich Chinese who inserted within the masonry a golden stick as an offering to propitiate the spirits of the oaks for disturbing them. We were told that a foreigner had offered to give twelve hundred dollars for the bridge to secure the golden stick, expecting to replace the quaint little structure with a new one. His offer was rejected.

At Ch'u Hsiumg we were royally welcomed by Miss Cornelia Morgan, an independent missionary who resides at this lonely station, living and preaching Christ to the surrounding country. Alone, seeing only Chinese for months at a time, this consecrated woman toils on for the salvation of

others with meager equipment and uncertain income. Our pleasure in drinking her tea and chatting with her was only surpassed by her happiness in having visitors.

After the eighth day we were in fairly level country dotted with small lakes where immense flocks of geese, heron, and ducks were seeking food. The most striking were the huge herons. White, ghostly statues in the misty light, they seemed to be about four feet tall when standing in the fields. Every rock or stump that was above water was the perch of a cormorant who silently awaited the approach of foolish fish. As we passed the rice fields we were not infrequently startled by the emergence of a long white neck and bill above the grain. If we were close its owner would fly awkwardly away. It was a crane, all skin and bones, in spite of abundant food.

Constant rains had made the road so miry that progress was slow. One of my wife's chairmen fell and frightened her but she was not hurt. The two extra men had to steady and push the chair over much of the grade. These coolies were so frail I often thought they must be carrying a burden almost equal to their weight.

We reached Hsia Kuan at ten o'clock on the fourteenth day, ate an early dinner and made Talifu by the middle of the afternoon. Hsia Kuan is the caravan center of northwest Yunnan, for here roads come in from Tengyueh, Likiang, Weishi, and from cities to the south, besides the one we had just traversed. This town rests on the southern tip of the beautiful Erh Hai, one of the largest lakes in all China.

Erh Hai must be five miles wide and fifty miles long, filling up a deep valley. Talifu lies on its western shore. Stretching back from these two towns far up the hillside are tens of thousands of graves. The country between the two cities seems to be one vast graveyard. For hundreds of years "Sons of Han" have found their last rest here. This part of Yunnan is a center for Mohammedans who have risen in rebellion a number of times to slaughter the other Chinese, only to be massacred in turn. Some forty years ago the Moham-

medans in this section rebelled and killed many people, but when the Chinese arrived in force they were shut up in the city. After a fearful seige they were forced to surrender and most of them were killed. Their power was so broken that they have not been able to cause any serious trouble since that time.

Ten lee (three miles) before you reach Talifu is a fine temple where many of the Chinese attending us stopped and bowed before the Goddess of Mercy who reigns within it. It was near this temple that I noticed that one of our men had a ghastly sore eye. He went to Dr. Shelton who treated him. Believing that the more doctors the better, he stopped before an old dirty ragged man who rubbed filthy fingers over the eye, mumbling some words which I could scarcely hear. I couldn't have understood the words if I had heard them, but he evidently did not intend anyone to hear for fear he would lose his power. In spite of this the chairman's eye healed in a few days. Waves of sadness surged in my heart as I thought of the needless suffering which must occur before the superstitious shackles of the past are conquered by Truth and Light.

The China Inland Mission has a successful work in Talifu, their oldest mission station in the province, which has largely been developed by Mr. W. H. Hanna, who is widely known because of his success as a layman practitioner. He has a fine school in connection with his evangelistic work.

Dr. Shelton performed his last major operation in this city. Before we had reached Hsia Kuan, a prominent family named Lee, some of whose members had heard that the Doctor was coming, had arrived in that city. They were told to come on to Talifu and had traveled a hundred and fifty miles in a sedan chair, in order that the wife of one of the younger men might be relieved of a large growing tumor in the upper part of her arm. It happened that one of Dr. Shelton's old assistants, named Bu, had settled in Talifu as an army physician. The patient was taken to his home where she was

operated upon the next day, Mr. Bu giving the anaesthetic. Mr. Morse and I were asked to assist, which gave us the opportunity of seeing an operation under the most primitive conditions.

The iron kettles and teapots were scoured and used to heat water. The instruments were boiled as well as a number of cloths. We all scrubbed and soaked our hands in an antiseptic solution. The woman was lying on an ordinary table fully dressed, the sleeve of her waist having been slipped off of her arm. Chinese etiquette prohibits much exposure of the body. The relatives gathered around and one of them held the sleeve close to her body. Morse handed the doctor the instruments while I scalded my hands in pan after pan of boiling water wringing out cloths to staunch the flow of blood, tying up spurters and working with the torniquet. As we worked, I marvelled at the courage of a missionary doctor who had to work under such conditions with untrained assistants and under the supervision of a critical audience that might quickly become suspicious and dangerous in their ignorance. Dr. Shelton took out a tumor the size of a man's doubled fist. The successful culmination of this operation forged another link in the chain of Christian good will for the work of the Kingdom. Liberal presents from this wealthy family to each participant in the operation caused a welcome reduction in our travel expense.

We bade good-bye to Talifu and to our friends the Hannas and Mr. Bu the next morning and turned northward to the Land of Snow and Mystery, skirting the marshy lake where ducks and geese tempted us to stop and hunt. There were thousands upon the lake or flying noisily overhead. Fields of indigo covered with a rice straw canopy supported by bamboo uprights two feet high were everywhere. The villages were tainted with the smell of rotting blue plants. Huge indigo-stained vats for the soaking of the plants in water guarded every doorway. Blue everywhere. I almost

expected to see a race of blue people creep out of the besmirched one-story shacks!

We were traveling then at an altitude of six thousand feet. A crimson sun set behind the blue misty mountain ridges while the distant snow-capped peaks glistened like a hundred diamond-studded crowns. The soil, red and crumbly, became a mine of corals as the sun's dying rays darted here and there. Shadows ran from the mountain crest leaving twilight behind their dancing feet. Evening's cooling breezes stole softly from the icy glacier canyons, hurrying the belated wanderer to a welcome rest. Treacherous peace calmed one's soul until—the bellowing of an inn and its inmates brought one to earth again.

November 19th, we had a long hard climb over a mountain, across an undulating plain for ninety lee to Likiang. This rolling plateau was of a peculiar structure. There were immense holes in the ground and it appeared as if the earth had suddenly caved in. As we rode our ponies over this plain, there issued out of the bowels of the earth hollow sounds. The ground evidently was honey-combed with caverns or a series of underground lakes. The roof had frequently fallen in and left ponds, some of them having water of unknown depth.

We ate dinner outside the inn under a tiny verandah. We thought it would be more comfortable and private outside, but crowds of curious, stolid Chinese and mangy, cadaverous dogs pressed us closely. The natives grabbed eagerly for the tin cans as we emptied them. The curs, diving under the table traded us fleas for scraps of food.

Leaving the rumbling plains we stumbled down a steep grade and twisted around crouching rocks to emerge in full view of Likiang before another turn plunged us into the gloomy light of the high boulders. Scraggy trees lengthened the wall of the sunken road whose ruts could tell of untold caravans that had tripped over these uneven stones for many ages. Not until we were ready to ease our trembling knees upon smoother ground at the base of the hill could we glory

in the scene spread before our eyes. Up the valley to our left towered an immense snow peak whose massiveness would scarcely permit us to believe that we were viewing it forty lee away. Before us, across the wide level plain, indistinct in the distance, the whitened walls of Likiang clasped the feet of a high range that rolled northward.

Clear mountain streams, leaping with jeweled fingers to catch the rising streamers of mist stealing up the corroded defiles of the mountain, washed the edges of the town. Mangled trees, guarding the path across the plain, joined in mute protest with the stunted willows that guided the tumbling rivulets. Leafy tips of other trees peeped above the wet mossy roofs of the crowded city. Men and women eased their aching backs from the bending toil in the fields to gaze with pride upon their homes in the silent city. The jingle of the leading mule's bells turned their eyes towards us and as we passed near them, questions and answers passed from the people to our caravan men and back again. With lessening distance the white walls gleamed whiter, the dark roofs became greener against the dirty brown side of the scrubby mountain. On our right the plain lengthened, to glide into mountain ranges. Likiang was beautiful from the outside.

When the dark blotches that obscured the general whiteness became visible they turned out to be men and women performing the tasks of the day. Blue turbaned women hobbled gingerly over the rough cobblestones. Barefooted coolies, bearing on their shoulders smooth flattened poles from whose ends hung two buckets, stepped quickly along under the burden of dripping water. Carriers of liquid manure trod so steadily that not a drop of fluid was spilled. We entered the gate past the expressionless faces of soldiers whose padded quilted garments resembled plated armor. In the narrow streets loaded donkeys disputed the right of way with sedate gentlemen whose black button-topped skull caps fitted their shaved heads like a wig. Mangy dogs chased mangier cats through the six-feet-wide alleys whose tortuous lanes

were so crooked that every leap scraped lousy hide off onto the house corners. Distant tribesmen from the hills jostled each other until the white foreigner came into view, then—with blanched faces they flattened themselves against the house walls or sought the shelter of the open doorway.

Fifteen thousand people are crowded into this small city where only two thousand should dwell. It is an outpost of tribal trade. The lofty mountains to the north send down their rude inhabitants who speak a variety of tongues. Mosu, Lesu, Tibetan and Nashi worry the linguistic powers of Chinese merchants who believe that only their own language is the tongue of civilized and cultured people. These tradesmen sit in little cubby holes whose rear doorways lead to dingy congested rooms where the family, ranging from grandfather to the third and fourth generation, resides. These tiny shops have rows of shelves on three sides and here in seemingly utter confusion are piled the many varieties of cloth, paper, tobacco, and knicknacks. Hanks of blue yarn and fly-specked towels and red candles upside down are suspended from swinging frames that drop from the ceiling. In the center of the room is a small square just large enough for the merchants and his assistants to sit or stand. When important buyers arrive they are invited to a rear room where goods are brought in and shown to them as they sip cups of unsweetened tea or blow out the old tobacco in the water pipes or puff on the refill. The pipe passes from mouth to mouth, washed only by the lips of the smoker. Hours may be consumed, but nobody is worried because time is the one thing that all have in abundance.

In Likiang where the people are mostly Mosu, we were generously entertained in the home of Mr. P. Klaver, a Pentecostal Missionary, whose genial spirit and linguistic ability has given him a wide influence among the different races. His mission compound was a palace of comfort and cleanliness and beauty as contrasted with the regular Chinese inns. Here the two young missionary families were charmed and re-

freshed after twenty days on a grimy torrential trail. Dr. Shelton thought it would be better for him to stay in the house of the Lee Brothers, because of the many patients who sought his help. Sometimes he was kept up far into the night ministering to the sick while the rest of us, worn out by the journey, had gone to sleep. Generally, when I went to consult him I found patients or friends waiting for the use of his skill or time.

Our second day in Likiang was made memorable by the privilege, through the courtesy of friendship for Dr. Shelton, of attending a wedding feast in the Lee family. The Lee family is a large one consisting of four brothers with their wives, and their sons with their families, altogether some thirty-five people besides the servants. We entered through decorated doorways into a special room where we foreigners, with the bridegroom and one of the older brothers, were entertained alone. The bridegroom showed us high honor by staying at our table most of the time. The room was dazzlingly decorated with scrolls, paper lanterns, gold, red and yellow in varied designs, and soft rugs, some from Peking and some from Tibet. We were all seated at a round table in high chairs with stiff backs and footrests.

The first course consisted of twelve dishes of raw fruits and nuts, followed by five servings of cold foods—mostly meats. Although the fruits and nuts were all on the table in their separate dishes, each kind was placed in the center and disposed of before the next was exchanged for it. Each dish came from the side to the center and back to the side again. After it had been to the center, it could be eaten from until empty when it was removed. The later dishes were all brought in hot, one at a time, and centered, to be removed when another bowl arrived. After the cold meats there were eleven dishes of vegetables, soups and meats. Then intervened a bowl of clear hot water in which each washed his spoon. I aimed to get my spoon in first as the water rapidly

becomes soupy. The grand finale is rice with eight large bowls of food in the center from which to choose.

After the big bowl of food had been placed in the center, the host picked up his chopsticks and said, "Please eat," and forthwith placed his chopsticks into the dish. All followed suit and fished out a portion. Everyone must draw out something. It is a special honor for the host to hand you food with his own chopstick. When you fail to land a seaslug, the host will seize a slippery one and deposit it upon your spoon! You reluctantly thank him. The one redeeming feature of this pot-luck system is that most of the food is brought in boiling hot so that your eating utensils are sterilized as many times as there are dishes of food.

Chinese food is highly seasoned with all of the known hot, bitter and biting spices. American food is unpalatable beside it. Perhaps such flavoring is necessary to enable men to eat some of the foods with a relish; for example, a snake or eel, shark fins, cow's stomach, whipped chicken brains, seaweed floating in its native element, jellied eggs with the strength of ten years, sea slugs, blackened beans and boiled squash; all this washed down with unsweetened tea, steeped black and strong. Most of the guests diluted all of these foods with wine for which we substituted tea. We men really enjoyed all of these dishes, our only regret being that we couldn't hold more. There were some ordinary dishes such as sugared walnuts, peanuts, pumpkin seeds, cold sliced ham, kidneys, chicken liver, heart, pickled meats of all kinds, finely chopped celery, cabbage, turnips, radishes, and unknown Chinese vegetables. It is the custom to mix meats and vegetables together, slicing them all up fine. Among the fruits there were pears, peaches, persimmons and peach tree gum. Cakes and sugared knickknacks completed the menu.

Chinese etiquette allows bones to be cast upon the floor to be gobbled up by the half-starved dogs who growl and fight under the table. The Chinese are so clever in the use of chopsticks that it is rare for food to be dropped upon the

table enroute from the bowl to the eater. In my first attempt here there was enough food on the table between my place and the bowl in the center to make a meal for a person. At the finish of our rice, we extended the bowl and chopsticks, first toward our host and then toward the other guests.

"Eat slowly," we said.

By this time they are not able to disregard this advice, for the feast had lasted three hours.

We bade a regretful farewell to the Klavers and set our faces westward after four days in Likiang. Seventy-five lee found us one evening upon the banks of the Yangtze, feeling we were on the edge of an immense plateau that incloses Tibet. It was our first inland view of China's mightiest river that rolls from the yellow mud hills of Tibet through deep gorges and awe-inspiring valleys, twisting and curling, snarling and tumbling for fifteen hundred miles until it slows up upon the plateau of Szechwan, where it broadens into a miniature lake and rushes towards the sea for a distance of a thousand miles. Even at this far distant point over five hundred miles from its source the Yangtze is a stream two to four hundred yards wide with a cascading current.

The source of the Yangtze is in an unknown mountain valley, where a melting glacier trickles out a tiny stream of icy water that tumbles down, increased as it falls by the addition of other brooks and melting snows from distant peaks. Springs forced out of mountain sides and gathered rains from converging hills over an area as big as the state of Ohio pour their offerings into this ever-swelling stream that tears out loose earth and dislodges huge rocks until it is known in Yunnan as the "River of Golden Sands" because of its bed of sand. Rushing down from the northwest where it has cut through range after range of mountains, its waters are baffled by the hardness of the rocky range at Shih Ku that compels a softer sister range on the east to permit the angry waters to sweep in a half circle toward the northeast back to the Province of Szechwan.

It was evening when we lodged at the southern-most tip of this great amphitheatre. Few spectators lined its tiers. Here and there a clustered village clung timorously to the precipitious slope, as if fearful that some day the flooded inland sea would burst through to a southern outlet. Tiny islets held stoutly against the onrushing current. Darkness chased the falling shadows of the setting sun down into the blue-green river and up again. Pale yellow faded into dusky blue which merged into a gathering blackness that darkened the canyon until the spitting dark green serpent that was the Yangtse writhed in a vast well. This, too, night quickly hid and only a rumbling sound came up from the depths.

We traveled three long hard days along the bank of this Golden Sand river, sometimes mounting over steep bluffs and again creeping along a narrow plank hundreds of feet above the green swirling waters of the treacherous river.

Our inn, in a place called Gaitee, was a private home. Household gods and ancestral tablets scented with burning joss sticks guarded us during the smoky hours of the night. The old grandmother came upstairs, lit sweet smelling stuff, bowed three times to the floor and clapped her hands in a prayerful attitude. Even in these squalid surroundings she was striving for salvation at the hands of spirits.

On the third day's journey from Likiang, we saw across the river, high up on a cliff the image of a person riding a mule. Legend declares that one day a woman was riding upon a mule when the wind caught them and fastened their bodies to the wall of the mountain. There they are to this day, it is said, a mute testimonial to the power of the Wind God. That day, too, we had our first glimpse of shaven red-robed Lamaistic priests and a number of Tibetans who were driving sheep.

As we left the Yangtze going westward and entered into a more thickly wooded country, we found our old tree friends, the oak, hickory, willow, poplar and walnut. Among the flowers were asters, daisies, pinks, bearded tongues and

yellow thornless roses. Every home was surrounded by huge round persimmon trees laden with golden fruit. We passed several fish traps. Thorny fences directed the fish into the shallow channels where thorny dams compelled them to enter bamboo sieves, much like the eel traps at home.

When we reached Wu Luh Tien, the homes were filled with stacked grain and straw so that Mr. and Mrs. Morse and ourselves had to use an open shed for the night. Dr. Shelton slept in the haymow; I went up to see him late in the evening and found him using the landlord's coffin as a writing desk.

The sixth day from Likiang, we rode up through a dense evergreen forest over a pass. The path was icy and so slippery that I wished for the straw sandals of the chairmen. In the afternoon we scuttled down a long, winding, cone-strewn road until just at sunset we entered Weishi, 8,000 feet above the sea. This is an ordinary Chinese town of about twenty thousand population with the usual smells and narrow cobblestone streets. Intense crowding has preserved in these Chinese towns a greasy, steamy atmosphere which, objectionable as it is, is no worse than the black smoky air that envelops many of our modern industrial cities.

We were civilized again in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Lewer who, with Mrs. Lewer's sister, Miss Buckwalter, conducted the Pentecostal Mission in Weishi. They are of that adventurous pioneer type that seeks the unbeaten tracks of China to preach the Gospel of Jesus. Their resources are scanty and uncertain, dependent upon scattered friends in America who know that these brave preachers of Christ are praying that He will not fail to provide for the material necessities of His workers. Their work has not been confined to the indifferent Chinese and the responsive Lesu, but embraced the suspicious Tibetans who travel to their city. They opened the first Protestant work in Atuntze, but after two years the inclement climate and hostility of the people forced them southwest to Weishi. On hazardous journeys up

and down the Mekong they seek to give the oppressed peoples of this strange region the life and salvation of Jesus. They have organized groups of Christians in several of the Lesu villages.

The various tribes of this section were the aborigines who were driven out of the fertile valleys by the expanding Chinese and forced to the less desirable mountain sides. The Chinese have more or less political control of them. When the tribe was pacific by nature their conquest and displacement was easy, but when warlike as were the Lolos and Tibetans, their subjection was a matter of bloody centuries and is not complete to this day.

We had sent a letter ahead to the official asking that he have twenty-five animals ready for us when we arrived. The two unsophisticated families supposed that this would be sufficient to bring results; but Dr. Shelton was not at all surprised when he found that absolutely nothing had been done. He hurried around and talked with the opium-smoking officials until they promised us twenty-five horses within a day. Afterwards he found it necessary to send our caravan leader to the Mayor's office at noon and at night asking if the mules were ready. Reminders were necessary as the narcotic beclouded brain forgets easily. Such an official has one chief interest—the collection of enough taxes, above the amount he must turn over to his superiors, so that he will be kept in opium.

Let us not condemn China too severely for a condition which is partly the result of interference by greedy nations with the moral measures she was trying to take to rid herself of opium. Gold had blinded some western nations so that they forgot the universal truth that all men are brothers. Those nations that compelled China by force of arms to accept opium must answer some time for their unrighteous policy which stimulated the indolent rich, the suffering slave and the oppressed laborer to solace their dreary round of existence with a drug whose delights are an earthly Nirvana. When

the opium habit, which exists in other eastern countries besides China, has once been fashioned into the life of a nation, it can only be eradicated by centuries of education and the spending of millions of dollars to build up a religious morale strong enough to resist its fascination.

III

MEANDERING WITH THE MEKONG

LEAVING Weishi after a day's rest in the Lewer home, we had a nine day trip to Atuntze. The road bordered the Mekong except the first and last days. Our party was glad to have Mr. George Lewer as our guest as far as Atuntze, where twice a year he made a business and itinerating visit.

We were picking up Chinese steadily although we had a hard time keeping the words for sheet, pear and donkey separated. We constantly startled the cook by strange requests, but he knew we did not eat sheets and as yet we had not been forced to chew donkey. How handy it was for our servants to say they did not understand when we made a request which would cause them extra trouble; on the other hand how astonishing that they could contrive to comprehend even a part of what we said. They affirmed that they understood and went to doing it; sometimes it was the right thing, and sometimes it wasn't. When it was we were pleased with our command of the language; when it wasn't, we grumbled at their stupidity.

It was the last day of November as we followed a small stream westward down to the Mekong, a river that is six thousand feet above sea level, some two thousand feet lower than Weishi. The Mekong has cut a deep and glorious canyon through Eastern Tibet. This canyon was often not more than four hundred feet wide while its height seemed to melt into the clouds two to ten thousand feet above us. The channel was too wide to throw a stone across, except at the rapids. The river was very swift and deep with few sandbars but numerous cataracts. The valley broadened to a few hundred feet of steep slope which the people by heroic labor had terraced for wheat and corn. To the left over a narrow range was the

Yangtze; to the right over a similar narrow range was the Salween.

We continued northward meandering with the Mekong—a physical fact and not merely alliteration—except when a huge spur prodded the river westward so that it was easier to mount up a thousand feet or more and cross over a bridge. The trail was a narrow mountain path; now up, now down, now winding in, now winding out, so far over the Mekong that we feared we would never get back. At times, we were just a few feet from the edge of the tossing waters. Again, we gazed shudderingly from precipices that were three hundred feet above the sprayed rocks.

One new experience was the cautious crossing of a bridge which spanned space instead of stream. The precipice left no room for a path, not even a built-up one of stone, so, long poles were thrust into crevices and strengthened by supports thrust into other cracks. On top of this planks were laid. They appeared to extend several feet over the Mekong but in reality the cliff had a slight incline of several inches every hundred feet. Hundreds of feet above the hungry rocks and dashing foam we crawled along the narrow planks, feeling as if we were in an eagle's nest but with no wings to save us if a mis-step was made.

At another place we had just left a pleasant path back from the river when suddenly the chairmen stopped and said we must walk. Down I jumped off the horse, assisted my wife out of the chair and helped her over a built-up stone wall hanging over the rushing waters. The rock was too hard to chip much of it off so they had laid on stone, building it outward to increase the width of the path. Stakes were driven into the crevices of the rock as an aid. Mud was used as mortar, as a filler, and to give solidity. We knew these paths were never repaired. If they slid down, as they frequently do in the rainy season, the moving road might carry a loaded animal or a person with it. That is as chance may have it. We hugged the cliff, in order to lessen the chances of such a

(1) The Goddess of Mercy in a temple near Batang. She has a thousand hands and an eye in each hand to see all and help all. (2) A very beautiful chorden near Zengin on the Mekong. The road leads through it and enters a cliff at rear.

happening and to add less weight to the slanting stone structure.

Our fourth stage ended at Yei Chih which is considered to be the racial boundary line between the Chinese and Tibetans. From this point on the people are Tibetans with a few Chinese scattered in the larger towns as officials, soldiers and merchants. We were welcomed by the Mayor of Yei Chih who made us a liberal present of rice, carrots, ham and oranges. It is a good Tibetan custom to give the guest a present as a sign that he is welcome; and naturally, they expect a liberal fee (room rent) in return. Here we saw a dwarfed tree bearing the peculiar handshaped oranges which are known as "Buddha's Fingers."

Beyond Yei Chih we passed groups of stones piled in a pyramidal mound with prayers engraved upon them. From their peaks there waved prayer-inscribed flags suspended from ragged sticks. These piles are called Mani or Blessing stones. There will be as many as twenty-five in one group. We traveled past several mounds each day. If one is orthodox he will always turn to his left keeping the mounds on his right. If on returning by the same road one passes on the other side of the pile all the prayers carved on the stones may be claimed in blessing. It pays Tibetans to travel for they can pray without extra exertion or expense on their part. If a prayer stone should fall to the ground, the first passerby will piously pick it up and place it carefully on the pyramid pile. Often the nucleus of a series of Mani piles is a Chorden—a square tower ending in a brass moon holding a brass sun and built around the sacred ashes and relics of a saint. Merit is gained by circling a Chorden.

At the larger and most frequently used prayer stone piles there will be found at certain seasons slabs with the figures of animals rudely drawn upon them beside the prayer. This indicates that the donor had slain those animals and expected absolution from the punishment which is given for the taking of life. The commonest animals seen are rats,

snakes, cats and dogs. The figure of a man has been seen at times, for even the sin of killing a human being may be partially expiated in this way. Tibetans believe that an animal, no matter how small, has life that should be regarded as sacred. They will pick up a worm or an ant and carefully place it to one side that it might not be injured by heedless feet. I picked up near a Mani pile a precious bit of mud cast into a bell-shaped figure. This kind of mud figure and other varieties are made in a mold and stored in a sacred spot as a work of merit. Some of these figures are idols; some images of Buddha; others have the shape of a "dorje."*

Images and Tibetan writing have been carved on conspicious rocks in such dangerous places that the carver ran considerable risk. The meaningless mystic formula (although some say it is translated, O, Jewel in the Lotus Flower) "Om Mani Padme Hum" is most commonly used. Slate, because of its flatness and ease in carving, is the ordinary rock utilized. Merely gazing at the magic formula is as efficacious as repeating the words. Thousands who are unable to read or write can recognize the peculiar abbreviated form in which the famous "Om Mani Padme Hum" is written.

Mumbling pilgrims passed by us chanting for salvation, speeding up on the words "Om Mani Padme Hum" until it sounded like a grumbling hum. They counted their prayers by pulling an orange colored rosary through their fingers. These religious wanderers carried on their backs a pack of food and spare rags (their clothing is mean, often ragged) bound by two yokes upside down but fastened at the curve. In their hands were long spears useful against man or beast. With shaggy locks (unlike a shaven monk at home) and piercing eyes, such a religious wanderer has often reminded me of a madman. In truth, some, who undergo severe hardships in a high state of religious fervor, have become de-

* A brass piece shaped like a dumbbell large enough for the hand to grasp in the center. It represents a thunderbolt.

mented. In parts where robbers will attack them they gather in bands of forty or more. As they have little wealth bandits will not often assault them unless they do so because of religious antipathy. The different Lamaistic sects have many times warred against each other. They are no better than religious sects in more civilized countries.

Most of the pilgrims lessen the tedium of the journey by twirling a prayer wheel, a leather encased cylinder whose core is wound with strips of paper bearing the mystic formula of six syllables. He turns the cylinder clockwise which is also the direction taken in circling sacred structures. If his tightly-packed prayer wheel has been blessed by a holy priest, he would rather part with all of his possessions than sell it; it would be renouncing his religion or selling his soul to the devil. He begs his food and shelter as he goes. The pack is for the long barren stretches when neither of these can be obtained. Mumbling and stumbling, the Tibetan pilgrim circles hoary mountain peaks seeking for that which he knows not and which he fears he cannot find. He gropes in the everlasting circle of desire.

Traders passed us with huge silver charm boxes to protect them from hostile bullets, and Tibetan flintlock guns to shoot at robbers who have similar charm boxes to protect themselves from these guns. A charm box is efficacious in proportion to the power and holiness of the priest who has blessed it.

In a magnificent canyon we had the worst-of-all stretch of road, rock slabs supported by rotten piling. Dr. Shelton and I stood viewing the glorious work of God and then glanced down at the pitiful attempt of man to build a road.

"You can't have scenery and safety at the same time," said Dr. Shelton. "I prefer less scenery and more safety."

I heartily agreed with him.

This canyon gave us an excellent echo repeating four words. For a thousand years the resonant cliffs have flung back "Om Mani Padme Hum" to endless throngs of pilgrims

as they wandered past in a life-long search for release from all desire. Some day the rocky walls will echo a different prayer. The new-found cry, "Our Father in Heaven," will vibrate back and forth, cast from the lips of a future generation who will hope in what they believe.

Hwa Fu Pi was our first real Tibetan town. From then on we lived in flat roofed houses, fell down wobbling logs notched for stairways and were fanned by prayer flags that prayed for their owners from every housetop. We viewed our first black tents and glanced curiously at yellow-peaked caps worn by boys standing in front of them. Our curiosity was exceeded only by theirs.

In Yangtza, we lodged at the home of a priest. Our rooms were filled with bronze idols and paintings of Buddhas. Tibetans like brilliant coloring in vivid contrast. Their optimistic works of art are a riot of colors while their somber ideas are in dark settings.

As a traveler struggles breathlessly up the heights in this altitude he reaches the top of a pass only by the greatest exertion. Just before we entered Chia Pieh we climbed on a low saddle to the ragged stone pile that had been heaped up by travelers.

We bunked upon the third story of a large Tibetan home at Chia Pieh after a hair-raising trip of seventy lee. Most of the slope was so steep that stones started from the path by the feet of man or beast would not stop until they were swallowed by the Mekong. In winter many of the highest passes are the graves of stout-hearted men who succumb to the blinding freezing snowstorms. The mountain is inhabited by a spirit, and when the airless pass is surmounted, a yell of "Oh Lasololo" rings out from the lips of the Tibetan as he picks up a stone from the path and casts it on the accumulation of ages. The yell informs the spirit that the proper offering has been made. From the cairn branches project often bearing tattered prayer flags—a ragged appeal to mute spirits.

On this pass as we rounded the curve Kawagabo, the Mountain of Silver Snow, first glimpsed seven days out from Weishi, burst upon us in all her radiance, her glistening glacier sides sparkling like an acre of diamonds in the glow of the setting sun. Some of our coolies, the Tibetan ones, fell three times to the ground before her. So massive, so grand, so pitiless was she in her frozen loneliness, it was easy to believe that her unexplored summit was the dwelling place of divinity.

On the ninth day out from Weishi, which fell on the eighth of December, we had followed the Mekong for about three hours when we turned away from her red banks to go up a small stream which we were to follow toward its source. As we rested at a chorden, the sky cleared. The Mountain of Silver Snow shone west of us now. We were passing around her.

We had luncheon that day beside a tiny monastery where we crunched dirt-hardened bread to the tune of a religious chant. The clank of cymbals and the boom of drums harmonized well with the rolling groans of the sleepy-headed priests who sat folded in swaths of red cloth that left sullen black eyes gazing at any intruders. Groaning is an appropriate name for their throaty chant; it is hard work driving out devils. We passed our first sheep caravan carrying grain, each sheep loaded with about thirty pounds. They go extremely short stages but require no food except what they can forage on the mountain-side. They are used only for short journeys.

Atuntze, our next important stop, ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea, is one of the outposts of Eastern Tibet. Crowded into a narrow valley, the town gives the impression of a rug laid in a hollow, the sides already beginning to roll toward the center. The streets are filled with Chinese traders and burley Tibetan tribesmen from the far corners of Lower Kham, who are controlled by hard-boiled Yunnanese soldiers, lately of the crack robber bands farther

south. It is a city of shops. Every home is the center of trade for clients. Many homes are prepared to offer the accommodations required of an inn. There are just three streets, two running parallel with the valley and these resemble the business section of a small Chinese town, except for one Tibetan variation—the flat mud roof. Slippery cobblestone pavements filled with sloppy "razorback" hogs made one feel that here a bit of China had been transplanted far from home.

To the north five hundred feet above the town is perched a fair sized monastery whose inmates are noted for their hostility. They are there to pour blessings down upon the congested town. But Tibetan priests do not give salvation freely. The village must pump up the water of gold and grain before the blessings are sprinkled down upon them. An important incarnation is head of this monastery but for many years he has been at home in Batang as he does not relish the climate and associations of this place. Two hundred monks control the moral, spiritual, social and economic atmosphere of this monastery along with that of the whole surrounding country. The Chinese are sovereign in politics.

Our fortieth day since leaving Yunnanfu was a day of loafing for the rest of us, but not so with Dr. Shelton. When we reached an important junction like this one, he had to visit officials, hire new animals, act as interpreter for us under a multitude of questions, entertain visitors of all classes and treat a large number of sick who seized the opportunity of treatment from a foreign doctor. All we did was to wash up, rearrange our baggage and see what new sights we could. We lodged in a new house rented by Mr. Lewer while the Doctor was crowded in a small room at the home of a member of the numerous Lee family, because he could be of more service living here.

One of the discomforts of traveling was the necessity of locking all supplies or risk their disappearing. One week my wife had charge of the menu and Mrs. Morse the

next, but I was the victim who had to hunt up the boxes and secure the cans of food. It was my lot to repack the food from the boxes that we did not open on the road, into the three principal grub hampers that were utilized each meal. How pleasant it was to hear that the butter had been overlooked. The whole caravan was combed and several boxes opened before the truant member was found! Too often this searching party had to dive into the mussy stable and by the light of a flickering candle strive to isolate the right box from its similarly mud-stained battered fellows. The muleteers spoke many soft and loving phrases which I was glad I could not understand. But we were equal—they could not repeat to the other foreigners what I said.

We did not want to delay here in Atuntze, so after trying in vain to hire animals we went to the official and asked for "oolah." Oolah is forcing the people to supply animals for hire. The Chinese officials travel by oolah. This custom began in former times when the people refused to hire their animals to strangers. It is now so well-known a custom that they rarely object when well-paid. We paid our oolah carriers well above the regular hire.

We swung out of Atuntze through the wooden north gate up a steep grade, climbed over a stony pass, and on through a rugged valley which narrowed into a canyon that squeezed us out past projecting rocks into the village of Dom.

It was just noon and as it was too late to make the next houses we stayed in Dom over night. At last we were in Tibet, the Land of Wide Spaces, the home of the sturdy Yak, a black and bellowing member of whose family was resisting the strong pull at the nose being administered by a burly brown Tibetan. The yak is like the soil, he yields returns by hard, constant labor. Like the land he is stubborn; he must be pulled along by the nose so distended that it would seem that the nostril would be torn out. Like the mountains he is rugged; he must live in the open, facing the biting winds of the blizzards and the frosty freezing of the swirling snow.

Like the glaciers he is slow; his ponderous swaying form is urged along by inches. Only when descending a mountain does he leap with a rolling tumble that threatens destruction to himself and others that are in his path.

One of the most interesting cases that came for medical treatment to Dr. Shelton at this place was a man with a rotting foot. A slight wound had become infected. Medical priests were summoned. They pounded their drums, tinkled their bells, wrathfully shook their thunderbolts and tried to frighten the evil spirit out by rumbling utterances of sacred rote. At the end they went after the paining devils with hot knives which they thrust into the foot, even stabbing the bone trying to burn them out. No medical help would avail to save the unfortunate patient from an agonizing death in a short time. All Dr. Shelton could do was to dress the wound and give the man drugs which enabled him to bear the pain until death ended his sufferings.

At Mekong we spent the night with Gu Shi. The home of our host will be remembered for two things: First, a huge Tibetan dog, who barked most of the night. Toward morning his throaty bay became reduced to a hoarse whisper. He opened his mouth but there came forth no sound; only a breath of compressed hot air issued past his red tongue. His spirit was willing but his flesh was weak. I felt sorry to think that he considered us such dangerous guests that he must warn us all night that he was on the job. The second was an old woman whose parched wrinkled skin made one think of a mummy. She was seated cross-legged on a mat before a charcoal fire twirling her prayer wheel and counting her beads. Although her face was covered her lips never ceased their muttering. So she sat when we went to bed and so she was when we awoke. The perpetual motion of her lips was the result of the belief that salvation would come soonest to those who uttered the most prayers. How marvelous will be the results when the intense consecration of the Tibetan has been directed into the worship of the true God whose Son

Jesus came to save just such seekers as this woman was. In such a heart, belief in Christ would indeed bear fruit.

At Songding our evening was brightened by a vaudeville troupe who sensed that there was the prospect of good pay if they entertained us. There were three in the party. Dr. Shelton called me over to his room.

"Let's make Morse pay for the show," he said chuckling.

"All right," I said, sensing some fun.

The Doctor outlined a plan which he had once worked on Bu, the old medical assistant of Dr. Shelton, whom we had met in Talifu.

We went over to Mr. Morse and asked him to come out and see the performance. As Mr. Morse appeared one of us brought him a chair and the other a footstool. We helped the bewildered man to sit down on the chair and put his feet on the footstool. He did not know what to think of it but he did not suspect the plot. Dr. Shelton told the players to go ahead. The Doctor was the only one who could speak Tibetan and he informed the players that the official (waving his hand in the direction of Mr. Morse) was ready to watch them and that if they danced well they would get a rich present. The dancers began with their weird wild antics to the tune of a home-made fiddle, a rude drum and a battered cymbal. At first the dance was in slow measure, interspersed with whirling and high kicking which gradually became faster. They whirled and shuffled; they clapped their hands and sang; they circled and smiled. The tap of their red leather boots with the graceful waving of their long red sleeves, the tinkling cymbal and quivering violin stirred the weird in one's nature. We stood beside Mr. Morse as attendants, ordered tea for him and presented the tea with bows. He accepted the cup from our hands. He sat there as if he were the real chief and laughed, not noticing the conspiciousness of his position. The players singled him out for special attention and treated him as the head man. The dancers did their best to win his favor. At the conclusion of the performance, the woman of the troupe

came bowing before us with an extended platter. She stood before Mr. Morse, who asked the Doctor what she wanted. Dr. Shelton replied that they didn't do this dancing for nothing and as the chief, he was supposed to pay for it. Mr. Morse asked, "How much?" Dr. Shelton replied casually, "Oh, about thirty rupees." Mr. Morse looked sick and said he didn't believe he had that much money. Shelton affirmed that they would not expect much less and he might as well fork over and pay up like a gentleman. Mr. Morse hemmed and hawed and asked why we didn't pay something. We told him that he was the head man because he had sat down in the chair and permitted us to wait upon him. He began to get a glimmering of what and why we had treated him with such deference. He became wrathful as we went about our business and left him to settle with the players who became more and more insistent. After the lady player had worried him for half an hour he came around and asked how much he really should give them. Dr. Shelton thought we had carried the joke far enough so he told him that two rupees would be plenty. When he had paid that sum to the players they came around and insisted that we pay something. We told them that as the chief gave them two rupees we would be able to give them one apiece with which they were abundantly satisfied. Although a rupee is only worth twenty cents gold, when you consider that the day's wages for a man is a rupee, they were well paid.

Where we stayed in Song Ding the people are tribesfolk called Jong by the Tibetans. They are thought to belong to the Mosu tribe—Mosu being their Chinese name. Their language is not understood by the Tibetans with whom they associate as little as possible. The Jong occupy exclusively certain villages which they have probably been allowed to retain when they were conquered by the invading Tibetans. A thousand feet below in a village along the river's edge not more than a half a mile from Songding, the people are Tibetan. These Jong are more superstitious and sly than the Tibetans who domineer over them. They follow the precepts

of Lamaism with many peculiar secret beliefs of their own. The temple at this place is presided over by a Tibetan priest, who is maintained by the offerings of the Jong inhabitants.

The usual Tibetan roof is a flat clay one but these temples have above this another, a ridged roof of long pine slabs which turns off most of the water. A clay roof needs constant repair so that to overcome this the secondary roof was invented. Although the outward appearance of the temple is plain, its interior is filled with gaudily painted clay figures and the walls have brilliant paintings, many of them obscene. Some of the idols in most god-houses are shown embracing their female counterpart. One or two priests are watchmen at the temples which are empty and forlorn most of the time.

Priests conduct most of the services but when the service requires more participants than there are priests available, the laymen substitute. One service which I observed was almost wholly in charge of the lay members of the community who chanted prayers and shook thunderbolts with less smoothness than the priests who were leading them.

Gateways, two posts with a crosspiece on top, whose height or bareness made them conspicious afar off, are set up over the roads at prominent points or near the entrance of chordens and temples. These gateways are called "Jongu" or "Noble Gate" by the Tibetans. They live up to this name by cracking one's crown suddenly unless warned of their existence. The horse is often inconsiderate enough to walk under them without notifying the rider.

In most villages the people were very friendly, coming into our room with panting red tongue and shaking thumb (their form of salutation) to stare at all we had, including our person. The Tibetan uses his face and cloak as a handkerchief and napkin. After eating he smears his greasy hand over his cheeks to protect them from the rasping winds; what will not cling to his face he rubs on his cloak thus increasing its wearing age. His tongue is the dish cloth, its long curving point licking out the last particle from his barley

bowl, making it smooth and shining. His hands never crack under the drying winds and burning sun, for there is so much grease and soot upon them not to mention other less desirable products that the elements never penetrate to the skin. Germs do not live under his fingernails, for they were suffocated long ago by the packed greasy loam that fills them to the brim. He always has companions with him in his hair, and in the wool of his sheepskin. These lively creatures suck his blood and he gets even with them by searching them in their hiding places and biting off their head. Thus the axiom might be parodied: "an eye for an eye and a bite for a bite." Their greasy sheepskins are so sooty and black that we carefully keep them away from our bedclothing.

The sixth day out of Atuntze, a short stage of six hours and a two thousand foot drop brought us to the plain of Yen Gin, the city of salt. It was the fourteenth day of December with severe cold on the mountains and not much warmer after we had descended two thousand feet. The road was so steep and narrow that often the chairs had to be lifted at arm's length over the men's heads to clear the projecting rocks.

The Mayor of Yen Gin came out to escort us in with a large number of his retainers. He had prepared rooms for us, provided charcoal and given orders that we should have whatever food we needed. He was a former Batang official who had been befriended by the missionaries at one time when he was destitute because of robbery. He had also hired horses for us to Batang so that our mule troubles were at an end.

It was the friendships that Dr. Shelton had made in the course of his missionary career that smoothed the journey. All along the road there were evidences of the high respect and warm feeling with which the people regarded him. A quick trip would have been impossible without the power established by this friendly feeling. As we entered the village of Yen Gin, throngs of friendly people came with eager greeting for Dr. Shelton. With outstretched palms they

welcomed him. His skill and his true and friendly spirit had won for him a warm place among many tribes of Tibetans.

IV

BATANG AT LAST

WE stayed over a day in Yen Gin to visit the salt wells that resemble huge shelves filled with sparkling ice crystals built up against the bank of the Mekong river. Lining the river for a half mile on each side are rectangular vats about ten by twelve, jammed against the steep hillside. The vats are pine built platforms supported by piers and covered with tramped clay. The brine, taken from warm springs near the river's edge, is poured upon this clay. After the sun has evaporated the water, the thin layer of salt, with considerable clay, is rubbed off by stones and brooms. Each vat will produce about two gallons of dirty salt at one sweeping, only one half of this product being salt. Tibetans prefer the clay salt as they say the purified salt is not tasty.

The salt workers are very poverty-stricken and the brine leaves their skin dry and cracked so that their lot is not an enviable one. They trade their salt for food and clothing through the hundreds of traders who come from all over southeastern Tibet. The Chinese have clung tenaciously to Yen Gin because of this salt factory which supplies an area two hundred miles square.

In the afternoon, with the French priest, Father Goré, we enjoyed a twenty course feast at the official residence of the Mayor. As the honored guests did not drink wine the host was forbidden by custom to drink, so he turned his cup upside down with the rest of us. This rule does not apply to the other guests whether foreign or native. Those who desire to do so have a guessing contest in which the loser must drink a forfeit of wine or tea. Two people extend their hands simultaneously and yell out the number which his opponent's hand represents. Each number up to ten is indicated by the extension and position of fingers. They continue until one

happens to shout the number which his opponent's hand shows, in which case the other fellow has to pay the forfeit. One does not necessarily shout the number his hands represent. The chief object is to see how soon they can drink each other under the tables. I have seen two men continue until they each had over a dozen drinks apiece. Often they concentrate on one man who is asked to play by several men, until he can hold no more. This play never takes place until near the close of the feast when all have been so heavily gorged with food that a huge quantity of wine does not affect them very quickly. Perhaps it is well that the Chinese have the custom of retiring soon after the feast and it is good form to go home immediately on leaving the table. Only a few minutes is spent in the reception room at the most.

Tibetans, for festal periods, have adopted the Chinese chopsticks, wherever they have had contact with the Chinese. Ordinarily the Tibetan meal is a simple affair. Their food is ready to serve. The black barley has been parched and ground into a fine flour. It is called "tsamba." They may eat it dry, provided water is not obtainable as is sometimes the case. With a supply of water they roll three stones together for a stove and throw into a vessel some of their rough brick tea which is handy to carry. The tea is so dirty when bought that the addition of other soil and grease in traveling does not alter its palatability. When the water has boiled, salt and butter are added and then it is churned in an ordinary butter churn. When it has become rich and foamy, it is drawn off in bowls and served. The barley flour is placed in the bowl with the tea and mixed with a rounding, kneeding motion of the fingers as the palm slides around the rim. It is done so cleverly that the fingers are not made sticky. When thoroughly moistened the barley is rolled into a meat ball and washed down with bowls and bowls of hot tea. This is the menu which they consider essential to good eating. If they have with this a hunk of boiled yak or goat they have a feast. When they are reduced to turnip soup, they are next door to famine.

Beggars soon find out when foreigners have arrived and within a short time after our arrival they blocked the doors with knotted, blackened hands stretching out chipped tsamba bowls. No one ever turns a beggar away absolutely empty. All they need is a bowl and they can always at the very least collect very weak tea and a thimbleful of tsamba for their meals. The Tibetan is generous and hospitable, sharing with others out of his scanty hoard, although he may be reduced to turnip soup in a short time. According to the Tibetan religion, merit is gained not only by giving to beggars but also by begging. Many a rich person goes begging for a short time to gain merit. Naturally he is satisfied with any gift no matter how trivial.

Yen Gin was burned by the Shangchen in 1920 so that there are no two-story buildings in the town itself, just one-story hovels. There are many Jong here and they appear to be utterly dispirited. Why build, they say, when no one can insure them that they will not suffer calamity again in a short time. The Jong do not seem to have the feudal organization as the Tibetans do which gives a certain amount of protection again marauders.

Across the Mekong to the southwest high up the mountain-side is a monastery of two hundred monks. When I saw the toilsome climb necessary to enter the red portals of the white-washed buildings, isolated far from other settlements, the thought flashed over me that true contemplation and quiet meditation free from worldly temptation ought to be obtainable in such a spot. It would take so much energy to go up and down, that fatigue would eliminate most of the desire for evil.

There are two modes of conveyance across the river, a rope bridge and a skin coracle. The coracles are trapezoid tubs shaped by four strong poles at the top, from which extend tough tree branches curved and interlaced. Four yak skins sewn together are distended by this framework to form the sides and bottom. The seams of the skin are calked with

pitch. The top framework of poles have one foot extensions which are used to stand the boat on end to dry in the sun after each trip. If a foot is allowed to touch the skin between the branches water seeps through. The branches support both loads and people, keeping them from contact with the skin. These frail structures are so light that one man carries them easily. The coracles are the chief means of crossing the Yangtze and Mekong for a thousand miles of raging torrent. Bamboo ropes and wooden boats are the creation of the Chinese. They are not available farther north except at a few centers.

On the seventeenth of December we started on our last lap to Batang, which we should reach in seven days. Passing out of the river plain we entered a deep canyon whose walls are a thousand feet high and sometimes only twenty-five feet apart. A temple was midway up the canyon. A short distance above this temple, by the side of the gurgling brook almost hidden by the massive boulders around it, was a rock-walled house sunk low into the ground. In it were four Buddhas that are reported to have been carved by gods. Judging from the product, the gods were very poor artists. Near the top of the canyon on the face of the cliff was outlined the head of a deer created in the same manner as the Buddhas. The deer head had been the target of many a rifle. There were said to be other divinely-carved figures but I could not make them out with my alien eyes. These figures have two possible sources. They are the work of priests who ages ago created them secretly to enslave the credulous, or they are freaks of nature as Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face." It is probable that they are a combination of both—nature having given a faint outline of the figure to the eye of the artist who improved upon nature so that the ordinary mind would not mistake the hand of Divinity. These supernaturally created figures existed in many temples built here and there. The fact that they were a strong attraction for any temple led to their multiplication.

Just beyond the ravine at the entrance to a paradisiacal valley is the most delicately carved chorden I have ever seen. The valley of Jolong faces to the east, leading northeast to the gradual slope of the Jala Pass. This unusual chorden is the guide-post to an unfolding panorama of cosy Tibetan farm houses with patchwork fields, while fir forest and mossy plain roll upward toward the sky. This holy building has, under an extended awning, slabs of gaily decorated prayer stones in red and yellow and black and blue.

We ascended to the upper end passing on a secluded plateau a monastery with a hundred and twenty-five red-cloaked monks. Passing a silent hermitage whose barred windows insured seclusion to whitened recluses who daily sought to contemplate "nothingness" in the hope of escaping from life, we rode slowly to view a radiant red hermitage across the valley where those who seek the utmost retirement secrete themselves from the sight of fleshly desires.

December the eighteenth marked an important day, for we climbed the highest pass of the whole journey. It measured 15,600 feet. After slowly climbing the first two thousand feet through low shrubbery we gradually entered a wooded section, passing across a wide grassy plain into the dark recesses of a fir forest. Here snow was lying upon the rough ground to a depth of several inches. The trail was steep, increasing in slope as we traveled. The men walked more and more slowly, resting frequently and long. The horses blew alarmingly. I did not want to get off and walk for fear of having the dreaded mountain sickness, though later experience taught me this was a foolish fear. Two thousand feet below the crest the fir forest ceased, being replaced by grass. Far below this altitude the firs had slowly decreased in size until even the dwarfs were stunted at the frigid height.

At last we panted over the hard turfy top of the pass thinly covered with snow, and watched the Tibetans salute the mountain god with yells and stone as they rounded the loose

(1) Scaffolding along the Mekong road. (2) A narrow trail around the mountain. (3) A Sino-Tibetan family in Batang. The man is a silversmith and wealthy. The old mother-in-law has a silver prayer wheel and rosary of sandalwood.

cairn which we came to recognize as the sign of a pass surmounted. Because of the snow most of our Tibetans took off their boots so as to save their soles. Tibetan leather hardens after it is wet. The soles are sewed with thongs which pull out readily when damp. Their feet were so calloused that the skin resembled horn so they do not suffer as we would.

All afternoon we descended the mountain arriving near dark at the lower edge of the fir forests. We had been ten and a half hours upon the road and must spend a bitter, raw night in a cold Tibetan house with open windows, airy doors and smoldering charcoal fires which could not combat the cold. Our hostess had her kitchen decorated with many white finger prints made by dipping the fingers in melted butter and pressing on the wall. As the butter hardens it shines as a brilliant white point in the midst of intense blackness. These marks are placed at the height of a person's head all around the room. Their purpose is to bring happiness to the home, so they are called "happiness spots."

The next morning we continued the descent reaching the lowest altitude at Tsongen where we were entertained at breakfast by the Chinese commander. At this breakfast we met the Gonka Lama, a Living Buddha, who is the head of the monastery near by. He claimed to have been the teacher of the priest who headed the Shangchen robbers who had recently burned Tsongen so that we saw only a mass of ruined walls. From our experience with the Gonka Lama six years later we are not surprised that the Shangchen priest proved to be a renegade; he had a worthy master to imitate.

The monastery of the Gonka Lama is about a mile from Tsongen, southeast around a low range, in a plateau above a deep ravine. We could not see it as it lies on the road to Atuntze by way of Tsa Lei, which joins the road we were traveling to make one route to Batang at Tsongen. As the altitude is low, and because it is the junction point of many important roads, Tsongen is a town of considerable value to the Chinese. A garrison is always maintained there.

Tsongen has the distinction of being guarded by three mountain spirits who inhabit three pointed knobs with such steep sides that it is difficult for anyone (except a spirit devil) to reach the tops. These peaks are surmounted by stone altars decorated with prayer flags. The altars are used by the priests as depositories for the offerings while incense is burned before them. They are visited most frequently in times of threatened disaster. These spirits are supposed to control the valley, its weather and its crops. When the crops are threatened by flood or storms, offerings are made by the people to appease their wrath.

As we moved on up the valley, desolation haunted us all afternoon. There was ruin after ruin of houses burnt by marauders. For fifty years these crumbling walls have stood, a silent testimony to the ruthlessness of man. Fields once the fertile source of living now lay untilled, returning to the bramble and the shrub. As the sun was sinking in a sea of glowing red we moved into Chia-ni-ting which had also been scarred by the Shangchen robber torch.

Bands of men will rove far from their home to attack small collections of houses whose inhabitants are not able successfully to defend themselves. If they fear resistance, they attack at night; if not, they will suddenly appear in the day time. They obtain entrance under threat of setting fire to the house. Once inside they beat the people and torture them so that they will reveal the hiding places of their jewelry. They carry off the scanty store of grain, drive away the animals and even take the last pot for cooking food that the family possesses. They may set fire to the house out of pure deviltry. They are sure to burn the homes of those who have resisted their entrance. There is little hope of redress unless the people have powerful relatives, when they may recover some of the plunder after a few months. Homeless, without food and with only the scantiest skins for clothing the wretched victims struggle through the winter, until the next harvest, by begging and the severest toil. There is no shop

where they can secure credit to buy what they need. They must go to distant relatives and friends where they pick up odds and ends of the necessities to establish housekeeping again. Many victims of this treatment live for months on turnips as their principal diet. This vegetable is so bulky and such poor food that even robbers will not carry it off.

Five hours of smooth ascent over mossy turf that covers the expansive plains brought us to the edge of Pamut'ang. Fleet antelope made graceful flashes of gray as they galloped far from view. Millions of grey rat-like marmots with soft fine fur were feeding near their tiny burrows. With shrill squeeky whistles they would dart with alarm into a hole, soon to emerge with curious eyes when they thought the danger was past. The gentle slopes here were barren of everything except a fine wire-like grass which made a firm yielding turf so tough and resistant that it would take a pick to nick it. The marmots must live on the roots of this mossy grass.

The quick growing barley ripens here, with turnips and peas to eke out the daily barley menu. Upon the surrounding hills vast herds of black and white sheep, black curly-haired goats, burly evil-eyed yak and brown shaggy horses crop closely the spear-like grass. This grass, which has such tenacious roots that it is almost impossible to pull it up, never attains more than a few inches height so that it requires a wide area to support each animal.

Pamut'ang has some very beautiful prayer stones. Instead of the usual black or red slate they are made of marble whose clean whiteness was visible from afar.

Another interesting sight was that of the Tibetan women with black blotches upon their faces. These blotches are made of a combination of honey and soot forming a mucilage. Some say that they are to keep the men from desiring them and that no maiden is modest unless her face is blackened. But the real reason no doubt is that without it the biting cold winds and the burning sun would crack and peel off the skin of these people, dark as they are.

It was here that Dr. Shelton treated a woman whose toes had been thrust into boiling water by bandits in order to force her to divulge the hiding place of her valuables. She had endured the cooking without telling them. Her toes, from lack of treatment, had been sloughing off.

We followed the Pamut'ang creek until it turned sharply to the east and sought the Yangtze through an unexplored gorge and we then ascended through a dense forest, later emerging on a prickly oak lane. Prickly oak makes fine lining for narrow lanes. One never breaks the speed limit going through them. Their brilliant green leaves carried us forward in thought to the Christmas season which was then just four days away. Over a pass, a grassy saddle between wooded heights, we dropped down one of the steepest roads we had seen, winding through a profusion of trees. This was reputed to be a favorite haunt for brigands, who shoot at the unsuspecting travelers from perches in the trees. Earlier in the day we had passed a chorden erected to the memory and over the ashes of two pilgrims who had been killed by Shangchen robbers using these tactics.

After Tegoting, we descended a rocky ravine whose widening vista gave us a glimpse of the yellow waters of the Yangtze from whose shores we had detoured twenty-five days. Rounding a high rocky point that jutted out over the bank where the wind almost swept us off our feet, we could see the "Elephant's nose" near Batang. In between lay silent the giant-stepping ridges cut by a golden thread.

At Gora we stayed in the temple with the gods and goddesses. The idols had been operated on by the Shangchen to see what could be obtained from the interior, for gold and silver jewels are often hidden inside images for safekeeping. Gora was a lovely village of eleven families crowded into six houses. Everyone seemed to be prosperous with enough to eat, which cannot be said of some other places visited by the Shangchen tribe. We were given the usual presents by the landlord of butter, walnuts, cheese, honey,

pears and pancakes. The walnuts and pears were welcome but the hairy, sour cheese, the limberger butter, the leathery dirt-incrusted pancakes were passed over to the servants, although Dr. Shelton who had become acclimated to such food would often help eat these last four articles.

At Cluysalung we were ferried across the river. The ferry boats are the largest craft seen for a thousand miles of the Yangtze in Tibet. They are constructed of three and four inch fir planks, with seven compartments. This one was almost rectangular with the middle slightly wider than the ends. It was a double flat-bottomed affair, fifty-one feet long and nine feet wide. The middle compartment was seven feet long with those at the ends slightly smaller. Bulky and unwieldly, the boat was perfectly safe even in the swift current because of its weight and width. Three oars aided in propelling it, one steering oar about twenty-five feet long and the other two some twenty feet in length. The oars were so heavy and massive that two to three men were required to operate them, although they were largely utilized in guiding the craft so that the current would be compelled to carry the boat across.

The boat crew consisted of five to six men on each shift. The ferry crossing was selected where there were two currents which swept from shore to shore. The boat would be pulled upstream for a thousand feet, to secure the current that would carry them across to the other side. Then they utilized a second current to bring them back. It was necessary to find a place where the banks were low and level so that men would have a foothold in pulling the boat upstream. Only ten minutes of the forty-five minutes required to cross over were needed in the actual crossing. Everyone helped to carry on the luggage or force the frightened animals to jump over the three-foot side. Eleven animals with their luggage or their riders could be taken each trip.

The tramp of many feet with the dragging hoofs of the horses raised a suffocating cloud of the powdered yellow sand which coated us both inside and out. There was just

one thing that saved us—it wasn't hot. Four hours of eating sand through our handkerchiefs, even if it was golden, was enough. We rode into Lipa with great joy, where we lodged for our last night on the road. Lipa is a wretched village of five stone houses and one plastered temple which was rather dilapidated in spite of being dedicated to the goddess of Mercy.

Indescribable emotions waged a conflicting war for control of our thoughts. We could scarcely believe that we were so near our new home. A few hours on the morrow and we would reach the end of our long trek into the interior. The weather had been ideal for traveling, clear and cold. Not a drop of rain or snow for twenty days had marred the azure blue of the sky. The stars at night resembled overflowing wells of light. The moon gave out the brilliance of shaded sun, so powerful and close was the reflection. The flood of light beckoned us to midnight strolls. It was difficult to sleep when once awakened. In the morning we were compelled to walk because the cold was so intense; but by midday the sun's rays forced off our overcoats. Piercing hot days and frozen nights proved to be typical climate of the high Tibetan tablelands. A long dry season of seven months commences in November and ends in May with the rest of the year cooled by intermittent rain. The rain never fails to produce a harvest of some kind which insures an existence, at least, for the poorest people. Mass famines never occur in Tibet. Those who die because of starvation have been robbed in a feudal war.

December 23rd, 1921. The last day of the trip. It was a beautiful morning as we climbed the steep trail above the river to the pass which was a favorite attacking spot of the robbers. We passed over unmolested and walking with difficulty down the steep north side, we went up the vale, to be met by Dr. Hardy and Mr. MacLeod from the Tibetan Christian Mission whose hearty welcome was repeated by their wives and children and crowds of people, Tibetan and Chi-

nese, farther up the road. Batang at last! We had made the quickest trip ever made from Yunnanfu to Batang, just fifty-four days.

After the festivities of Christmas we welcomed into our home our first-born son, Herbert Franklin, on the 29th day of December. The stork had lost the race by six days.

V

THE BATANG VALLEY

TRAVELLERS after the long weary march over barren hills and glaciated passes have exclaimed with rapture as they burst upon the valley of Batang. The mountains have been thrust back by the ceaseless wear of ages until the plain has widened to more than a mile at its greatest bulge. This alluvial tract has been formed by the union of two rivers. It is a mile and a half in length at the bulge with narrower projections at each end four miles long on the southern projection and two miles on the northern. The valley is a huge spindle whose tips point northeast and southwest with the town centered in its greatest diameter.

The larger of the two rivers known as the Monastery River, after the old monastery that is at the north of the junction, hugs the western range, its general course being north and south. The smaller of the two streams called the Batang River, after the town of Batang, joins it from the east in the southern half of the bulge. The waters of these rivers are perpetually cold for they are fed by springs far up the mountain side, and their ultimate sources tap the glaciers of the peaks to the east and north. The Batang River is a series of cascades from its source to its mouth. Rarely three feet deep its irresistible power renders fording a hazardous proceeding. The Monastery River is fordable in its quieter reaches during the late winter though in summer the roar of its angry flood is heard throughout the valley. As it approaches the Yangtze, its plain becomes a narrow gorge in which only the mid-day sun dispels the gloom. The Batang plain was probably the bed of an ancient lake that was dammed by the pass which leads to the Yangtze until its outlet cutting through east of the Elephant's Nose carried away the last of the receding waters.

Batang is the second largest settlement in Eastern Tibet. The largest is Tachienlu which is more than twice the size of Batang. Within the Batang wall, which was erected in recent years, there are about two hundred and twenty-five houses of various sizes, including official residences and Chinese temples, while within a few minutes' walk outside the wall will be found fifty other homes, most of them along the bank of the Batang River.

Before we get a close and intimate view of the town and mission from within a more general geographic approach will help to locate important points and features.

Approaching the village from the south, the road mounts the side of a bluff; on the east side is the suburb containing the compound of the Tibetan Christian Mission maintained by the Disciples of Christ; on the west side are a few houses beyond whose confines the more level plain begins. The entire hill with its settlements is called Jap O Ding. The road now winds around this bluff along the edge of the Batang River, passes the greater length of the town and crosses the foaming torrent by a narrow wooden bridge. Over the millstreams, up a steep approach we enter the gate which receives and sends out most of the trade from and to the south. The Chinese sentinel stands lazily watching, unless a load of wood passes by and then he extracts a few sticks from it to keep his own tea-kettle boiling.

Walking through the crooked streets toward the north we emerge into a walnut grove suburb called Jarinong where the Duncan family lived for six years in a Tibetan mud-walled house. The trail north leads to Derge and Kanze more than twelve days away.

Retracing our steps, in the center of the town we notice the main cobblestone street that runs east and west with so many jogs and curves that only a few of the shops can be seen from one spot. But one would not wish to linger long in one place for every so often there come caravans of wood drawn by stubborn donkeys that would much rather rake

a pedestrian with the sharp prongs of firewood than give an inch of the middle of the road. The street is considered a wide one; it is almost ten feet in width at one or two points. In some places shops have constricted it to four feet clearance. A ditch adds width but not walking space to the road, running on the north or south side the whole length of the town and providing a convenient receptacle for all of the sewage. Hogs stand in the cooling waters, or scramble over the uneven stones. The fishermen keep their catch alive and on exhibition in it, dangling the finny tribe on a number of cords until sold. The gardeners wash their vegetables here to keep them fresh and sanitary. The active tread the slimy walks with care, for young men have fallen and fractured their skulls in this sunless alley.

We linger in front of a shop whose dingy interior is filled with fly-specked goods willingly handed out for inspection, whether it be food, towels or tea. Each one handles the goods, takes what he thinks is the largest piece for the money and shoves out of the curious lazy crowd that ever gathers to see and listen. Out of the farther darkness a vile stream of opium smoke escapes from the greedy throat of the shopkeeper to be re-breathed into one's lungs. We move on for fresher air.

Walking back to the south gate and turning up the hill beyond the river one gets a splendid airplane view of the valley. The irregular clay roofs of the city are broken by the chasm-like threads which mark the streets and the tiny open patches which are stockyards and house gardens. In the extreme eastern end of the town is the only gable-roofed building in the city. This is the Chinese temple where hoary, dusty idols leer hideously down upon the cringing worshipper. Near the northeast gate is the French Catholic Mission, once the residence of the second prince of Batang. The people still think of the time when the present owners received it from the Chinese as indemnity for the slaughter of priests over twenty years ago. The huge white structure in the north-

west corner is the residence of the military commander whose careless soldiers mutilated what was once the proud court of the ruling Prince of a wide region before the coming of Chao Erhfeng in 1905.

The rectangular town lies just far enough back from the river to avoid flooding and near enough to insure a supply of water in times of siege. About a thousand feet wide, it is slightly more than twice that distance in length. The wall was not built until the Chinese under the leadership of Chao Erhfeng displaced the ancient regime of the Tibetan Prince in the direct government of the country. Previously, a few soldiers and officials had exercised a loose supervision over the native government.

Connecting the city with the river's edge are a dozen houses whose inmates make a fair livelihood grinding the grain for the city. On the northwestern edge of these scattered homes are a house and mill which belong to the Mission. Formerly it was a school but for a few years it has been used as a residence. The mill is a dark squatty dungeon whose faint light reveals two huge stones, the lower one turned by a horizontal water-wheel. Farther down towards the mouth of the river are other homes and mills from whose quaint alleys one can ascend for thirty feet to the ruins of the old Tibetan monastery which is now being restored to its pristine glory.

The monastic grounds are extensive, comprising about eight acres of level land. A clay wall twenty feet high and about four feet in thickness surrounds the crumbling ruins of the former buildings. Outside the wall runs a broad highway lined by a row of tall stately cedars which have survived the hacking of vandals. The monastery was burned about the year 1905, some say by the Chinese and others claim it was the work of priests in order to prevent the Chinese soldiers from looting the temple and burning the buildings. In 1924 the interests that formerly maintained the monastery commenced rebuilding on the old site. They have now completed most of the main buildings except the interior decorating.

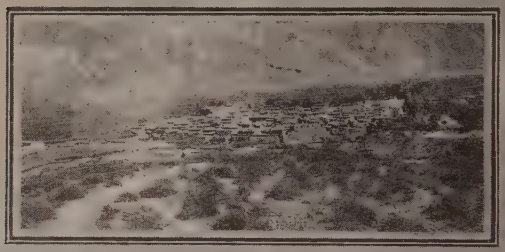
There is the main temple for worship, the immense kitchen where the monks will be supplied with food and a smaller building for the home of the fearful deities. Residence and other halls are in the process of construction. The west wall of the monastic court edges the Monastery River which is spanned by a bridge that faces the western gate. An immense pile of prayer stones blocks this entrance, forcing traffic to half encircle the sacred pyramid to cross the bridge.

Opposite this huge sentinel of praying stones guarding the western end of the bridge is the wretched village of Pakalo. The people of this dilapidated town subsist by supplying the monastery with servants who for a mere pittance—and merit—carry fuel and food and fill the water barrel for the lazy priests. They are the poorest of the poor. A half mile southward down the river is the playground of the district where the harvest dramas* are enacted each fall.

Recrossing the river we must notice the elaborate buildings, rapidly falling into ruins, which were constructed as the official residence of the Chinese Commissioner of the Border. With grounds beautifully laid out connecting the parallel sides and the spacious reception rooms, the whole resembles an Oriental palace. Enormous pillars support the heavy tiled roofs. The floors of the courts which adjoin the monastic grounds on the north are carved stone and tile. Nearer the river is the remains of a factory that was intended to fashion the inexhaustible supply of hides into leather goods. This Utopian dream has only pock-marked mud walls to commemorate it. Soon time and man will remove even this trace, unless another dreamer reconstructs the dying fabric.

To the northeast are the white walls of a little monastery, built when the Tibetans were forbidden to rebuild the old one. Not a fourth as large as the old site, it harbors over two hundred monks in the New Year season when all of its registered inmates gather for the dances and ceremonies. A bram-

* Historical religious plays dealing with supposed scenes of the past that are acted out with dancing and music each September to win the favor of the local Batang Valley deity, so that he will send continual prosperity to Batang.



(1) Bridge over Batang River at Batang. Note the "Mani" pile. (2) The town of Batang. (3) The Tibetan Christian Mission. Nearest the front is the school, to the left the hospital. In center back is one mission home. The others are hid by shrubbery.

ble path leads from the monastery several hundred feet north to a great white chorden where daily incense is burned and sleepy priests mumble the mystic formula while they encircle the pyramid in bare feet and long red robes that almost sweep the hardened path. Beside the sun-crowned chorden is a low square house running over with clay figures and scattered paper leaves of printed prayers. The incense is burned on a large stone. While the scented smoke of the juniper branches and tsamba thickens under the sprinkled water, the ragged prayer flags reach out from their pile of printed slabs and mingle with the spreading cloud as it curls and dances toward the skies. Beyond the chorden is one of the crumbling forts built to defend the town.

Crowning the hill above us is a manned mud hut that commands the entire valley and the Tachienlu road beyond the hot springs, which are a mile from the bowl-shaped mountain, Lama-Dorje, that has stood a silent witness of all of the murderous deeds of men in that fair vale since men first came. This mountain wears a cap of snow most of the year. It is the guardian of the valley, the Prince's mountain it is sometimes called, for it was supposed to represent the ruling Prince of Batang.

A mile distant to the north a round hill on the river's edge has another fort rapidly crumbling to dust. In winter there is a ford near it which permits the inhabitants of Silinong to halve the journey to Batang. Farther up the river on the opposite side is seen the faintly curling smoke of hidden fires which mark the last houses in the valley. A round peaked hill hides the view of more distant scenes and outlines the uppermost end of this fairy vale.

The Mission compound proper has about eight acres of ground. It seems smaller because much of the land is terraced. A clay wall surrounds it for the purpose of keeping out stray animals and making it more difficult for marauders to enter. The northern wall of the Mission compound bounds the road that goes to Lhasa. The other sides are adjacent to

the orphanage farm which covers most of this hill. In forgotten times this whole tract was the site of a village until an earthquake leveled it. The survivors retreated across the river where the town now stands.

The greater part of the cultivated land begins north of the town and extends north for almost a mile to the Monastery River which has swerved eastward to the middle of the valley for a short distance. At this point the river leaves the western mountains which had sheltered it from its mouth, but returns again to the western range after passing the village of Silinong. The Monastery River checks this largest tract on the west while the Batang River forms most of the southern boundary. The eastern hills bordered by the little monastery, the chorden and a small village at the extreme northeast complete the circle of the bulge. It is like a vast saucer with an edging of gold.

The fir-covered slopes of Lama-Dorje's western face show the ruins of an ancient monastery in a scattered hamlet called Retri. Lower down on this side of the village is a more recent hermitage where lived a very holy priest. Ascending from Retri is a path that leads to a vast expanse of high rolling ranges in whose hollows are herds of deer, the big lonely goat-antelope and prowling bear. To the southwest of our position are the fertile lands of the lower end of the spindle-plain where three villages are scattered along the road. In these hamlets much fruit—peaches, pears and apricots—are grown and brought to market if the soldiers, thieves and parrots have not visited the trees too frequently. Finally, the southern tip of the spindle is pointed with a steep spur that constricts the valley into a canyon that carries the united waters of the plain and the adjoining mountains.

Before we leave our vantage point we must not forget to notice the thickly dotted graves at our feet. This plot has been used for hundreds of years for a burying ground. Long before the Chinese came into this valley the aborigines buried their dead here. Bones that have been hidden by the alluvial

silt of ages are uncovered by clay-brick diggers. Through this graveyard a stream fed by powerful springs near Retri once tumbled down until an ancient earthquake dried it up. Streams of hardened lava came out of that same ravine but when or how no one knows.

Descending to the foot of the hill past the gaunt walls of the burned Mohammedan temple, we reach the bridge once more, where naked boys swim in pools along the river's edge. Burly black yak tread snortingly over the bridge with bags of salt on their broad backs. Country Tibetans with frightened eyes watch us as they hurry some of the animals that have decided to ford the river just as they do in the highlands where bridges are unknown. Sweaty women half naked above the waist trudge by almost concealed under a stack of wheat just cut in the fields. Old men twirling prayer cylinders and mumbling "Om Mani Padme Hum" plod around the prayer stone pile near the bridge. Donkeys loaded with wood scramble down from Retri to rake us with pointed branches as we lean over the railing of the bridge. The constant slap of cloth on stone by washerwomen on the banks of the mill streams is heard above the growling rumble of the river. A corpse comes bumping over rocks, now floating on top now submerged in white foam, as the angry waters rush the unsightly burden toward the sea. The new meets the old when an American doctor and white gowned nurse walk over the bridge on an errand of mercy. So the world moves in the valley of Batang.

VI

BUILDING THE KINGDOM IN TIBET

IT was in 1908 that white strangers from the west darkened the gates of Batang. They were two missionary families, the Sheltons and Ogdens, and they rode down the narrow cobblestone street seeking houses to live in. No outstretched hands with the palms upward welcomed them. There were no invitations to enter the low wooden doorways of the homes where travellers were used to lodge. The people half-frightened and half-defiant did not want the blue-eyed foreigners to enter their homes. The missionaries were forced to ask aid from the Chinese official who requisitioned rooms for them in two of the larger houses of the city, the missionaries paying liberal rent to console the unwilling landlords.

The first few months' residence were not easy. To go out upon the flat mud roof for fresh air might bring a stone hurtling through the air from unfriendly hands upon another roof. The newcomers were warned that it was unsafe for them to appear upon the streets except after nightfall until the people had become more accustomed to their presence. If they desired solitude and relaxation in the nearby fields, sullen eyes and suspicious glances of hatred warned them that the Tibetans believed that their walking there might anger the local deity who would send flood or hail upon the crops. And could not the blue-eyed, fair-haired foreigner look into the ground and detect hidden treasures or gaze into the hearts of men and know what they were thinking? Tibetans often secret their money and jewelry in the earth. Could not the foreigner see it there? No one can say what suspicions were directed against the missionaries nor how dangerous were many of the paths they trod.

Dr. Shelton opened a dispensary in a room and hesitating patients began to arrive. The first few brought others as

they told how they had been benefited and not harmed. In this dispensary was laid the foundations of the church as Mr. Ogden talked with the patients about Christ the friend of the Tibetan and explained tracts which each patient carried away with him. Soon Mr. Ogden was asked to start a school. He did this with five or six students using Scripture texts to teach the children to read and write Tibetan. Itineration was possible at times and Dr. Shelton laid the foundation for those memorable trips that he made in later years.

The work grew. Larger and separate quarters were rented for the dispensary, church and school. A few were baptized and the church was established. Everything was moving forward. Dr. Loftis came and six weeks later was laid to rest. Dr. Hardy arrived and Dr. Shelton took his family on furlough. Daily greater confidence and love was being shown by the Tibetans of the city and the surrounding country when the work was checked by the forced exit of the missionaries at the beginning of the Chinese revolution in 1911, which resulted in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. The Ogdens and Dr. Hardy were compelled to seek the coast over an untried route through Yunnan.

The orphanage had its beginnings back in the early days of residence in Tachienlu. Two boys, Lee Gway Yin and Lee Gway Gwang, left destitute by the death of their father were forced to beg on the streets of Tachienlu. Hearing of the missionaries these two brothers sought them out and asked for help.

"We will do any kind of work that you want us to do if you will give us food and clothing and a place to sleep," was their plea.

Dr. Shelton and Mr. Ogden could detect beneath the grime and grease of their sore faces intelligence and willingness. The boys showed signs of better days than their filthy clothing indicated. The missionaries could not resist their appeal and took them into their homes where they reared them as their own children. When the missionaries were

forced to leave Batang in 1911 these two boys, now approaching young manhood, were left in charge of the Christian work in Batang. Upon the missionaries' return in 1914 the old force had been increased by a new family, the Bakers, and Dr. Hardy brought in a bride. The four families worked hard to reestablish the work which the two boys had struggled to keep going under unusual difficulties.

During the absence of the missionaries their property had been looted, which made necessary a large amount of new equipment especially in the hospital. The story of how this equipment was brought to Batang is one of Dr. Shelton's thrilling stories. The dispensary was reopened, the school reestablished, and the church given new vigor. Long itinerating trips were taken to sow the seed of the Gospel and to heal those that were sick. While Mr. Baker was pushing the evangelistic work, Mr. Ogden built up a large school. Dr. Hardy carried on the local medical work until it reached large numbers. At the same time Dr. Shelton carried the ministry of healing over an immense area reaching villages where white men had never been before.

Tentative conversations about the securing of land for a Mission compound had been begun before the revolution. After the return Mr. Ogden resumed the negotiations. It was thought unwise to obtain land on the valley floor as it was so valuable for the production of necessary food. After more than two years a plot was finally leased. It was located just outside the town across the river on the side of the mountain. The site did not look promising. It was a steep hillside above a high bluff. The only inhabitants were the dead whose graves reposed among a mass of brambles and rocks. The graves were removed to another site; the rocks and brambles were dug out. The whole hillside was graded and leveled into small fields and lots for bulding sites and gardens. A large ditch was constructed around a precipice bringing water a mile distant to supply not only the compound but a large tract of other land which was eagerly bought by people of the

village. Trees were set out and branch ditches made to supply each building and garden. Walls were built and paths graded. Under the supervision of Dr. Shelton a hospital and two homes were erected in 1917. Outbuildings for servants and stables for stock were constructed. Mr. Ogden started and Mr. MacLeod finished the construction of the school in 1921.

The old school across the river was converted into a new residence under the supervision of Dr. Hardy in 1924. When this building, which lies just outside the city wall, was first bought no one knew until the reading of the deed that a mill and water rights went with it. This potential right to water power opened up great possibilities in industrial work and generating of electricity in the future.

In settlement of a debt the Mission acquired an old building on the street. Additional tracts of land adjoining were bought through Mr. MacLeod and Mr. Duncan and a new chapel was finished on this land under the oversight of Mr. Peterson in 1927. Two small native houses on the opposite side of the city from the Mission compound were purchased for temporary residences, one by Dr. Hardy about 1917 and the other by Mr. Duncan in 1923. The last building enterprise was the orphanage. Additional land for a site was purchased in 1926 and the orphanage started under Mr. Ogden but the shortage of funds due to unsettled conditions in eastern China postponed the erection after the foundations had been laid.

1

A stiff pull up a short steep hill from the bridge across the little river brings us to the east gate. Here is the small house of the gateman who watches the gate at night. At the right is the hospital, built on a hillside so steep that we are on a level with the second story windows. Passing around to the front entrance which faces the southwest we are in the only hospital and the cleanest building within an area of four

hundred square miles—one hospital and usually one doctor for a country bigger than California. It is not uncommon for people to come fifty to a hundred miles for treatment. One of the rooms on the left is the room where Christ is preached every day to the incoming patients. On the right is the dispensary where these patients are given medical care. Kitchen and storage quarters take up the rest of the first floor. Above on the second floor are wards, operating rooms and living rooms for the first assistant who is rarely absent from the hospital day or night. On the third floor are isolation wards where many an opium case under treatment has paced the floor to fight against the intense desire for the drug. Through the doors of this hospital come more than thirty people a day, either to be treated in the dispensary or to become patients in the wards.

One day there was a tumult in the yard of the hospital grounds. Lee Gway Yin rushed out to see what was the matter. A pale Tibetan priest, very dirty and ragged, staggered along toward the hospital door. Mr. Lee assisted the man in and called for Dr. Bare who quickly examined him while asking what had happened. The monk told this story:

"I was coming back from a sacred shrine which I had visited in Inner Tibet for the purpose of gaining merit when robbers fired on me and robbed me of all that I had. I was hit in the lung by a bullet and almost died before I reached this place. I came here because people told me you would help me. Please show mercy and help me," and as he uttered his final almost incoherent plea he fainted away.

He was carried inside and cared for. As he recovered he marvelled at the skill and kindness of the doctor who dressed his wound. When he was ready to leave the hospital, after two months of convalescing days, during which time he had been told of Jesus, he bowed before the doctor and said as he stretched out his palm in farewell greeting:

"Master, you took me in when I was near death. You have fed me, you have given me a place in which to stay and

clothes to wear. None of my own people except my nearest relatives would have done this for me. This man Jesus which Lee Gway Gwang has told me about must have been very wonderful. Mr. Lee said that you have done this for me because you are a follower of Him and He would have done it. I do not understand all about this Jesus but I am going back to my village three days north of here and tell them what you have done and what you have told me about this Jesus. I will tell others to come here for healing and to hear this story."

While Dr. Hardy was at the mission one morning a burly Tibetan shuffled into the hospital.

"What do you need?" asked the doctor. The Tibetan bowed.

"Master, my wife is sick," he mumbled.

"What are the symptoms?" queried Dr. Hardy.

"Master, she is trying to give birth to a child."

"Well, how long has she been in pain?" was the doctor's next question, suspicioning trouble as the foreign are rarely called in ordinary cases.

"Master, it is two days."

"Two days!" cried the doctor astounded and he grabbed for his case. "Hurry, lead me there!"

The Tibetan started off at a dog trot followed by the long rapid stride of the physician. As they rushed over to the house Dr. Hardy asked a number of questions:

"Tell me about your wife," he said. "What did you do and why did you wait so long?"

"Master, when the child would not come we called in the priests who said a service with prayers and beating of drums, trying to chase out the evil spirit which was hindering the birth of the child. But it was of no use. After two days someone said, 'Perhaps the foreign doctor could help the woman.' "

Dr. Hardy was grieved as he visualized the suffering of the woman in those two days of agony. He thought there

could be very little chance of recovery. He entered a low doorway and stepped into a darkened room where in the obscurity of a corner a woman lay moaning amidst a heap of rags. Rags, you must know, of the filthiest and most tattered kind are always used in childbirth. Working prayerfully and skillfully the doctor brought the child into the world and rendered every possible aid. Mrs. Hardy went over later and washed the baby, clothing it in some outgrown infant clothes of her own children. With careful attention and nursing the child and mother lived.

"By all the laws of medical science she should have died," said Dr. Hardy in telling of the incident afterward.

That same day a father, who had mistreated his daughter so that she took opium to commit suicide, implored the doctor to hurry ere she die. A few hundred feet down a dark muddy alley, a dose of medicine, and the girl was glad her intentions failed of accomplishment.

A woman is sick with relapsing fever. Her blood is tested and a "shot" of Neo-Salvarsan sends her back to her little ones well within a few days. Relapsing fever has been an epidemic since the summer of 1923 and over a hundred lives were saved each year for the first three years of its prevalence. The mortality in the hospital has been less than five percent but among those on the street who did not seek treatment the death rate was something like seventy-five percent. The doctor assisted by Miss Grace Young treats wounds, worms, sore eyes, ulcers, malaria and other ailments.

2

Leaving the hospital, we go southwest for two hundred feet and turn northwest down a steep grade to the school, whose roof is on a level with the grounds of the hospital. This school was founded by Mr. J. C. Ogden who managed it for many years. It is a building about the same size as the hospital, with seventeen rooms. The lower floor is used as sleep-

ing quarters by the seventy children of the orphanage, and the upper two stories for the school where a hundred and thirty-five students from kindergarten through one year in high school are taught. Southwest of the school is the kitchen where the orphans are fed daily. At one time or another three to six orphan students have been taught shoemaking and carpentry.

A survey revealed that the greater part of the young men in the city of Batang who were the leaders in the political and industrial pursuits at the time it was made were at one time students in our school and that the influence of these young men were for peace and good citizenship. In a speech made by our Chinese-Tibetan principal, Mr. Liu, there were many suggestions and statements about the Mission school. One revealing comment was this: "Some people refuse to send their children to the Mission school for three reasons: First, within three days after entering the Mission school the children no longer believe in the gods of their fathers. Secondly, they believe that all men are created equal and lastly they believe in democracy."

As we go into the various rooms of the school the noise of lessons shouted out loud subsides, and the students rise as a mark of respect. This class is studying one of the Gospels in Tibetan. In the next room is a class in Chinese history and in still another room the girls are being taught to sew. With a full well-rounded curriculum the Tibetan and Chinese children are being taught to become the highest type of Christian citizens. To the room of the principal there come many visitors. Frequently a number of men from a Tibetan caravan or a party of itinerant priests will hesitate outside the door until we invite them in with outstretched hands. We converse a little while and then we give them a Gospel and some picture tracts. They are amazed to hear us read what the tract says and explain it in colloquial language. Reading with understanding is not a common accomplishment among Tibetan monks. When they leave, a companion who had

feared to venture into the building may summon all of his courage and walk timidly to the door. Our smiles and friendliness reassure him and he begs for one of the books which we gave to his friends.

The school is seeking to educate the young members of the church so that they may know in what they believe. An educated Christian constituency will keep pure the doctrine and safeguard the incorporation of superstitions into the teachings of Christ. The hundreds who have been in the Christian school at Batang are a leavening force that will contribute an important part in the building of the Kingdom on the Tibetan Border.

The stealthy tread of unshod feet were heard upon the stairs of the school one day. In the doorway appeared a young man with wildly rumpled hair and wild piercing eyes. He hesitated in fear and drew back.

"Please come in," I called.

The students who had been reciting verses in the Tibetan Gospel of Mark ceased and I prepared to talk with this stranger as he entered slowly and edged around the room. I picked up a Gospel of Mark and gave it to him with both hands.

"In this book, which I give you, you will find the story of the Son of God called Jesus who came on earth to save men. Can you read?" I asked.

"Yes, Master, a very little," he replied, sucking the words in and out with his breath, connoting the most abject humility.

He started to spell out the words. I read a verse and explained it to him in the colloquial which differs some from the standard Tibetan in which the New Testament has been translated. He was amazed at my ability to read and speak Tibetan.

"Are you not a priest?" we asked.

"Yes, Master," he answered bowing, "but I do not read well."

"Where have you been, to Lhasa?" I queried.

"Yes, Master, I went to Lhasa but not to study. I went to prostrate myself in the dust around the city and around the temples. I have circled every temple on the way back and I have just come back from circling the monastery above the town."

"Will you show us how you do it?" I asked, full of curiosity since I had never happened to see this before.

"Yes, Master."

He lifted up his tattered yellowing gown to show us the pads of thick leather which he wore on his knees. From that same gown in the blouse he pulled out three other leather pads, an irregularly cut one for the forehead and nose and one for each of the palms of the hands. He put them on and then, so suddenly as to startle us, with a mumble of "Om mani padme hum" his knees bumped the floor as he clapped his hands together, touched his thumbs to his forehead, mouth and heart in downward hurdles—honoring mind, speech and soul—stretched out his hands full length in front of him and slapped the floor face downward so hard we thought he must break his nose. Then he rose like a piece of well-oiled machinery and repeated the entire act after stepping forward to the spot which his fingertips had touched.

"Why do you do this?" I questioned him.

"Master, that I may gain merit and attain salvation for my soul," was his simple answer.

"If you will read this religious book it will tell you how to find the salvation which you are seeking by your prostrations," we told him. "And will you not come to the Church and listen to the teaching of the Christ, whose name you will see in its pages?" Grateful for the present of the gospel which he treasures, as writing is held sacred by Tibetans, he stepped out backward as we escorted him bowing to the door.

3

Walking south we go through the apple orchard of twenty-five trees that was planted after the Revolution by Mr. Baker. It has borne well the last two years, probably the only cultivated apple orchard in all Tibet. Beyond this we see one Mission home on our right; and another home on the left, which is now between us and the hospital on the higher path. These Mission homes are clean, sanitary and comfortable although plainly furnished. They are such a contrast to the dirty, cheerless homes of the Tibetans that visitors come just to see what a foreign home is like. A Tibetan dislikes to step into a Mission home without removing his boots, but his horny feet are not much cleaner than the boots. The gospel of the clean home is vividly preached by example.

The homes on Jap O Ding, the name for the hillside where the Mission compound is located, are built after the native pattern with wide, tamped clay walls. The family lives on the second floor as do most Tibetans, for the lower floor is cold and damp. The six medium-sized rooms on the second floor provide ample room for a small family. The lower floor is used for storage of the supplies of food and other articles which must be bought in advance. Tibetans use their lower story as a stable for their live-stock.

Down the road a piece is a sacred little plot of ground where the honored dust of our martyrs, Loftis and Shelton, lie waiting the Judgment Day. Around them are the graves of four children (Ogden's, Baker's and Duncan's) who were called before their days of service began. But these little ones serve because the Tibetan people have seen the beauty and sweetness of their little lives.

4

As we stop at the foundation of the new orphanage we should recall that after the two Lee brothers had sought refuge with the early missionaries, other boys and girls who

(1) The Tibetan Christian Mission at the time of Dr. Osgood's visit in 1926. The Peterson children were in quarantine with measles. (2) The Batang Hospital and some of the patients who came that day.

had been orphaned were taken into the homes of other missionaries and reared with their children. In time the number grew so large and the opportunity so insistent that in 1919 Mrs. Ogden began the orphanage. The children were first cared for in the hospital and later in the school where they now await the completion of the new orphanage.

What do children do when they are left orphans? If they are old enough to work they may be taken into the home of some wealthy man who needs workers. If too young to work they ordinarily will be left to beg on the streets for food and clothing. The result is that the vast majority (the younger the greater the mortality) die of exposure and insufficient food or are carried off by disease readily contracted in the weak condition which comes from an irregular and exposed living. A beggar's life is marked by feasts and famines. Our orphanage takes these unfortunates, rears them in a Christian atmosphere, teaches them a trade, and sends them out into the world to be useful citizens. Most of our orphans become Christians in the adolescent period. Their constant attendance at church and school keeps them from believing what their fathers did.

How do we get in touch with orphaned children? In various ways. One boy's father was a mail-carrier. A terrific snowstorm caught him on a high pass where his frozen body partly eaten by wolves was found beside his mail bag. A little girl met me on the bridge one morning on my way to school. She told how her mother had died of relapsing fever. She was sleeping with the cows in a nearby house at night and begging for food. One boy's mother lay in a cave dying from fever while her children cried for food. The family was found and the mother put in the hospital. When she was well enough she took three of her children and by working for a wage that would buy a shoe shine in America she managed to support them. But she could not care for the fourth. The poor little boy was a skeleton when he came into our care but soon grew happy

and well. A girl whose parents died of disease was brought in from the street by one of the orphans. She had no relatives and the dirty, sore little face pleaded with us to take her. We could not turn her away. One little girl we call the "strawberry baby." Her mother could not care for her and at the same time carry down wood from the mountainside. Discouraged, the little mother carefully laid her baby in the Ogdens' strawberry bed one Sunday morning when everyone was at church and fled to a distant village. When the family came home from church they heard the baby crying and went down to see where it was. There she lay in her leafy bed, fat and cunning—another orphan was in our arms.

They are not all here. There are three in a distant city near Tachienlu at a place called Yachow going to high school that they might better serve their people. One wanted to be a preacher, a second a doctor and the third a teacher. We are hoping and praying that they will attain their desire.

5

We continue to retrace our steps to the higher path and walk through the grassy yards of the Hardy home back toward the hospital. Now, grassy grounds for children to play upon are unknown in this country. With acres and acres of untilled land, not an inch of it has ever been made fit for children to use as a playground. The slimy streets and the blackened floors are considered good enough. Boys and girls come to visit the mission homes just to roll on the grass.

The broad acres of fertile land and the native houses of the farms which help feed the orphans may be seen from this high point. The Mission built an irrigation ditch reclaiming fifty acres of land which had produced only brambles and stones. This barren waste of twenty years ago now supplies the greater part of the food for a hundred people. This land was deeded to the orphanage through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden who had acquired control of it in payment

of debts contracted by loaning money to the officials when they must have funds to avert looting of the village by mutinous soldiers. This land, once a desert, through the labor of love was made to blossom as the rose.

Over in the town a church stands out on the street where the daily rush of men strive for their existence—a church of Christ pointing out the Way of Life. Congregations gather here on Sunday and during the week. The Sunday School averages a hundred and fifty, the Tibetan and the Chinese communion services thirty each and the Thursday children's gathering over sixty. Besides, there is street preaching here and in the other settlements of the valley. On itinerating trips hundreds are given medical treatments and thousands supplied by word and tract with the teachings of God and salvation.

We go into the church building and edge our way through the bulky Tibetans seated on low benches or cross-legged on the floor. Lee Gway Gwang begins to preach. He holds the attention of the children for one hour better than most men could do it. Then the school scatters to the various classes where foreigners and natives divide the teaching. The language used is Tibetan. In the afternoon Lee Gway Gwang will preach just as fluently to a group of men in the Chinese tongue. When he goes out to preach upon the street a crowd quickly gathers and listens intently to what he has to say for they know he has a message worth hearing. The church has grown slowly, having now (1928) about seventy-five members.

On an itineration to Atuntze, Lee Gway Gwang went with us. In that city noted for its hostility to foreign evangelization (Catholic and Protestant missionaries had abandoned work there), Lee Gway Gwang had a reception which surprised and gladdened us. When he first preached on the streets of that city they exclaimed to one another, "Why, this man is one of us, he speaks our tongue as we do and not as the foreigner whose stumbling accent is hard to under-

stand." Crowds followed him back to his room where he was thronged for three days so that he scarcely had time to eat. In the evening the hall where he preached was crowded. When we were ready to leave they came to us and asked us to come back again. We knew that they were not asking for the return of the foreigners so much as they were for the return of this young Tibetan preacher.

By deeds, by example and by words, the missionaries and native church members of the Tibetan Christian Mission are daily striving to uplift and to comfort, to gladden and to heal and to bring the Kingdom of God to the people of Tibet.

VII

PROBLEMS STILL UNSOLVED

IT is a high tribute to the vision of the Disciples of Christ that they had the courage to establish one of the stations now at work among the Tibetan people. That vision had to be backed by large sums of money. Many independent enterprises have been launched to bring Christ to the Tibetans but they have all sunk into historical oblivion. A number of reasons—the fundamental one being the small number of converts in proportion to the money expended—have contributed to the failure of these independent efforts.

Even those who are conversant with missions are surprised to learn that there are five Protestant Missions and one or more Catholic organizations at work among the Tibetans. The oldest is the Moravian Mission, which for seventy-five years has held tenaciously to its station in western Tibet, or Ladak. A Swedish Mission does some work among the Tibetan population near Darjieling. These two Missions are working under the protection of India. A third Mission is the one under the Christian and Missionary Alliance located in Kansu on the northeastern border of Tibet, in territory controlled by the Chinese. They have been on the field a few years longer than our Mission. The Disciples of Christ have the only Protestant Mission in southeastern Tibet, covering an area as large as the state of Texas, in a country governed by the Chinese province of Szechwan. On the extreme eastern borderland of this same section the China Inland Mission has a station at Tachienlu.

For two hundred years previous to the Chinese revolution in 1912 all of Tibet was more or less under the control of China which was represented at Lhasa by an official known as the Amaban. When the Chinese overthrew their Emperor the Tibetans revolted and finally after several years of fight-

ing what is now called Tibet became independent. More than half of the country inhabited by Tibetans on the eastern borderland was retained by China. This is the fairest and most fertile territory settled by Tibetan people. This land is under the direct oversight of three provinces, Szechwan, Yunnan and Kansu. Inner Tibet is still closed to missionary effort and holds another unique distinction, that of being the only country in the world that has no automobile within its borders.

The Tibetan Christian Mission located in Batang has some interesting features peculiar to its location. The people and their beliefs give rise to difficulties, a study of which will bring better understanding of the work done.

Batang is the most remote Mission station in the world from the standpoint of time necessary to reach it. The end of the nearest railway at Yunnanfu is eight hundred miles away by caravan trail. The steamers which dock at the most inland point on the Yangtze River at Kiating are more than six hundred miles distant. This extent of miles is not so great, but it takes at least two months by mule pack and sedan chair for a quick journey, while three months is considered about the average time. It is thirty stages from Kiating on the east and forty-five stages on the southern route from Yunnanfu. The remainder of the time is taken up with hiring men and animals and other matters of an organizational nature incident to travel in a little known and sparsely populated country.

The long journey from America to Batang, usually consuming four to five months, takes an undue proportion of the time and energy of the missionary, though important changes in modes of travel are coming with the years. The early missionaries went up the river in Chinese junks and cargo boats. Today they ride in steamers. An automobile road is reported to be under construction toward Yachow which will eventually be extended to Tachienlu, and after many years to Batang.

The isolation of Batang has made *money* one of the greatest problems faced by the Mission in these critical years. It has always been an important problem but when China is in revolution down east or when one of the periodic revolts of a Tibetan tribe occurs the consequent business depression dries up the supply of local money. There are no banks within five hundred miles of Batang. The funds from America deposited in a Shanghai bank are transferred to Batang in two ways. The safest and most common method is to transfer the money inland to the hands of a Missionary stationed at some point, perhaps Chengtu or Tachienlu. When business is normal the Batang merchant comes to the Mission Treasurer with his cash and asks for an order or draft on Tachienlu. He takes the paper written in English of which he cannot read a word and travels on his faith in us to Tachienlu, cashes his order at the home of the Missionary there, buys his tea, cloth and opium and transports the goods back to Batang by caravan. When he has sold his goods for silver and copper to the Tibetans he is ready for a deal again. In times of prolonged disorder the merchant is unable to bring in goods or to sell any stock he may have on hand.

The other method used is to bring in the solid cash in wooden boxes as loads on the back of animals. Foreseeing a possible shortage of money the returning missionary is often asked to bring in from five to ten loads of silver. If no missionary happens to be coming back when money is needed someone must make a journey from two to six months in length for the funds.

A load of silver contains four thousand rupees, and a supply of money for a year's needs is all that we dare risk at one time. Such a caravan would make a rich haul for robbers. For that reason it is well-guarded and only a small percentage has been stolen. When these two methods for securing funds fail, everyone is rationed. This has happened several times when the political conditions were disturbed for long periods.

Supplies rank along with money in the difficulty of securing them. Friends send a parcel-post package from America in September fondly believing that it will arrive in time for Christmas. When we in Batang hear of its coming by letter we surmise that it will be in time for the following Christmas. Sometimes we are mistaken, for it has taken two years for packages to arrive from America. We measure the size of our boy's foot and order shoes two years larger in the often deluded hope that they will fit him when they arrive. More cause for exasperation—some kind lady has saved and shipped us fifteen pounds of Sunday School quarterlies which she innocently hopes we may be able to use in our Tibetan Sunday School! Every article imported into Batang has doubled or quadrupled in value above its original cost because of the cost of transportation. We find, however, that the high cost of imported goods is offset by the low cost of local supplies which we use as much as possible.

Mail takes two months from Shanghai and three months from America when everything is running smoothly. Our mail leaves every six days and is supposed to arrive just as frequently. The Nanking tragedy had been history two months before we heard of it. The western world could be destroyed two months before we would know of it. Any course of action decided upon by the Mission requiring ratification by the home office must wait at least six months for the exchange of letters. Imagine our state of mind waiting to hear who has been elected President of the United States. When we get the news the world has forgotten it.

The home life of the missionaries in Batang is on a par with that in America a generation ago. We warm ourselves by sheet iron stoves that burn wood. We read by the light of coal oil lamps and candles. We make soap, butcher, refine salt, make starch and oversee the making of many other raw products into usable commodities. Those things which Americans buy ready to use we must produce. The low cost of labor enables us to hire native helpers whom we train

to do practically all of the duties in connection with the home. The missionary wife must train those who work within the house and the men oversee those on the outside.

The primitive conditions of life and the isolation of the city test the versatility of the missionaries. They may be compelled to turn their hand to almost anything. The doctor may become a builder of houses overseeing a gang of ill-trained carpenters; the preacher will open his box of medicines after he has discoursed to the gathering crowd. The teacher after school is out will set trees or show the gardener how to plant an American vegetable. The housewife will leave her sewing class to nurse the sick. The man who had difficulty in keeping his own accounts straight will suddenly be faced with the serious task of keeping books for the entire Mission. At one time Mr. Ogden, during the absence of Dr. Shelton, was dispensing medicine, supervising carpenters, teaching school, preaching and handling all of the business of the Mission, besides being the counselor in a multitude of differences among the people.

Taking up an unfamiliar occupation in a strange country causes disconcerting experiences. An inexperienced builder spent so much money in making fancy windows that there was very little money left to start the framework of the building. There still lies around in storage the remains of a windmill which was brought out to a land where there are no wells and where the fall of the streams is thousands of feet. Lack of knowledge of the people has caused many a laugh. I was up in the nomadic country one summer and had had the usual call for medical treatment to which I had responded in my amateurish way. One morning a burly mountaineer entered the tent.

"Is this foreigner a doctor?" he asked my Tibetan teacher. My teacher was proud of my limited medical knowledge.

"Yes, he is a doctor," he said.

I overheard the conversation and did not wish to sail under false colors.

"I am a third class doctor," I said holding up my little finger.

The nomad hearing this hesitated only a second and then started for the door. We called him back and almost forced him to tell us his ailments for which we gave him medicine. I was puzzled about his behavior until I learned that the Tibetans have a proverb that says, "If you are treated by a first class doctor you are healed at once, if a second class doctor treats you, you are healed in two months, but if a third class doctor gives you treatment a hundred other diseases will appear in your body." I never stated again that I was a third class doctor.

One of the most serious problems is in connection with the home life. It is the education of the missionary children. Until the child reaches his teens he can study under the supervision of his parents, using one of the well-known correspondence systems. But after the age of twelve the child needs more potently an environment where he will be associated with American children of the same age. In the formative years of adolescence it may be very detrimental to the morality and ideals of the child if he is forced to live in an entirely Oriental environment. The missionary is compelled either to leave his children in America with strangers or stay with them at least until they are out of high school. The rights of the child to parental association at this time are so strong that the missionary family stays on extended furlough for a number of years. The attempted solution of this vexing problem has caused the loss of many years of service of our older workers.

The altitude of Batang is around nine thousand feet. Water boils at about 195 degrees Fahrenheit and food must be cooked almost twice as long as at sea-level. We must work more slowly or we are very soon out of breath. Ten percent less oxygen in the air not only decreases our work-

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ing strength but forces us to sleep more. To secure plenty of sleep is not difficult as there is no night life. Tibetans retire soon after dark. The physical adjustment to the altitude is a matter of time that varies with the individual.

We have discussed some of the major problems from the standpoint of the missionary as distinct from those obstacles inherent in the life of the people. There are many minor ones as special surgical attention, constant association with the same group for years at a time, lack of outside contacts with the resultant lack of inspiration, personal safety, and a host of others which are common to every field.

We will now take up some conditions that are really more vital since they affect a larger group of people. These obstacles retard the acceptance of Christ by the Tibetans. Every Christian worker foreign or native seeks to overcome the force of these problems in leading the people to Jesus.

Extreme poverty is not conducive to high religious thinking. The Tibetans are so poor, spending so much time meeting the demands of the body for food and shelter, that there is little thought left to give to a change in belief. The barren soil, the severity of the climate and the oppressive support of the established priesthood makes poverty an almost universal affliction. From the religious standpoint poverty reacts in a variety of ways.

The struggle for existence causes numbers to come to us in the hope of a job by which to earn a living, a condition which is not peculiar to Tibet, of course. A carpenter, for example, joined the Church for the sake of a building contract and lost his zeal when the work was over. We are careful not to change our trade to a merchant, just because he has come into the Church. The money means so much to them.

A young man was anxious to teach in the school. He applied for the position and when it was not given to him he evidently thought he would have a better chance if he were a member of the Church. He studied and attended Church

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regularly and at last asked to be baptized. There was still no work open to him and he lost interest and soon was bowing his head to idols again.

But such temporary church members are offset by those who have no hope of financial gain. Notable among these were two young men who had been working for the Mission as personal teacher and medical assistant for from ten to fifteen years. Their jobs were assured whether they accepted Christ or not, as they were indispensable. Great was our gratification and joy when they asked to come into the church where they were more faithful than others in their newly professed faith.

There was a Chinese blacksmith who, against the wishes of his Tibetan wife and half-caste children, was baptized. Persecuted in many ways he remained staunch to his new faith. One of his earliest trials came through his possession of whiskers. In the procession where the Lord of the Dead is paraded he was seized upon by friends to lead the parade. Someone with whiskers must lead this procession so that good luck would attend the going. He thought that it was not right and protested, but they smothered his arguments and marched him along. He met one of the missionaries who was amazed to see this new convert at the head of the parade.

"What are you doing here?" asked the missionary. "Don't you know this is not right?"

"I did not think I ought to go, but they insisted," was the reply of the ashamed man and he left the procession. He was a middle-aged man when baptized and in the course of a few years he died. His family refused to follow out his wish for a Christian burial and buried him according to their old customs. A Christian service was held in his memory that we might fulfill in part his desire. Thus the old order ever struggles with the new.

The problem of helping a poverty stricken people to found an indigenous church is great, but to bring that church to self-support is a greater one still. From the very nature

of the constituency the missionary is forced to aid in the betterment of economic conditions. This will take long years of patient work. The industry of rug making was started once but about the time it was reaching self-support the disordered condition of the country made it impossible to find a market. When peace is firmly established industries of this kind, together with the colonization of the vacant land, will aid much in bringing a means of livelihood to large numbers.

Poverty has had much to do with the Tibetan indifference toward the unfortunate—the orphan, the sick and the aged. Our orphanage was the first ever organized in this section of Tibet. When the Governor of Markham heard the report that the foreign missionaries were taking care of the destitute children in Batang he summoned his secretary.

"I hear that those missionaries are feeding and clothing the orphan children in Batang. Is this true?" he asked.

"Yes, Master, I have seen it with my own eyes," humbly answered his Secretary.

"By the three gods, where in the world has anyone heard such a strange thing!" was the astonished remark of the Governor.

Nevertheless, he paid high tribute to the foreigner for this work which, like all Tibetans, he assigned to the desire to gain merit.

A small amount of relief for the aged poor who are forced upon the street to beg comes from the church which has used its collections for a number of years in this cause. The mission expends a small sum each month in the relief of worthy cases. This inadequate charity does not prevent some shocking cases of suffering and death. I can see yet the half-eaten limbs of an old lady protruding from behind a rock as I passed by one morning on my way to school. She had died from starvation one night, dropping on the road where the dogs mutilated her before the morning passersby drove them off.

An old shepherd could no longer earn his cheese curd

and tsamba by watching flocks. Upon losing his job he had to beg. Each day his enfeebled legs carried him a shorter distance so that he could not obtain quite as much food as the day before. A vicious circle worked on him. The less distance he traveled, the less he obtained and the weaker he became. He, too, was found one cold morning sitting cold and silent beside an inhospitable doorway. It is not always the poor aged who must beg until death takes them. One heartless daughter whose husband was a well-to-do merchant forced her sick mother out into the streets. The old lady came to the hospital but would not stay long, although we urged her to remain. She left the hospital and went back to plead with her daughter. A few days later she was found dying in the road near the river. This was a fortunate happening to the cruel daughter, who found it handy and inexpensive to cast her from this spot into the river.

A second general problem in the presentation of the Christian message lies in the unsettled political conditions which have kept the Tibetan Border on the verge of civil war the last ten years. The disturbances in eastern China following the revolution had their aftermath in the west. Every agitation or armed conflict that started as a wave mountain high on the eastern coast of China rolled toward the west; but so great was the distance that when it reached the Tibetan border more than two thousand miles away the hurricane wave had spent its force and was only as a ripple on the surface of still water. Even this ripple was sufficient impetus for the wild tribesmen who are ever alert for the chances of pillage and loot, especially at the expense of an ancient enemy. Tribal revolts and tribal feuds against the Chinese and one another surged back and forth. In spite of battles fought at other points the Chinese have usually contrived by almost superhuman diplomacy to prevent the overwhelming of the garrisons in the larger centers. Sometimes one tribe and sometimes another would aid the Chinese to withstand the attack of a third. They used the Shangchen to overcome

the Ranalama whereas the Shangchen had attacked the Chinese just a few years before.

The missionaries have so far been unmolested in these attacks. In the attack against Batang in 1920 by the Shangchen the mission compound was occupied by the invaders. The missionaries stayed behind the thick mud walls of their homes while the Shangchen used the partially completed school building as a fort to fire on the town. A year later during the revolt of the local Tibetans with the seven tribes of the north bullets spattered around the homes of the missionaries. No offensive demonstration was made against them. Before a third attack was to materialize in 1923 a letter arrived from the Ranalama who commanded the rebellious forces saying, "You are doing a good work. Not a hair of your head will be touched." Whether this promise would have been kept is not known for the invaders retreated after reaching a point one day's journey from the city with the road apparently clear.

In such times of disorder it is hard to reach the people with the message of Christ. They are afraid of the persecution which might follow in the event that the city changed hands. Investigation among the older students and the non-Christian teachers at the school revealed that fear was the basis of their refusal to confess Christ, although they believed in Him—objections of their parents and fear of bodily harm if the outside tribes should conquer the city in the near future. Young men still remember at the time of a Tibetan uprising, about 1903, when the Chinese were temporarily overthrown, how the Catholic converts were sewed inside of fresh yak skins which squeezed their life out under the drying power of the sun. In troublous times it is natural for men to postpone until another day the taking of a new step that might increase their danger.

The establishment of the new government in China bids fair to command the confidence and support of the whole country, for peace and prosperity will be insured on the

Tibetan border. With a reasonable prospect for permanent safety to life and property there will be removed a strong obstacle to the confession of Christ by those who have been showing a willingness to break the shackles of the past. The future looks bright.

The greatest and in the last analysis the fundamental problem is the religion of the Tibetans; the nature of their Buddhism and its entrenchment in the life of the people.

The Buddhism of Tibet is a peculiar type which has won for it the title of Lamaism. Lama is the Tibetan name for priest so that the word means the religion of priests. The oldest extant belief of the Tibetans is the exorcism of evil spirits which is called Bön. The adherents of this sect are still a well-recognized body. Bön belief has never died among those who profess to be Buddhists, remaining as one of the strongest features. Lamaism might be defined as Buddhism grafted on to Bönism.

Buddhism supplanted Bönism as the ruling religion about 750 A. D., having been introduced a century previous. Different sects were instituted by the disciples who propagated it. The oldest general sect is known as the red cap or Nymaba which had political supremacy for centuries until overthrown by the rising yellow cap sect called Gelugba which was founded by Tsongkhapa about the fourteenth century. Many of the rules such as celibacy, fasting and ascetic vows, with the elaborate ritualism of the services with holy water, miters, candelabra, and processions suggest that the unknown priest from the west who taught Tsongkhapa in his youth might have been a Roman Catholic Father.

All of the reforms instituted during the succeeding centuries to purify the corrupted Buddhism did not succeed in ousting Bönism. The exorcism of evil spirits remain to this day as the underlying current of belief in Lamaism. The reforms only added a greater covering of leaves on to the vine of Bönism. It is startling to think how little Buddhism has changed this well-rooted worship of evil spirits, although at

times in the attacks Bönism seemed to be almost overcome by the enveloping tentacles of the new faith. Undoubtedly the thirst for political power by securing adherents to their cause has caused the leaders of reforms to keep it functioning in their worship. Tibetan Buddhism might be likened to a flame that is perpetually fed by an endless supply of Bönistic wood. It is fitting that this hybrid is called by another name and Lamaism is a very good one.

Lamaism in spite of its basic spirit exorcism is a highly developed religion as contrasted with other religions of the world. Its Buddhistic moral code contains the majority of the ten commandments, and the grosser sins are condemned as in Christianity. Prayer, fasting, giving to the poor, the high regard for all animal life, belief in immortality of the soul and retribution for the wicked with paradise for the saints prove the intensity and advancement of religious thinking. There is just one major element in Christianity that they do not have which has impressed itself upon the minds of the Tibetans in Batang, that is the dynamic personality of Christ in the life of men, the living reality of Him that causes men to live righteous lives. This thought was expressed to me in these words by a former Tibetan priest who had spent seventy years mumbling "Om Mani Padme Hum."

"We have all of those commandments and instructions against an evil life and how to live righteously just about as you have," he said. "We have Buddha, you have Christ; there are not many differences, but our priests and people do not live according to their beliefs, whereas you do."

Those last three words were the keystone and the thoughtful old priest was beginning to recognize it.

Others too are slowly recognizing what the aged priest had perceived. They are casting away the shackles of sin. The background of centuries is not overcome in a moment. They must first catch the Spirit of the Master. We, too, realize the power of example. We do not depend only upon preaching Christ, upon educating the mind, or feeding and

healing the body, but also rely upon constant Christlike living. We feel that our home is as potent in preaching Jesus as any of our public institutions. The exemplary home of the native Christian is a more potent factor in convincing the people of the power of Christ in the lives of men than many sermons. So we walk daily watching the things that we do lest our acts undo the conviction of our words.

VIII

A RED CAP SHRINE IN TIBET

IN the summer of 1925, my wife Louise and I with our little boy, John Kenneth, went for a little exploration trip across the Yangtze into Tibet. Our destiny was a sacred shrine which was an object of pilgrimages from our city of Batang.

We were to start at sunrise on the fifteenth of July. We knew very well that we would not start at sunrise, however, and so did the horsemen. They arrived at nine o'clock. I pointed at the sun. Then we all grinned. We mounted and rode away leaving the loadmen to sort out the boxes into loads. No matter how light and well packed the goods, these men would have to wrangle about the boxes as long as the hiring party would stand for it. They were perfectly willing to waste a whole day rearranging the loads and hiring extra animals if they could put it over. The foreigner is like putty in their hands for he figures it is cheaper both in strength and money to give in rather than fuss a day over a few dollars. Our teacher had told us he would look after the loads, so we left the matter to him. The horsemen sorted out the packages of equal weight and then pulled straws to see which their animals should carry. They groaned and grumbled after the lot casting, the one who received the heaviest load growling the loudest.

The pass which saw the killing of Shelton was still dangerous. There were two possible ways ahead of us. We could rely upon the Chinese soldiers, who very likely had not been sent, as actually proved to be the case, or there was to have been a large Tibetan caravan from the region of Lower Kham escorted by Tibetan soldiers from Gartok. We waited at Sashay for this caravan but when two o'clock had come and it had not shown up we decided to go ahead. Four of our mulemen and servants were armed with rifles and shot-

gun; I placed an automatic in my pocket and we all scouted quietly along several hundred feet above the road. Robbers, after stationing men about five hundred yard apart, lie near the road waiting for the tinkling bell of a caravan, then fire suddenly from ambush, overpower the men, and chase the animals up the mountain side. We strove to thwart an attack by reconnoitering ahead of the caravan. It was fearfully rough going up and down the steep ravines. I had told my wife to walk so she would be a less conspicious target and to stay in the middle of the party. What was my amazement to see her marching along at the head of the outfit with the animals and their drivers trailing along behind. I learned afterwards that they were afraid to advance. No one was sighted and after reaching the place where Shelton was shot we descended and proceeded leisurely to Pipa. We crossed the river and sat watching the creeping shadows following the sunset when we were aroused by the jangle of bells and the shout of men across the river. The Tibetan caravan was pouring over the pass. We had not waited long enough.

We were now beyond the Yangtze. Selecting a nice high sand bank about ten feet high to protect us from too much wind we pitched our tent. The caravan party also camped with us along the edge of the river where water could be readily procured. But we had not figured on the strength of the wind. Just as darkness settled over us while we were snug in bed listening to the voices of the night, a stronger voice assailed our ears. In fierce gusts the cold air swept down from the mountain peaks. The servants instantly lowered their tent. We should have done likewise. The breaking of a tent pole routed me out of bed. Twice it broke before the third repairing held against the tempest. Waving in and out, tugging at the ropes, wrenching out the stakes our tent tried desperately to follow the voice of the wind. We lay in bed waiting for the worst. Our beloved sandbank proved to be something of a traitor. Like the sandman of nursery rhymes he shoveled sand into our eyes, but he must have been

very angry tonight for he also filled our ears, our mouths and our noses. We had a regular sand bath.

We should have known that such an experience would occur. These steep valleys two thousand feet deep become very hot in the day time. The air on the mountains, being thinner, cools more rapidly than the air in the lower vales. When the sun goes down the warmer air of the valley rises while the colder air of the range tops rushes down. Violent currents are created until the air has been leveled to an equable temperature.

The following morning was beautiful for a stiff climb. For three hours and a half we toiled up a treeless, rocky path. A tall commanding chorden halfway up gave us an excuse for resting. After a breathing spell we struggled on until we came upon a grassy incline crowned by a straggling village. We marched silently through the quiet lane past frothy curs and sought a wooded ravine near the source of the town's water supply. This forested spot shows like a rounded skillet from Batang. When inside it one feels as if he were in a bottomless pit. Here by the gurgling stream the boiling point was 190 degrees Fahrenheit.

Shisonggong must have a hundred families scattered over its rounded knobs, for the ruler is called the chief of a hundred. The immediate village does not have over thirty, but there are other hamlets tucked here and there in isolated vales that cannot be seen from this spot. Wherever there is a spring or a piece of ground level enough to keep the grain from sliding down hill, one will find men striving to make a happy home.

There is a small monastery at this place with about fifteen priests in it. We strolled over to visit it but the priest who carries the key was not at home. Whenever strangers are not desired, it is the usual custom to say that the key cannot be found or that the priest who has the key is not at home. We tried the potency of a rupee which often aids in the discovery of the key. The key was unrecoverable. We appealed

to the headman but he was not pleased to have us there as we must be protected by him, so the key remained lost.

We visited the village with medicines and tracts. No one was sick and few could read. After the first shyness was overcome we were able to give away some tracts and spoke a few words about the Jesus teaching. Crowds came to see our baby boy, our tent, and possibly us. When we first arrived they would not come closer than fifty feet. When we started toward them they would all run except the grown people and even the women would edge away. Children screamed with fright if we happened to go close to them. But as soon as they were sure we would not hurt them they gradually gathered closer until, on the day we left, they thronged the door and impeded our departure.

One of the boldest was a girl of twenty years who had been in Batang. She told us that the priests did not want us to go into the temple for fear we would filch a valuable jewel which they had there. The most valued jewels to the Tibetans are those which have protective powers against disease; so to a foreigner this prized jewel might not even be considered beautiful enough to use as an ornament. This girl had on a typical costume of the isolated districts. Over her heavily pleated brown skirt she had a brilliant red apron toned with thin black stripes. Her white wool blouse had black figured bands around the sleeves near the wrist. A string of varicolored beads encircled her blackened neck six or more times. Tibetans, it should be said, wash their hands and face frequently but their necks get the touch of water about as often as the rest of their body which is once a month or a lifetime depending upon the altitude. This girl's silver earrings were doubly secured, once in the ears and once by a brass chain which connected the two earrings around the back of the neck. Brass woven wire decorated her multi-braided hair. Tricolored boots—red, grey and black, clumsily adorned her feet. Yet through the grease and the grime, the smiling face of this girl was pleasant and beautiful. I do not condemn

them for their sooty bodies for when I travel in these cold heights I can understand why they do not bathe!

The headman was afraid that we would be visited by thieves. Every night he assigned to us several villagers who appeared shortly before dusk, carrying ancient swords and antique guns of the flint-lock type. The servants were suspicious of them and took turns staying awake for fear our protectors would turn out to be the thieves. Of course, we had to pay this gang something; I have always felt that the real reason they were allotted to us was for the purpose of obtaining a little needed money.

Our camping place was chilly and damp so we soon moved out, traveling west toward the sacred shine of Dorjetroleh. Up a gentle incline we climbed over a velvet carpet of yellow and white and blue flowers, winding around a fir-forested spur and twisting past endless ranges. We tried every direction until we would have lost our way if had it not been for the sun. For seven and a half hours the grey granite rocks were ever the same; the flowers still yellow and white and blue; the mountains alone giving us new views.

The ascent was rarely steep and never level. A wire-like grass grew up the sides to the uttermost peaks whose jagged points were too steep for even a grass foothold. Flowers followed the grass except in the higher reaches. There must have been fifty varieties of flowers in this altitude of eleven to fifteen thousand feet. Except for the short rhododendron bushes the plants were rarely higher than six inches. And the higher the altitude the shorter the flower, for vegetation has only a short season of two or three months before frosts whiten the leaves.

We saw fourteen black tents during the day and cooked our dinner at one encampment where the boiling point was a hundred and eighty-four. One becomes accustomed to eating half boiled potatoes. When the principal fuel is dried yak dung and that not very plentiful, it is hard to talk the cook into boiling the food long enough.

The first black tents were from Shisonggong. In summer thousands of sheep and yak fatten upon the mossy grasses. In the fall those five years and older are killed at home or driven to the more populous centers such as Batang, for sale. In winter the survivors pack their ribs with straw and dried grass. The herds of stock barely manage to pull through the long winters. Their emaciated legs have just enough strength to carry their carcasses out to the greening heights. A poor family will have three hundred sheep and fifty yak while the wealthy will have thousands. When the transportation problem is solved these rolling grass hills of Tibet will become in time a vast source of beef for the outer world. The sparsely populated tracts could feed ten times as many beasts as they feed now.

We pitched our white tent on the edge of an encampment of five black ones, yak shelters that were put up on the corner of a large space where the shaggy yak, the scraggy cows, the clean-limbed sheep and the long-haired ponies were tethered for the night. I counted three hundred yak and six hundred and fifty sheep. As the sun set this immense horde swept down the mountain side like an avalanche. The bellowing of bulls, the lowing of the cows, the grunting of the yak and the bleating of the sheep, from the tenor of the lambs to the bass of the bucks, created an unforgettable medley.

Now the men and women took wooden buckets covered with a strainer of yak-tail hair and milked as much as they could get. The calves had taken most of it although the owner has tried to restrict the bucking calf to one half of the supply. In the aggregate they have buckets of a sweetish, varicolored fluid, white enough when it first came from the animal but colored before it becomes cheese. The pails are never washed and even fresh milk has a sour cheesy flavor. The milk begins to curd and color as soon as it strikes the encrusted hair strainer. Some coloring is secured in the process of milking, some when the caked hands squeeze the curd into cakes and the final application comes from the dirty yak hair

cloth upon which the cheese is laid to dry in the open where flies and dust are free.

Our camping place was so cold and windswept that we did not mind the smell and the dirt. The cold-dirt-line begins normally a little below freezing. It exists forever among these people who have never been nearer sea level than eleven thousand feet. The boiling point here was 183 degrees Fahrenheit. The tea might be boiling, but when the cook had poured it out and carried it to our tent a few feet away, it was cold. We ate the eggs out of the skillet so they would be warm.

Our woolen blankets would not keep out the cold and their weight smothered us in that high altitude. We awoke feeling like deflated balloons. Our flesh and muscles were sore. We sat up and pumped in air but the cold quickly drove us beneath our covers again. Morning dawned at last and we were ready for the road once more.

One thing we observed was that there were no people among these hill dwellers who had goiter, whereas in towns along the big rivers goiter was very common, raising the question as to whether goiter may not be caused by the abundant presence of certain minerals rather than the lack of them as it is generally affirmed. Women are the usual victims. Sometimes the swelling is so large on both sides that the victim resembles a three headed monster.

We had mentioned our desire to secure a guide who would direct us to the shrine. It so happened that two people were bound for that place. One was a nun who must have been pretty under the layer of dirt. She was very willing to act as guide and led a horse along with her other burdens. The other was a one-eyed priest perilously perched on a sad-looking nag. He was so aloof and solemn that we were not sure whether he was guide or master of the caravan. We were uncertain as to whether he could see out of the other eye or not, but there was no uncertainty about his jaw being active for he mumbled "Om Mani Padme Hum" every step

of the way. He had to be asked each question three times before his tune could be checked. It may be he was so attentive to his prayer lest the evil influence of foreigners might assail him.

In a short half hour we had passed four small lakes, rested on a cairn of stones, and entered the pass into Tibetan territory. Chinese-controlled Tibet was behind us.

At this pinnacle Tibet lay before us a grand panorama of never-ending hills; tractless forests enclosing scanty patches of tilled ground in whose midst nestled square yellow mud huts; sky-kissing peaks whose tops were ever gripped by eternal winter; jagged ravines whose pockets emptied an interesting medley of ice and rocks upon the scrubby pines below. Through all these, red rivers fought their fiery way to the sea. Glaciers and snows, evergreen forests and grassy plains struggled for possession of space. Eternal Time and Eternal Space characterize the Land of Tibet. Intent upon carving a scant living out of her spacious precipitious heights, the Tibetan cares little for time and less for life. For is he, too, not condemned to a constant succession of deaths and rebirths in the endless wheel of life whose attribute is endless misery? He is the epitome of Tibet's endless forces. He, secluded from the seething rush of civilization, typifies her animals and plants, being born, mating and dying, leaving his like to continue the circle. Such is his belief. Future generations of congested nations will battle for the endless riches of resources of this country making Tibet the last country to yield her products for the use of an overcrowded world.

We continued for four hours in a northwest direction passing a large group of tents whose flocks were scattered over the hillside. They offered no question or comment upon our passing—a striking contrast to their demands the next day when we returned.

Rounding a curved hillside we saw the shrine of Dorjetroleh, a sylvan dream. Below it at the top of the forest

line were tall firs, above it curved the grassy plains. Twin peaks, encircled by the hallowed road whose contour was broken by numerous stone prayer mounds, sheltered in the hollow between them a small monastery. Below this dip, at the edge of the forest rests the nunnery. Along the precipitious cliff of the southern peak is a hermitage whose occupant has voluntarily imprisoned himself for life. Other half hermits reside here for periods of time in silent meditation with no intercourse with the outside world. Once a day food is passed in through a small aperture, a claw-like hand scoops it away, a door closes and one man thinks he has done his duty to the world until the next twenty-four hours has rolled on. The tips of the peaks have small chordens and piles of inscribed stones decorated by the familiar prayer flags.

The monastery consists of a temple surrounded by five houses. Twenty priests live in these homes and care for the temple and the daily lot of pilgrims. Men pilgrims may stay in these homes while the women must seek the shelter of the nunnery below. This monastery belongs to the Nymaba sect which permits its priests to marry and live with their wives outside the monastery. While in the monastery they are single but when they go to their homes they are muchly married men. This is a surprising combination peculiar to this particular sect, all the more when we consider that more than one wife is possible and according to Tibetan custom more than one man can have the same wife.

The nunnery here is one of the poorest, most miserable places imaginable. There are ten wretched hovels grouped around the temple which is dedicated to Drima, the goddess that saves from transmigratory existence. This goddess is one of the favorite ones in Tibetan temples. The nuns live by begging. As the begging is poor so is the living. The majority of the ten or twelve nuns are old and clothed in rags. It is the custom for women when they become old to shave their head and spend the remainder of their days in

prayer and good works. If they are poor most of their good work consists in begging.

While we made preparations to camp for the night, the treasurer of the monastery paid us a visit. He was a tall one-eyed, evil-looking fellow.

"You have come a long way," he said.

"Yes. We came from Batang," was our reply.

"You have had great difficulty on the road," the treasurer said.

"Not at all," we replied.

"Why have you come to this place?"

"We had heard that this was a very holy place and we desired to see it."

"Did you know that foreigners were not allowed to travel in this country?"

"We are not foreigners. We have been living in Tibet four years."

"Aren't you English?"

"No, we are Americans." This puzzled him for a while.

"I do not know about Americans so I will send a letter to the headman asking him whether you can stay or not," he answered after some thought.

"We are going to stay only a short time," we informed him.

"But you must not leave until I hear from him or he will cut off my head," he said.

"Oh, no, he will surely not do that," we said.

"He will at least make me pay a heavy fine," said the man.

"In that case, we will leave at once. No one will be the wiser."

"No, you must wait until I hear what he says."

"Can we go up and see the inside of the temple?"

"No, there is nothing to see and we can not allow it anyway."

"Well, if we cannot see the temple there is no use stay-

ing here very long, so we will leave early tomorrow morning."

"No, you must not leave or they will punish me."

"I will write a letter to the Governor and he will not harm you, for I will tell him that it was not your fault. I have written to him before and he knows me," I said.

The discussion ended by our writing a letter to the headman, a day's journey away, who would forward it to the Governor along with the report of this treasurer who insisted that we stay where we were until his messenger returned. We told him that we would consider the matter.

There had been no attempt to keep us from coming in but they were trying hard to force us to stay in. We were not to be permitted to visit the lamasery nor take the walk around the outside. We must stay on the outside looking in unless we wished to flatly tell them that we would do as we pleased. This might cause serious trouble later and we wished to comply with the laws and supposed customs in a country where we were unsatisfactory guests. A Tibetan of the place offered to guide us to Gartok or any other place, if we desired to go, but we did not wish to penetrate farther by forceful means into unknown country.

These people had never seen white people before. It was not uncommon for Tibetans at Batang to tell us that our boy was the first white child they had seen and those who had never seen a white woman were quite numerous. Here many of the nuns and some of the priests had not seen a white man in all their life. There was some fear and distrust until they found we were human and would not harm them.

The altitude at this place was about 13,500 feet, too high for the comfort of the cook who had been ill with a weak heart and had been of no use since we left Shisonggong. Our boy, John Kenneth, was not standing the high altitude very well, and the attitude of the people was uncertain. When the treasurer visited us for the third time telling us we must stay, we pointed out to him that some of our party were sick, that we had not come to stay long for the country was high and

we must travel at least two days before we could get down to a lower altitude. This had little effect upon him. If he had been at all gracious we would have given him a present. I am not sure but this was what he was working for. Our party was composed of young men who were not experienced in such diplomatic matters so they could only advise me with uncertainty. The treasurer promised to send the letter that evening and have an answer back the next day. To gain time, I asked that the letter be sent direct to the Governor but the treasurer replied that he would not dare do this. I recognized this fact from my experience in Tibetan affairs. I was also pretty sure that small officials would not command us to stay but only put obstacles in our way.

Two young men, sons of high officials in Gartok, who were visiting a short time in the monastery, came to see us and satisfy their curiosity about our goods. We presented them with some postcards and tracts after a pleasant chat in which they asked us about our guns, displaying the intense curiosity of all Tibetans about firearms which I am always slow to gratify for a Tibetan will risk his life to steal a gun. I told them that now that I had been visited by them I should like to return the visit by accompanying them to the monastery. They were embarrassed but managed to reply that the sun was setting and the monastery was locked and anyway there was not so very much to see. They were very friendly, however, which was encouraging in the face of the animosity of the treasurer.

The situation appealed to us so unfavorably that we awoke at midnight and after my wife and I had discussed plans of action we consulted with the servants, who faced with the possibility that I could not protect them, agreed to leave early in the morning.

IX

DEFYING TIBETAN NOMADS

EARLY the next morning we arose and moved out silently packing our loads in the spreading light with the treasurer and most of the inhabitants quietly watching us. I imagine he was glad to be rid of us. Some of the toothless nuns came around tearfully, so we comforted them with a few tongyen and some barley in the form of tsamba for their breakfast.

No protest was made upon our going so we concluded that we would pass over the border without any further trouble. Two miles from the monastery we repassed the burial ground of the monks. On the smooth grassy hillside near several huge piles of carved prayer stones long poles were stuck in the ground with inscribed rags waving from their tips. Here the corpses of defunct monks and nuns are carved into pieces which are fed to the crows and vultures. The bones that may be left are gathered up and pounded fine, mixed with tsamba and fed to the ever hungry flocks of birds. With the body reduced to nothingness the soul will be properly reborn within a minimum of time. A few feet above the disposal plant were the words of the universal prayer against being reborn—"Om Mani Padme Hum," plotted in huge letters slightly raised above the green sward. It was the final prayer at the grave borne by the sighing wind to the land of Dewajen—the heaven of peace and rest.

We climbed the pass and circled through the bulging hollow where the encampment of seventeen black tents was stirring at its morning meal. Our caravan was widely scattered. Tseden, our gardener, had stubbed his toe badly, a fact which forced him to be escort to the cow woman. We had brought our cow along with a woman to milk it so that we would always have fresh milk for John Kenneth. The

two were lagging far in the rear as we approached the brook to the rear of their camp.

We were never pleased to be compelled to pass such a large nomadic camp, as most nomads are robbers whenever the occasion makes it profitable. They always give the governing authorities considerable trouble. Ever semi-independent, they readily pass to complete independence when the central authority is weak or when the prospect of much loot will pay them in buying back the favor of the offended ruler. If the loot is plenteous they can easily buy back the chief's favor and still have plenty to enrich themselves. Forced to live by the power of their guns they are very eager to acquire the modern rifles of caravans that pass through their grazing grounds. Since the dawn of written history nomads are recorded as being always half robber bands even when shown in the best light. Tibetan nomads are notorious in reputation as free-booters.

The road merely grazed the edge of the encampment and as we arrived there we anxiously scanned the tents and a group of men near the largest home, for signs of hostility. The day before, the men had been scattered over the mountains with their herds but we noticed they had not taken out the flocks this morning. We thought we were to be allowed to pass unmolested when suddenly one of the men in the group shouted at us and then several others yelled and motioned to us. We might have proceeded leisurely on but Tseden and the milk woman were still far behind and they might take their spite out on them. We drew rein and waited for the lumbering mountaineers to greet us. They straggled up.

"Where are you going?" the leader asked.

"We are going back to Shisonggong," we answered.

"Why are you going back and forth this way?"

"We came to see the Holy Shrine and are now returning."

We had dismounted by this time and gathered in a

group. One of the tentmen attempted to lead my horse away but I held the rein firmly and told him to wait. They crowded around us but we kept a firm hold on our guns and as they grew more threatening, many of them talking at once, I told them that their chief who seemed respectable, would please talk to me.

"We had orders to keep people from going back and forth across the border," stated the chief.

"In that case you should have halted us when we were going in and we would have turned back at once," was our reply.

This silenced him for a time.

"The people at the shrine asked us to go no farther so we left immediately," we said.

"But if you do not stop and wait until we can hear from our head chief he may cut off our heads or fine us heavily," was the response of the chief—a remark which sounded strangely familiar.

"You will not be harmed, as we wrote a letter to the Governor who knows us by name, stating that we had come in to see the Holy Place but as the people had objected we were leaving and that the local headmen were not to blame because of our arrival."

"Well, suppose you pitch your tent and visit awhile with us. We will send a messenger to the headman of this district and find out what he says about your coming."

"We would like to very much," we said politely, "but the boy is sick because of the high altitude and one of our servants is also sick. It was mainly because of them that we did not stay in Dorjetroleh. We could have stayed there in more comfort than we would have here."

"You must stay and wait until we hear from our master," said the chief.

"No, we cannot remain and we will write a letter to him explaining why we left and asking that he will please not punish his subjects."

But the chief was insistent and his followers backed him in his demand. I had kept my hand on my revolver which was attached to my belt. All at once I shouted to the crowding gang, "You sit down here and I will talk to the chief!"

I repeated the command in a still more threatening voice and they slowly obeyed. I ordered the man to let go of my horse. My servants kept their guns handy. Hosiling sat down in plain sight of them and loaded his shotgun. The twenty ruffians sat and grumbled with one another while the chief and my teacher Liu Dja Ge carried on an animated conversation about our going, my teacher interpreting for me when I could not clearly understand all they said and when they looked blank at my broken Tibetan.

Now was the time to leave but Tseden and the cow woman had but just come into view. I continued:

"Now you sit there and listen to me. We are not going to stay here because some of our party are sick. You did not try to halt us when we came in. Why you stop us now, we do not know. We will write a letter to your magistrate and that is all we will do. Now that is the last word," I spoke harshly to the sullen gang.

It was now their turn to reflect. They growled, but although they had twenty to our five we were armed with guns and they had only knives and swords. They wanted to force us to pay them tribute or give a present for passing by their camp. This we would not do. It would have been robbery in the first place and we were afraid they might demand more if we weakened.

Louise and I talked in English about the situation but could find no better solution than going on and using force if necessary. We thought that real danger was only a remote possibility and that the best bluffer would win.

We anxiously watched the cow woman and the limping Tseden plodding slowly nearer and nearer.

Finally the chief signified with ill-humor that he would accept the letter. He ordered his men to go and take their

flocks out on the hillside. They hesitated, slowly arose and withdrew to a little bank twenty feet away and there one of the malcontents harangued the others while my teacher wrote the letter to their overlord. I signed the letter after it was read aloud and handing it to the chief told him that if their headman sent this on to the Governor at Gartok matters would be adjusted, as we had entertained some of the Governor's officers in Batang besides having corresponded with the Governor in person. As I said these words, I glanced over to the evil-visaged speaker and his followers and noticed that while "the spirit was willing the flesh was weak."

Our two servants had arrived. We handed a bunch of postcards and gospels to the chief asking that he distribute them to his people and if they would listen to the teaching in them they would try to do good and not harm. The chief looked pleased to receive this small gift. Books and pictures are highly prized by the Tibetans. We smiled at one another and stretching out our hands, palms upward, said to please sit or go slowly, in polite form, then backed out a few feet and led our horses away.

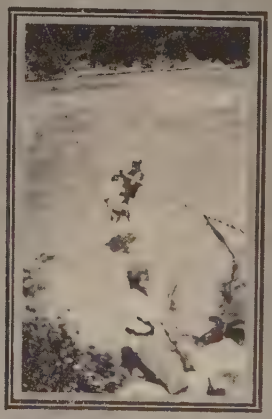
As we mounted and rode away, the chief ruefully advanced toward his men with the letter in his hand and after a short parley they scattered to the daily drive of yak and sheep. We glanced back anxiously many times before we clambered over the pass, for we knew his dissatisfaction because he did not receive a gift. Every Tibetan chief expects to be presented with a gift worthy of his rank. We had come prepared to give suitable presents but only for responsible officers and not to every nomadic encampment that we passed. During the conversation I had suggested in Chinese to my teacher that we give the chief a small present but he answered no with such emphasis that I understood; the scowling gang would interpret such an action as weakness. Head priests and officials in control of a district expect to be given a complimentary present which they acknowledge by a return gift.

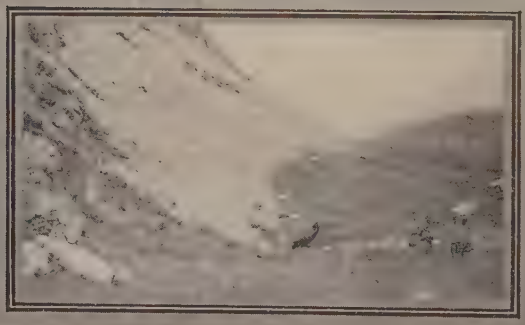
We never could decide whether this gang of threatening

nomads would have robbed us if they had obtained the upper hand or were belatedly carrying out the commands of their government to keep the border closed. Their attitude was decidedly hostile from the first. They made one mistake in not having their guns with them. Tibetans have high respect for foreign rifles because of their accuracy, rapidity of shooting and number of shots without reloading. Their own rifle is a rude hand-made barrel of soft iron hollowed out and attached to a clumsy stock. The best of them are very erratic and are not effective above a hundred and fifty yards. The guns owned by Tibetans in this eastern section have for the most part been stolen from the Chinese.

The black tent people are of two classes; the few who live all the year in tents, and the many who roam over the mountains in summer seeking pasture for their flocks, loading their tents on their animals in the fall and going back to their mud homes in some far away valley to thresh their harvest and spend the cold bitter winter. Each tribe has a certain area which is definitely their own grazing grounds. The life is carefree and happy when moving around in the short summer, but when winter comes they must spend their days settled in dark grimy quarters dreaming of the coming summer's gypsy life.

The black tents have all of the comforts of home—a Tibetan home. They carry their rugs but use them only to sleep or sit upon, never to walk upon. They have all of the kitchen utensils found in an ordinary home. The portable idols and sacred images move with the family. One black home we were in had the picture of a sailor boy standing between its sacred images. They worshipped this picture as they would one of their own holy paintings. Bags of grain and yak stomachs cleaned and filled with butter rest beside piles of dried cheese and slabs of dried yak dung. Water casks and tea churns and kettles are gathered around the fire in the center of the back end. Amid wreathes of steamy blue





(1) A camping trip at 13,500 feet altitude. (2) Mrs. Duncan crossing the Mekong on a bamboo cable near Tsetchang. (3) The Draga Pass, on the Yangtze-Mekong divide, about 15,000 feet. The black tent is the home of the nomads in picture.

smoke which bites the eyes and chokes the lungs, the people eat and drink and sleep.

More than rice is to the Chinese or bamboo to the wild tribes of Upper Burma, the yak is to the Tibetan of the mountains. Nature has not dealt kindly by providing warmth so that the rich soil may yield for the elemental needs of men without exertion, but she has planned wisely in supplementing the stony soil of a rigorous land with an animal that can almost perfectly supply the necessities of a primitive people.

The four essentials of physical life are food, clothing, shelter and fuel. The yak supplies all of these for thousands of nomads who either do not know or can not afford any other.

The tents made of yak hair are heavy and warm. The edges are banked with branches, earth and manure to keep out the wind so that what wind does come through acquires a strong odor in the passage. Because of its weight and texture the tent stretches readily so that ropes are attached to the surface every foot or so and pulled out taut by a maze of stakes. These long and short stakes with ropes in every direction surround the tent like barbed wire entanglement. The peaked stretching gives the outside surface a warty appearance.

While the men are watching the herds in lonely valleys the women make butter and cheese. The butter when fresh is eatable, unless you have a too delicate nose or too keen eyesight. The cheese in thin slices is laid out in the sun on yak hair blankets and dried to a hard leathery substance guaranteed to keep until eaten which may be months later.

Yak hide is dressed for rugs or clothing, or tanned for boots, grain bags, bridles, thongs, and pouches of all kinds. The leather helps make the sling that the herdsman uses to guide the animals over the winding hills. It is stretched over the drum frame to help chase the devils away. Yak thongs are considered superior to rope of any kind for the saddles that carry men and animals over the raging torrents on the rope bridges. It covers the firing cap of the gun; it is the

rope that holds up the water cask on the back of the water girl, or binds the corpse on its final trip to the river; and it makes the bag that is fitted over the head of the yak when he is suffocated to death by the butcher.

The long hair of the yak is woven into cloth which is worn by the poor as dresses and sleeping gowns that never wear out. This cloth is sewn into blankets and bags; but its most important use is that of being made into the home of the nomad. The long bushy tail makes an excellent fly chaser for his lordship, as he loafs lazily in the sun, or is a gaudy tassel for his horse's bridle. A quaint use for the long woven hair is as a strainer for the pails which are used in milking. Its strength has been found useful in violin strings that the lovelorn youth plays in the merry dancing groups of a balmy evening. Again a yak hair braid is the pride of the men as they attach it to their flowing locks and wind it around their head; it has been the cause of saving many a fighting buck from death when a heavy sword cut has wasted its strength on the tough greasy braid before the skull was reached.

The huge hollow horn has been converted into a carrier for snuff and powder. The largest ones have often been used as Tibetan whiskey flasks. In ancient times the large end of the horn was sawed off and formed the sounding box of the violins. One of the favorite games for boys and men is played by sticking the points of horns into the ground about a hundred feet apart and trying to knock them over with rocks. In some places houses have been built out of horn by butchers who naturally would accumulate large numbers of them. It is not unlikely that horns were used to scratch the ground in ancient times.

Last but not least the manure of the yak is an indispensable fuel for thousands of nomads who live where wood is not obtainable. Piled and dried it is broken into cakes that burn with a bluish flame that imparts a sharp taste to the musty air of a manure-plastered yak-hair tent. The nomads pile up the yak dung to dry and when the grass has been eaten

short move on to fresher quarters only to return again when the piled dung has dried sufficiently to burn. One can trace the progress of an encampment from valley to valley by the state of the yak dung piles.

Besides all of these practical uses for earth, the yak gives his skin to bind the prayer wheels whose unending revolutions will speed one's soul to heaven.

To see a herd of yak come rushing down a hill is a thrilling experience and one to fill the novice with terror. The short legs of the black, shaggy animals carry their fifteen hundred pounds with incredible speed. Their white-tipped tails, whose heavy switches fall in graceful curves, are held erect in the wild charge toward the tents; the snorting nostrils seem to breathe fire and brimstone. The heavy hoofs loosen stones that join in the rapid rush down the hill. Here and there in the herd is an animal almost solidly yellow or greyish white. Most of the black yak have white tipped tails and white around the lower part of the body.

After this digression to give a deserved tribute to the ubiquitous yak, we take up the trail again. Upon leaving the encampment of nomads we didn't stop to rest until we had recrossed the Sino-Tibetan border, riding under a fiery sun which alternately burnt and peeled us. The distance seemed great because of our slow pace in the heat at this high altitude. Dismounting to let the horse rest, I found a wooly worm crawling over the stony ground. I wondered where insects stayed at night, for all day we were above the fourteen thousand foot line where it freezes every night of the year.

The wave of granite ranges ended at last as we crossed the final high pass and pitched our tents beside the murky summer homes of the Shisonggongwa. The original two tents had increased to six. We felt fairly safe with the small black tent camps as they were not strong enough to cause the trouble which we had with the one large one of seventeen tents.

As we were settling comfortably for the night, a violent hailstorm struck us. The Tibetans put on felt hats and pull-

ing their grey wool cloaks snugly about their ears, sat down crosslegged with their backs to the storm. Those without hats used their cloaks over their heads. Most of them were barelegged as the cold hail swept down but none made any attempt to reach their tents. This rugged outdoor life from the time of birth weeds out all but the strongest who constantly amaze us with their indifference to cold and altitude.

We broke camp and by noon we had dropped three thousand feet to Shisonggong village where we stopped by a small spring in time to get our tent partly up before another storm descended upon us, giving us some disagreeable hours through the long night. Early the next morning we walked out of a dense fog down to the swollen river which raced over our camping place of eight days before. The swift current threatened to flood the boat as we turned broadside in the crossing but we arrived safely on the other side to find that the Mayor had sent his personal bodyguard of five men to find us. They were under orders to follow us no matter where we went. They had a month's supply of food. Being Tibetans they were not pleased to see us coming back to deprive them of the adventurous trip which they anticipated.

As we neared Batang we were startled to hear that the Shangchen Tibetans had just arrived. What these former enemies of the Chinese and present enemies of the Batang people were going to do, no one could surmise. We had left a kettle to jump into a frying pan. We were the last foreigners that rode in the flat-bottomed boats across the Yangtze. A day later the hordes of the priest Ranalama swept up the Yangtze in the wake of the Shangchen; seizing the boats, they burnt them; ransacked the towns of Lipa and Chupalung; frightened the people of Batang with a threatened attack; and then, retreated. Innocent of this impending danger, we had providentially been saved from another peril.

X

THE RETURN TO AMERICA IN 1927

THE disturbed conditions in Eastern China which culminated in the Nanking Incident of 1927, resulted in thrice repeated orders from the consul that foreigners leave the interior regardless of local conditions. We were informed that after a certain date we would be staying on our own responsibility.

No less than three attempts had been made within the last three years by the local military and civil officials to force us to vacate Batang for the obvious reason that they could no longer give us adequate protection. A third factor now compelled us seriously to reconsider our situation again—this was the difficulty in securing money locally because of the revolution.

Our furlough was due in the fall and as school was out there was no impelling work to keep us during the summer. We were troubled about the strong possibility of being held in Batang when necessary surgical attention was needed by our family—attention which we had kept postponing until our furlough was due. Finally, being convinced that unless we acted rapidly we would be still further delayed, we resolved to join forces with the MacLeods who were leaving Batang the end of June.

The route through China down the Yangtze was dangerous and at times impossible. Advised to leave through Yunnan, we decided to go south rather than east. This route was fairly peaceful except for large bands of robbers who patrolled the road at various places. This annoyance we thought to overcome by hiring an escort, with results that will appear later. The danger of going seemed no greater than the chance of staying.

Heavy escort would be necessary over parts of the road.

For this reason two families could travel together more safely and cheaply than one, although the larger party would mean a greater amount of loot if it should be overcome. We secured the promise of the official to send the local militia composed of the Batang half-breeds, twenty-five in number, many of whom we knew and some of whom had worked intimately with us. They were to take us past a dangerous spot near Chupalung. To secure them and also as large a Chinese escort as possible, was a matter of many conversations with the civil official. Several times we thought the departure would be delayed but finally we were ready to leave on the twenty-seventh of June.

After almost six years in a locality, working for people whom we had learned to love and who loved us, it was no easy matter to uproot ourselves from a comfortable home and start upon a long dangerous trip to the coast. Friends and officials feasted and visited us, presenting us with rings, bowls, idols, food, Tibetan curios and clothing, as farewell gifts. There was packing, preparation of food, hiring of animals and men, and building of chairs, which meant, with the best organization and care, that the last few days were days of feverish haste.

Our party consisted of the MacLeod family, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Roderick MacLeod and three children—Lora aged ten, Duncan eight and Shelton six—and Mrs. Duncan and myself and our two children, John Kenneth aged three years and Marion Louise, aged two months. We must not forget our dog Half-Jack and MacLeod's dog, Peppy, who guarded our tents at night and gave us dog-fights in the daytime. Each family had about fifteen animals, twelve for loads and three for riding. Each household had its own cook and caravan leader. If convenient we could eat together, but no hardship incurred if we ate separately as we were equipped for that purpose. Mr. MacLeod also took along one of the orphan boys to aid in caring for the children. With

such an outfit the party was always scattered for a quarter of a mile along the road.

We left in a fairly orderly fashion about nine o'clock. Near our gate a neighbor met us with a full cask of water which she had filled purposely that we might have the sign of good luck necessary for an auspicious journey. A caravan that meets a person with an empty vessel as it sets out will turn back for another day, as such a meeting is a sign of bad luck for the journey. Crowds lined the road as we passed, many of whom were only curious, but others coming to bid us farewell. Over the bridge and past the Mission we proceeded to Taoyantze or Peach Orchard Village where the school was lined up to receive us. Now and then we were halted by groups of close friends who extended to us cups of milk that had three dabs of butter at the points of a triangle around the rim. We sipped a little from each cup, for it was to bid us a safe and prosperous journey homeward. Our friends fed us with Chinese noodles at the foot of the pass, where they bade us a tearful farewell.

We reached the ferry at Chupalung on the noon of the second day without mishap. Here our last friends, who were in the militia, left us. We wished that we had arranged for them to go all of the way to Atuntze. The original thirty Chinese soldiers who were supposed to continue as protection proved to be but twenty in number the unit having been reduced in strength, by disease and death, in the years since they had arrived in Batang.

The dirty waters of the yellow Yangtze were swelling toward full flood. A thousand feet of dashing current must be crossed in frail skin boats. The animals were forced to swim except those that were too weak or stubborn and had to be towed from the skin boat at the time a load of goods was taken across.

Each boat held about eight hundred pounds. Two were lashed together and ballasted with several boxes of our goods. Then all the members of both families, one by one, were

placed upon the backs of stalwart Tibetans. With legs stuck out in front and arms tightly clasping the neck of a tousled Tibetan each was carried out to the skin boats which were held a few feet from the shore lest the rough waves dash the side against the rocks and tear a hole in the thin side of yak skin. There was a family in each boat and an oarsman at the bow of each bouncing craft. With throbbing hearts and anxious gaze we felt the two boats strain and dance over the seething waters. As we swung into the current the rocking grew more violent. The oarsmen would lean so far out as they dipped their oars for a fresh grip that we trembled lest they fall overboard. A horse was being lead by a man in our boat and at times he seemed to be choking underneath the fragile structures. The strenuous exertions of the oarsmen finally carried us out of the main current and a few strokes in the more placid shore waters landed us near a sandy beach. By husky hands we were tumbled on shore like cargo.

The next morning a mail runner arrived and told how he had been robbed at the river two miles below on the evening before. His mail sack which he showed to us had been torn open and the contents rifled. His food and clothing were stolen. We gave him a rupee. About once a month brigands rob the mail, often beating the runner and leaving him naked. When this misfortune overtakes him on a high pass, he does well to reach a settlement alive after the exposure. We were not encouraged to know that we must pass this same point the next day. Near this spot three years before a man had been robbed and killed and his body thrown into the river right in front of the Ogden party. Almost every foot of the road has been sprinkled with blood because of man's inhumanity to man.

We had almost reached a small river two miles below the ferry when we were startled by several shots whose echoes played up and down the river walls. Our escort loaded their guns and hurried ahead of us, shouting that it must be robbers. We soon came to the tributary which had a delta five

hundred feet wide. Desultory shooting was going on, and from the opposite side some of the soldiers beckoned to us. I had the chair wait while I rode across to see what they wanted us to do. They told us to come across quickly as there were robbers up the ravine who had fired at them. I returned and hurried the men over that barren strip of ground, pushing them so hard that one man got his boots wet in the water. I gave him a half rupee for a new sole. We apprehensively waited there in the bushes while the MacLeods and the goods came up. A few more shots were fired and soon a man was led down the mountain. He was held as a spy who might be signalling to the bandits in the gully below. He protested that he was an innocent man herding his flocks on the hillside. He was marched along to the next village where the headman vouched for his character as a fellow-townsman. The soldiers claimed that when they returned the fire, the robbers fled up the ravine.

We ate dinner at Gora which had been destroyed by the Ranalama in November of 1923 when he made a raid toward Batang reaching as near as Shisonggong. At that time this rebellious priest burned Chupalung, Gora, and other villages. We had seen the smoke and flames of some of these homes at Batang one afternoon, a day made memorable by an immense rainbow around the sun. Gora is now a desolate settlement of six houses and the burnt-out walls of a temple. The houses are no longer the same large dwellings that contained eleven prosperous families but are six one-room huts built within the blackened mud walls which mark the site of former glory. Here in mud a foot deep six families shivered half-starved, the other five having fled long since to the homes of distant relatives.

At our night's stopping place we slept in tents across a deep ravine from the town of Tegoting, because an epidemic of relapsing fever was decimating the populace. This disease is carried by lice and it is a simple matter to avoid it if you know that it is around, by not sleeping near any of the

Tibetans. The epidemic spreads by means of caravans and its virulence has varied with the altitude of the town visited. The lower the town the warmer the climate and the greater number of lice, hence, the lower the altitude, the more malignant the epidemic.

Tegoting was also one of the towns besieged by the Ranalama in the fall of 1923, but the Military Commander at Batang having called to his aid some one hundred and fifty wild Tibetans from the seven tribes north of Batang arrived in time to raise the siege and save the homes from being burned. The temple and a few homes, however, did not escape the marauder's hand. The homes entered had all their valuables taken. In the temple the gods were not able to defend themselves from barbarians who tore up the books, used the floor for fuel and made sport of the idols. Some had lost an arm, a leg, or part of their head, some had holes knocked in their vitals by seekers after possible jewels. The Chinese and Tibetans as well as the different sects and tribes of the Tibetans show no reverence for each other's gods. They vent their spite and hatred by wrecking and destroying one another's sacred objects and places of worship.

The last day of June we climbed the pass through luxuriant vegetation. Wild cherries and apricots sheltered blue honeysuckle that clambered over mossy banks where big yellow violets peeped for sunlight. Purple primroses and wild white geraniums grew amid a medley of other colors. Tibetans claim that some passes are dangerous to cross in summer time because of the vapor arising from flowers that suffocate and poison. There is a berry that is edible when it has turned light red. It is sweet and juicy with seeds reminding one of red haw, this resemblance being repeated in the appearance of the shrub that bears it. The donkey-ear flower mocks that humble beast by sending forth large leaves at the base of the stem, which could easily be mistaken for donkey's ears, if they were a trifle grayer.

As we passed through lower Pamut'ang we met the cara-

van of Mission goods from Atuntze under the command of Chu Draw. He had come over Tsa Lei pass without any trouble so we began to consider that route as the most feasible one, as we would miss most of the dreaded Mekong trail and it would save two days in the journey. Neither family had been over this road before which was an added incentive to try it. We secured some supplies and personal goods from Chu Draw's caravan and wished him a safe trip on to Batang.

As is usual we carried a few remedies to treat simple ailments that were common among the Tibetans. A few asked for treatment at every place where we stopped for meals or lodging. There was one man bent almost double from pain which had centered in a point near the solar plexus. The next was a woman who answered our question as to her ailments by stating that she had lost a husband and her eyes were sore. Then a soldier stepped up for us to ease the pain of powder marks caused by the accidental discharge of a friend's gun close to his face. He calmly remarked that the two of them were lucky, both he and the fellow whose gun went off. An old greyhaired Tibetan came up with a badly swollen and discolored hand. We used soap and water to remove the discoloration and found underneath the hardened dirt a rabbit skin which had been closely and firmly plastered to the hand as a cure for an infected cut. The rabbit skin had been on a long time for most of the hair was worn off and it was hard to tell rabbit hide from human skin. It pained him a great deal when we tore the skin away but he bore it stoically. We heard later that his hand was well on the road to healing. Untold suffering could be relieved by an itinerating doctor, but this work of Christian service must wait upon the serving ideals of men.

Our noses and faces had begun to peel under the scorching rays of sun and the drying puffs of wind. I had to summon all of my courage to shave. In my heart was an ungratified desire that the peeling of the skin would also peel

off the whiskers. Mr. MacLeod decided to grow a beard, and in this wise resolve I later joined him.

To the west an hour's ride up the rounding hills there lay a crystal cake of limpid blue. The waters wind among the mountains for ten miles in the shape of an acorn cup with the topknot at the widest part of the lake. In this topknot there are two circular islands where flocks of geese, ducks and smaller wild water fowl nest. The water is very cold and pure. No boat floats upon its surface. No homes line its shore. White prayer stones crowded the banks in many places. Pilgrims during the winter season circumscribe the lake in the fond delusion that the spirit of the sacred water will wash away their sins. From one to two miles wide, the lake must be very deep, for it fills deep valleys. It is the product of powerful springs which have filled the ravines to the point where the wide surface evaporates the water as fast as it issues. No outlet could be seen and the Tibetans affirm that there is none. Lying at an altitude of thirteen to fourteen thousand feet, this body of water is one of the highest lakes in the world. Very few white men have seen it and fewer still have stood on its shores. It can be seen on a clear day from the road that goes to Gartok which is a day's journey from Pamut'ang.

Around this lake and the more distant hills vast herds of antelope called "gowas" feed unmolested. Very few Tibetans dare to defy the religious law or have the ammunition to hunt them. With long legs and slender bodies weighing about seventy pounds, they look like goats at a distance. Their predominating color is grey with the underparts white. The cleft hoofs seem to be unfitted for boggy ground, but their lightness enables them to pass over the hardened crust with amazing speed.

This well watered region is the favorite resort of all sorts of waterfowl. Acorn Lake in the mountains; the numerous streams running through the Pamut'ang valley and in the adjoining vales; the plentiful supply of food; and the

reverance of the Tibetans for wild life make it a paradise for many varieties of geese, ducks, heron and snipe.

One of the most revered fowls is the ruddy sheldrake marked with a red-yellow breast and back. A black ring circles the upper part of the neck, the tail is jet black, the tip of the wings is black while the upper part of the wings is gray. They are considered to be incarnated priests. They travel in pairs and a truly royal couple they are. If one is killed the Tibetans say that the other will circle around the spot of the disaster until he dies of hunger and grief. I told one of the men that they could not be incarnated priests as these ducks mated whereas a priest was supposed to be a bachelor. This remark was too puzzling for him to answer. He could not say why incarnations should change their habits and vows.

Another day of flower-carpeted mountains led us into the red country, for red and yellow ochre abounded in the red sandstone hills. Here, as in the previous place, there were only women planting and cultivating the barley which had been sown a month late because of the rebellion against the Chinese this past spring. The men had been compelled to flee to the mountains and to relatives in Inner Tibet.

The Tsongen Valley is low—about a thousand feet higher than Batang. They can secure two crops a year provided the second crop is turnips. This is the one universal vegetable and when bandits have looted their home carrying off all of the barley, the family will be saved from starvation until the next crop by means of dried turnips cooked in the form of a soup. The rains are heavier here than farther north so they use a different method in harvesting. The sheaves of wheat and barley are hung on long racks which have been built on the roof and the grain is beaten out when a dry period comes.

Many of the houses had been burned when the people rebelled against their chief priest known as Gonkalama who was aided by the Chinese. The leader of the rebellion was reputed to be the treasurer of the monastery. In the early part of this year about the first of March some of the rebels

had suddenly attacked Yengin, forced the ragged garrison of Chinese to the number of sixty men to surrender and then sacked the town. One entire family of men, women and children was wiped out because of a feud between them and some members of the attacking party. Later the Sampolama and Chinese reinforcements aided the Gonkalama to disperse the rebels with some loss.

Tsongen is remembered for three difficulties which confronted us—future protection, carriers, and past escorts. This town is the junction of the two roads leading to Atuntze—one over Kia La Pass through Yen Gin and the other directly south over Tsa Lei Pass. We must decide here what route we should take. To safeguard ourselves as much as possible, we decided to consult the Gonkalama who was supposed to control this part of the country especially the road over the Tsa Lei Pass, as to which road to take. MacLeod and I took our caravan leaders to call on the Gonkalama whose residence was at the monastery that had been rebuilt since it had been burned by the Ranalama.

We rode east for a half mile, forded the Tsongen river and climbed southwest up a steep incline for over five hundred feet to an alluvial fan that huddled between two high ranges. As we rode in at the big gate we could see that the monastery was not yet completed. Smaller buildings were in the course of erection while the ground was ungraded and filled with debris. We had been met at the gate by several priests who now conducted us into an inner court whose high thick wall indicated that the inmates expected to be compelled again to defend themselves from enemies. The ruins of the burnt monastery and the massive fortifications of the new one made us feel that we were in a war zone. As a matter of fact we were, as the recent rebellion had not been settled yet and there was every prospect that the singing war cry of the Tibetan would awaken this slumbering vale when winter came again .

Winding past two buildings we turned to our right and

went up a rickety stairway through a dingy corridor where we were met by a fat old man with outstretched palms greeting us and urging us to enter a large room on our left. He ushered us to high seats at the rear end before a large window. The crafty priest sat down on our right and after a few remarks were interchanged about our mutual health, we were offered refreshments. The priest cordially pared a pear for each of us with his royal if not clean fingers. We ate the pears while Mr. MacLeod explained the object of our visit.

The walls of the room were covered with modern rifles and the doorway was crowded with armed men. It was the home of a soldier as well as that of a priest. The room was so dark that the details of the decorations merged into dark masses. Dried persimmons were pressed upon us.

Mr. MacLeod explained that we wished escorts over Tsa Lei Pass to Atuntze. The wily priest said he could guarantee us safety only to the top of the pass but that we would likely have no trouble from there on to Atuntze as the road had been quiet. We asked that he would send us a letter and escort to the top of Tsa Lei and a letter stating that we were not to be molested after we had entered Yunnan province which began at the pass. He said that his people were very wild but that his letter would take us to the pass and we ought not have any trouble from there on. We gave him a letter telling him that if he would send a messenger to Batang with it that a heating stove would be given which he would please accept. The priest had been anxious to obtain a stove, which the rich Tibetans are beginning to desire for their cold cheerless homes. He presented us in return with a half bushel of rice, some dried, odoriferous cheese and highly scented butter.

We called on a Chinese official who was half asleep from smoking his opium pipe. He asked about our escort and said that it was all right. He did not seem happy with his position for it is claimed that the Chinese soldiers here have tried to return to Batang but the Gonkalama would not permit them, as his Tibetan subjects could not be kept under control without

the soldiers. We left with the feeling that the curious crowd was not as friendly as they ought to be considering the seeming friendliness of the priest. But we had to rely upon the authority of this chief into whose power we had now come, though he was a treacherous prop as will be seen later.

Mr. MacLeod's chairmen, who understood when hired that the Yen Gin route would be taken, had caused some trouble about going by way of Tsa Lei as this would mean one day less work than they had expected. One day's pay means much to these coolies, who sensing that they had us in their power, as we would not want to waste time looking for new carriers, refused to go on by the Tsa Lei road unless they were paid for thirteen days, although we would reach Atuntze in eleven or twelve days. This was agreed to and another annoyance was overcome. My wife's chairmen had been hired by the day regardless of the route taken. I forestalled trouble by telling my teacher to assure them that they would have generous treatment from me if they would give me good service in carrying. One of our carriers had been a runner for me and he assured his associates of my generosity.

Our third hindrance which vexed and threatened to delay us was the behavior and demands of the Chinese soldiers. It was the custom with us to give the escort tea money and whatever they were presented had hitherto been received with thanks and if more was desired, they asked politely. Up to this point we had had Chinese escort which changed at Pamut'ang. There they had besieged us for more tea money although we offered them a fair amount. Now at this place their demands were more insistent than ever before. We gave them the proper amount and still they asked for more. We finally had a conference with their commander and asserted that we would not give them anything more unless they stopped worrying. He promised to control them, whereupon we gave him extra funds to distribute to his men. What was our surprise to have them all come up with their commander and accuse him of squeezing part of their tea money. We

had to explain carefully how much we had given him and what he was to do with it. It was astonishing to see the independence of the common soldiers and the open assertion of distrust in their leader. This lieutenant had but little more control over them than a private in the ranks. The new spirit of China had been working its leavening forces among the masses to a greater degree than I had supposed possible in this isolated section.

We departed on the next day, following the red Tsongen river in its eastern and then southern course. This river valley after leaving Tsongen is very narrow, and rarely spreads far enough apart to permit a few fields to be leveled for supporting a tiny settlement. We passed a village every three or four miles where another stream came down to join the river. The Gonkalama had sent the promised letter by an old man who was our only escort the first day. At noon we ate dinner beside a tumble down shack where we met a former servant of Mr. Morse's called Kangling who told us a tale of being robbed near that spot. He had stayed there to see what goods he could recover through the aid of Gonkalama to whom he had applied for help. He seemed morose and shifted his eyes uneasily as he told us of his troubles.

In the evening of this day, the third of July, we made our camp beside the road near the river. The chief of the district lived in a home on the hillside a quarter of a mile away. He came to visit us and we had a long discussion about the escort necessary until we reached Atuntze. This chief whose name was Drashechopee promised that he would see us safely in Atuntze. He claimed that he had been deceived by Chu Draw when he went through his territory with the Mission goods a short time before. The deception was failure to pay the amount agreed for protection. We told him that we would make that right with him and pay him well for protecting us to Atuntze. Among a primitive people travel is only possible by giving generous presents; even this will not be sufficient when there is lack of a proper controlling govern-

ment. We felt satisfied that we now would reach Atuntze without further trouble.

We were still going through a land of red sandstone and red clay. After a rain this mixture was carried to the Tsongen River so that its blood-like waters glistened ominously in the sun. July the fourth was a glorious day with air clean and crisp after the rain of the evening before. We followed the Tsongen River until it turned abruptly to the east clearing an unexplored canyon from here to the Yangtze. Our trail swung to the southwest up a tumbling creek which led us higher and higher until an hour later we crossed the foaming stream on a narrow bridge and continued in a southerly direction.

Toward evening we climbed over a steep stone stairway which connected a promontory with a long level road that led us into the region of burned homes. On this headland was a clay stone castle whose walls on three sides continued the precipitious impassable cliffs; while the fourth was guarded by a huge rock that sheltered the narrow defile which led to the home. Against wild Tibetans armed with rifles this home could hold out indefinitely, which may account for its preservation when the other houses a little farther down the road had been fired by robber bands from across the Yangtze. These bandits were formerly under the jurisdiction of the Ranalama whose subjects one night broke into his quarters and cut off his head with a hand axe. His death broke the resistance which had been made against the Chinese for about four years in the country to the east of our road.

We lodged in the only house in Nemasah village left standing by the brigands. This was the home of the former headman. One of the women of the household came to us for treatment but we could do nothing for her case. She had been severely beaten over the kidneys at the time of the bandit raid which had left her dropsical and injured internally. This once well-to-do family was now in a starving condition, as the robbers had taken everything they had.

Another clear day of travel passed as we ascended

through a thick forest of fir and other evergreens. Many of the fir and cedar trees trailed from their branches long reddish yellow, greenish-white or black streamers of a parasitic plant whose name varied with the kind of tree upon which it grew. We called it Old Man's Beard. Millions of these tassels hung quivering with every faint breeze set up in the dusky forest. Mountain laurel is common in the highlands. The Tibetans tell us that it is poisonous to both man and beast. When eaten it produces earache, then bleeding of the feet and later death. A small plant may be seen about six inches high whose whitish green leaves whirl around the stem. The texture of the leaf reminds one of catnip. The odd feature appears when one peeps under the leaf. Beneath each leaf is a little blue blossom as cozy and snug as a chick under its mother's wing. The flowers are upright, emerging out of the stem just above the leaf base. Each leaf is shaped like a bowl completely covering the flower beneath. Tibetans call this plant the Bowl Flower.

We ate dinner underneath stunted willows in the midst of a large plain across a creek from the village of Tsa Lei Ding. Our escort which consisted at this time of the chief and about fifteen of his followers went over and lodged in this village, and this was the last we saw of the chief. We had made arrangements with him for six of his men to guard us from the top of the pass to Atuntze, paying him the price satisfactory to him. It is not unlikely that the final plans to rob us were completed in this village. I thought that the strangest part of our hour's sojourn there was the fact that no one came from the village to visit us although there were many horses, cattle and sheep grazing on the plain or near it.

That afternoon we continued our upward march amidst a progressive bower of evergreens and flowers of every description. The altitude which was now beyond thirteen thousand feet caused the chairmen to halt every few hundred feet. Our progress was very wearisome. Late in the afternoon a cold rain set in and added to the burden of the altitude. We

were following a long ravine that ended in a ridge just ahead of us. At last we plunged over a morass and camped our tents in the shelter of a high bank which protected us some from the penetrating wind. Gauging from the ridge near the top of the pass and our nearness to the timber line we could not be less than fourteen thousand and five hundred feet above sea level.

Altitude has a vital relation to livelihood in this land. At heights up to 10,500 feet it is possible to secure two crops in a year. For the last thousand feet of land at this height the second crop must be turnips, after an early barley harvest. Below 9,500 feet it is possible to raise a crop of millet or buckwheat after the first crop of wheat or barley has been removed. Another thousand feet lower two crops of barley are possible in one year. When we go above the two crop line we find that the higher up, the later the harvest and the difference in the variety of grain which must be planted. Barley and buckwheat seem to grow the highest, although I have seen oats thriving at eleven thousand feet. In Batang at an altitude of nine thousand feet the harvest begins the last days of June lasting through the greater part of July. At Tsongen over a thousand feet higher, it begins the last of July. At Pamut'ang which is up more than another thousand feet, the harvest is due a month later than Tsongen. In Kongtzeding where it must not be much less than thirteen thousand feet they cut their crops of barley around the first of October.

Our escort of six men who had been hired from the headman came around and asked to borrow ten rupees which they would pay back to us in Atuntze. I could not understand why they should need money now and knew "borrowing" meant giving it to them. At first I refused but in order to secure careful protection and upon the advice of Andrew, MacLeod's caravan leader, I gave six rupees to them.

That night was so cold and damp that we used all of our blankets to keep warm, putting on our heaviest clothing in anticipation of the pass which would be colder than our camp.

It was lucky for us that we did this. There was much difficulty finding my mule the next morning which delayed us a little and made us uneasy for a time. Finally we were off on a wet day. It was the sixth of July. With slow measured tread our chairmen struggled toward the pass. As our camp had been near the timber line our course was through low rhododendron bushes blooming in white, red, yellow and blue. These hardy shrubs grew shorter and shorter until the eternal cold of the height dwarfed out their life. The last three hundred feet was a toilsome crawl over a path of crumbling pebbles. Alternately the sun shone and was obscured by misty clouds. Sometimes it rained and sometimes it dissolved into wandering mist which the bright sun would drive back up to the sky. On our left was an immense cathedral of rock which I hoped to see in full glory at the top of the pass. After what seemed hours we reached a narrow cleft between lofty peaks and sat down between the rag-crowned pile of stones cast up by rejoicing travelers. We were fifteen thousand eight hundred feet above sea-level, with all the world below us.

XI

ROBBERS AT FOURTEEN THOUSAND FEET

WE were proceeding along a gentle incline most welcome to our aching muscles that had been strained in the long descent when our escort caught up with us. Their leader reported that he had seen about twelve robbers on the top of the pass and that these men were following us. This greatly agitated our chairmen and to some extent our servants. We would have been more worried than they if we had seriously believed it. We thought it just a plan to scare us and disgorge more money for our protection. We asked why it was that they had not kept the robbers from coming over the pass and why they had not told us this sooner. They had no answer for this so we concluded that they were attempting blackmail. We glanced around apprehensively, but there was no one in sight and the country toward the pass was so bare that men walking would easily have been seen. But our escort affirmed that the robbers were indeed following us and we told the men to hurry on to a region of low shrubs at the beginning of the forest ahead of us where we would be safer from the gun-fire in case of attack. While I was wondering how our escort could know that the men following us were robbers we saw that just ahead of us, our mulemen had unloaded their animals and were preparing to camp. This was very annoying for it would take much talk and time to get the boxes loaded up and on the move again.

We had now arrived at a natural paradise. The ravine had widened into an irregular park of about four hundred feet square called Jaygosumdo, three spurs jutting out to form it. Near the sloping hillside could be seen the remains of a stone inclosure three feet high which herders had built up as a shelter from wind. Some fifty feet this side of the stone wall was a small stream that tumbled down from the ravine which

ran up toward the west. A small brook led down from beside the trail over which we had come, bounding the sloping plain on the east and joining the other rivulet from the west, the united stream rushing southward to enter within about three hundred feet, scrubby timber whose trees grew larger and thicker as the valley descended. The little plain connecting the three spurs and unifying the three valleys was a gentle slope covered with tall grass which the hungry animals were enjoying as fast as they could, gradually scattering in search of the tenderest morsels.

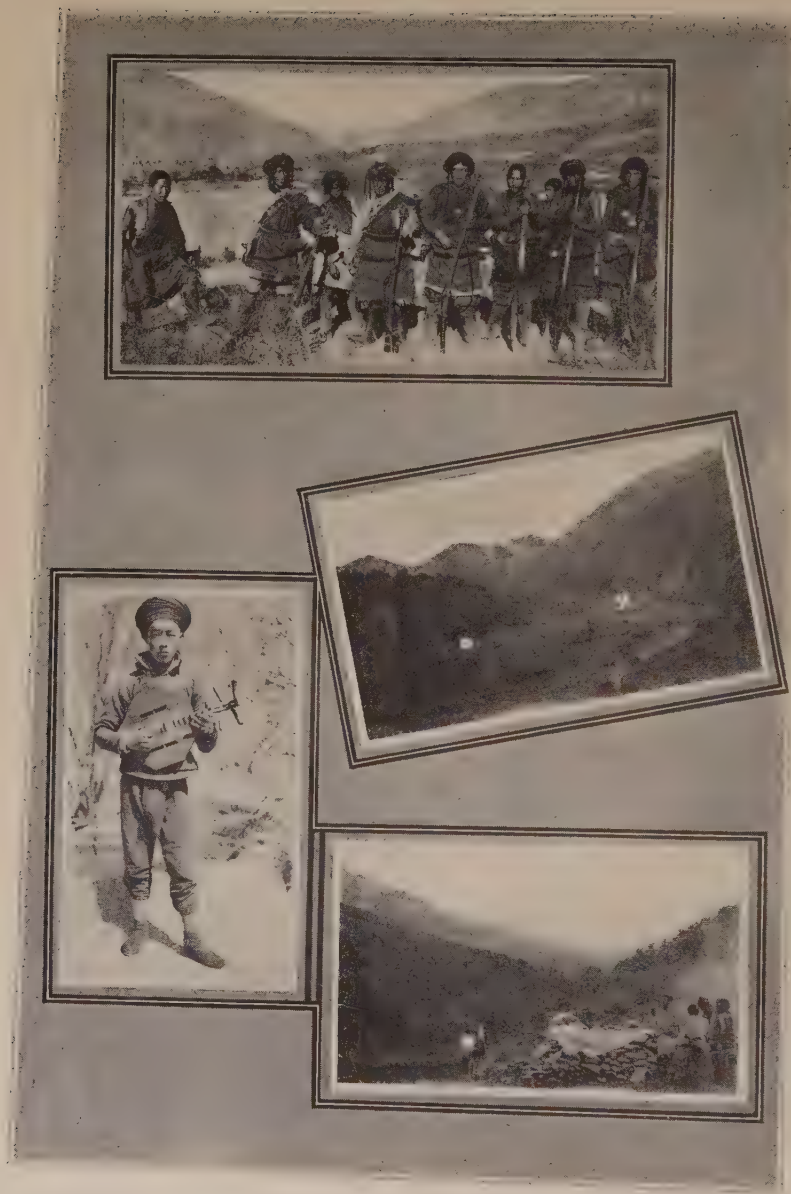
Our tired chairmen dropped their chair as soon as we had arrived at the northern edge of the tiny plateau. Mr. MacLeod's animals and chairs were ahead of us as they had proceeded south across the brook to the stone inclosure. The escort urged us to go over the brook to where the MacLeod party was settling down. I agreed, but when the chairmen pointed out our boxes, I told them that our food was here and I could see no reason why we should cross. Our chairmen prepared to cook their own food, some going after water and others gathering fuel for them and for us. I noticed that the escort had arranged themselves back of the stone ruins behind which a number of scrubby oak trees with much brush stretched up the hillside. I scanned the hillsides for possible foes, but soon realized that this was useless, as a number of men could have easily hid behind the huge rocks and the low thick bushes. The MacLeod children ran here and there near the brook in their play. I opened our food boxes at the same time keeping an eye on John Kenneth who was playing near the chair. Louise was looking for flowers a few feet from the baby who was lying in her basket in the chair. I felt like reprimanding the mulemen for stopping so early as it was only about twenty-five minutes after ten. However, I concluded that I would live a little longer if I saved my breath, for I would gain but little by arguing with them. Experience had taught me to be patient and resign myself like the Oriental to many vexatious things of this kind.

The whole party had been busily engaged thinking about dinner for some five minutes when suddenly a number of shots rang out, singing over our heads. For an instant all stood paralyzed and then leaped into terrified motion. I looked in the direction of the shooting. Three hundred feet to the north from behind some low bushes two or three men were aiming and firing at us. My first impulse was to get my revolver which was in the saddle bag on the mule about twenty-five feet away, but as the mule was between me and the robbers that thought fled as quickly as it came. Our men were rushing up the ravine. Two or three servants including my caravan leader, Bay Shang Wun, joined me.

"Louise, get the baby while I take the boy and we will run up the ravine out of the line of fire," I shouted, pointing west with my arm.

"I will take the boy," Bay said and thereupon I grabbed the baby while Louise picked up some blankets. Looking up at the advancing men I shouted to Louise to run fast. We made for the mouth of the ravine about three hundred feet away. Bullets were whistling over our heads from both directions as we crossed this open space in the direct line of fire. We were indeed in No Man's Land. I glanced toward the bandits to see how near they were approaching and then looked down to see John Kenneth sitting silent and bewildered in our pathway. Bay had dropped him because he impeded his progress in running. I shifted the baby to my left arm, scooped up John Kenneth with my right, looked behind to see Louise coming and continued the flight with slackened speed.

The shooting was now general between the advancing robbers and our escort who were slowly retreating up the hill of the south spur among the bushes, shooting as they ran. I looked south and saw Andrew in front of the stone ruins with uplifted hands imploring in a loud voice for the robbers not to shoot. The MacLeod children were running into the square stone enclosure. I turned around and saw my wife about twenty-five feet in the rear.



(1) Soldiers of a Tibetan tribe near Batang. Men of this type furnish the robber bands. Notice ancient flint locks. (2) Tibetan-Chinese half breed who was one of the leaders of the bandits who attacked the Duncans and MacLeods. He stayed in the background and shared the booty. (3) No-Man's Land that the Duncans crossed when attacked. Robbers were hid in shrubbery and fired over toward cross. (4) The abandoned shepherd's krall where Mrs. MacLeod and children took refuge.

"Can't you run any faster?" I cried anxiously.

"I can't, I might as well be shot as run myself to death," Louise answered between breaths.

We stumbled on and soon reached the mouth of the ravine when we had the first notice that a robber was following us. A bullet struck the ground near my feet and another whizzed uncomfortably close over my head. I prayed, "Lord, you have taught me how to live, now teach me how to die." There was the double fear that a bullet which struck me might go through my body and hit one of the children.

We ran on. Finally, we reached the north bank of the defile where I called to my wife to hurry, a perfectly foolish demand as she was hurrying all she could. I panted on a few feet further where there was a large overhanging rock which would shelter us from the battle. I was too exhausted to go farther as running at this altitude, with two children whose combined weight was forty pounds was a breath taking performance. Across the ravine several robbers were approaching Andrew, who was begging for mercy. They rushed upon him with uplifted swords and pointed guns. They rained blows upon him but it seemed from the manner in which they wielded their weapons that they did not intend to hurt him seriously.

My wife had now arrived and she sat down beside us. She had scarcely joined me when we were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a tall Tibetan in a red turban and bulky grey cloak which only partially hid a dark vest. He held a sword in one hand and a smoking Tibetan gun in the other.

"Give me your gun," he demanded menacingly.

"I have none, but here is a knife," was my ready answer, and placing John Kenneth on the ground I pulled out my knife and handed it to him.

"Where are your opera glasses?" was his next question.

"I have none," I answered.

"Give me your money," he then ordered, bending down to grab my money belt which I had worn on the outside. I

tore it off and he snatched it away. After a threatening look at us he turned suddenly and ran up the ravine. My wife was not molested, keeping her 30 rupees intact. It was a very good thing that I did not have my gun with me as I might have shot him which would have placed the whole party in a dangerous position. In a band some of whose members were still hidden and with an escort that might fire on us if there was resistance, a gun was more dangerous than useful.

We waited a few moments after the robber disappeared. Then I turned to my wife.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered.

"I think we had better move up a little farther where we will be hidden from the bandits and they cannot find us so easily," I suggested.

So we proceeded slowly up among the thickening shrubs for a hundred feet and were startled to come upon Mr. MacLeod who was emptying his pockets as rapidly as he could while the same bandit who had robbed us was shoving the articles into his blouse. The robber merely glanced at us and walked away. He had not gone twenty feet when he hurled Mr. MacLeod's cane and camera back toward him saying that he did not want them. Mr. MacLeod went out and picked them up.

"Well, there is little use going farther, so let us lie down here and await developments," I proposed.

We lay down on the damp ground sheltered by light shrubbery composed mostly of thorn bushes three feet high. It began to rain. During approximately two hours until the robbers were gone, we lay in that cold drizzle a fine rain which would cease for short periods and let the cloudy sunshine partially dry our clothes.

The firing ceased after about fifteen minutes. Soon two of the brigands came up on the south side of the stream (we were on the north bank), seeking for the animals that had carried the goods. When they came back down driving the

mules, MacLeod went out toward them and asked to be taken down to his family. The fellow let out a flow of language and wound up by commanding MacLeod to throw over his hat—he looked like the same robber who had taken our personal effects. MacLeod obligingly waded across the brook and handed it to him. I had stood up and when the other bandit saw his friend with a hat he came back in a few minutes and yelled at me to give mine to him. I sailed it across the brook toward him. As I rejoined the party I remarked with feeling, "Well, we didn't get much out of that parley except to lose our hats." Hatless at such an altitude it was fortunate for us that the sun did not come out in full force for any length of time.

I congratulated my wife upon having enough presence of mind to bring along the baby blankets. We wrapped the children up in these and then McLeod insisted that my wife and children have the raincoat to cover them. I was very glad that the cold night of the evening before had caused me to put on heavy wool clothing. MacLeod had used his raincoat to keep out the cold and being otherwise lightly clad soon began to shiver intensely. I loaned him my sweater and gave him a stimulant. Between the two he gradually warmed up.

We had been peeping through the bushes and watching the brigands but in order to get a better view I raised up to full length. Six or eight robbers including the corduroy dressed leaders were near our loads talking. I didn't get a chance to see more as a bandit who seemed to be on guard leveled his gun at me which made me level myself on the ground.

Soon one of the leaders approached and I arose and went to him. I asked him to let me come and open the boxes and permit us to have what they did not want, especially baby's clothes, books and papers. I offered him my keys and said I would go with him; but he emphatically replied that while he was a righteous man some of the others were very bad and they would harm me, perhaps shoot me, and he would

not lead me to the boxes. Mr. MacLeod joined us and asked about his wife and children and that he be allowed to go down and see them. The man answered that Mrs. MacLeod and the children were safe and unharmed in the stone inclosure, but he would not dare to lead him down to them. The brigand asked about our money, field glasses and guns, and when we told him that one of his friends had taken what we had, he believed us. To his question as to how much money we had in the boxes, I told him some four thousand rupees. He saw a small bottle of medicine in my shirt pocket and taking it out asked, "What is this?"

"That is medicine," I answered.

"What is it good for?"

"Some say it is good for a cold," was my reply to discourage him from taking it. The robber gave it back and after asking about my spectacles which I promptly assured him would be of no use to him, he let me keep these things, took my keys, and departed to rejoin the other men near the loads. Before going I had asked that he would give me back my camera and papers, but he would not promise to do this, he would only see about it. I concluded rightly that his "seeing" would not return them.

The brigands loaded our goods upon the animals and drove them away. We were so anxious and uncertain as to our own safety that we could not risk doing any more than we had done. As they moved back up the pass down which we all had just come, they gave a parting yell, "Ahhehehehe!" whose piercing notes were punctured by a volley. We had heard this was the custom of robbers. Soon there was the jingle of bells, and we raised up slightly to see the loads trail past with my dog "Half-Jack" meekly following in the rear. Half-Jack soon found that he was in the wrong company and returned two hours later, before we had left this spot.

In a few minutes our escort fired several shots after the vanishing bandits. It was a quarter after twelve; we had endured almost two hours of agonizing suspense. Our servants

and chairmen came down the defile past us and so scared were they that our calling did not arouse them. Bay stood about fifteen feet away looking for us and we had to step up closer before his befuddled mind could hear our cries.

We hurried down to the stone enclosure and found Mrs. MacLeod with the three children badly agitated but unhurt. While we, comparatively unmolested, were absorbing the rain and the sun, sheltered by bushes, she and the children had been huddled within this ruin crouching behind the low wall against which bullets had spattered. Young ruffians among the bandits had pointed swords at them and fired off a gun into the ground at their feet. They forced them to take off their sweaters and their hats; some of these articles were later given back.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself teasing and frightening little children," said Mrs. MacLeod boldly to one of the malicious brigands. This shamed the young robbers and they departed. When some of the leaders arrived, Mrs. MacLeod and the children were not subjected to further ill-treatment. A suitcase which contained medicines was ransacked. Grabbing a quart bottle of alcohol, one of the robbers took a swallow; the burning fluid choked him, so he spit it out and handed back the bottle. They sorted over the medicines, taking most all of the remedies that were in nice bottles and cans. All of these two hours Mrs. MacLeod had had no word about the rest of the party and behind this wall she could see nothing. Her anguish and suspense were not relieved until we arrived after the brigands' departure.

Andrew was the hero of the day. He had taken their blows and still stood his ground. They could not drive him away with threats and rough treatment. He begged back the MacLeod's bedding, cots, tents, a box of food, and some utensils. Gelong, an old man, who had hired out his animals to MacLeod also stayed on the field of battle. Gelong begged back most of his food and his bowl, but he was not able to save anything else.

When the robbers first arrived at the stone inclosure, Mrs. MacLeod told us little Shelton had picked up a stick and started after a robber say, "Go away. Go away," but he quickly subsided when the bandit pointed his weapons at him. The children's sweaters were given back to them at the solicitation of Andrew. One of the bandits spied Andrew's new boots of which he was very proud and forced him to take them off. When Andrew tried to beg them back he was thrown an old ragged pair by the ruffian in exchange.

After a brief survey of the MacLeod's remnants, we heard the wailing of our servants who were beyond the stream, finding out what had been left.

"They have taken everything," they cried as we came up.

"You haven't lost anything, why are you complaining," I retorted. "We have lost everything and you don't see us crying. We ought to be thankful that our lives are spared. Money and goods can be replaced, but life cannot."

It was indeed a sorry bit that they had left behind. There were the two food boxes that were open at the time. Most of the food had been carried off but the tins were left. Closer examination revealed that most of these tins had been punctured with swords by the ignorant outlaws who perhaps fancied they they contained money. There was the vacant chair with a few papers, my saddle slicker and John Kenneth's tattered raincoat. Even the white cloth had been torn off the baby's basket and every toilet article taken. Some notebooks of Tibetan customs and superstitions which I had put in the bottom of the basket were fortunately thrown out. Where the mule stood there were two notebooks, one containing Tibetan proverbs and the other my dairy which the despoilers had thrown out of the saddle bags. All else was gone, indispensables such as food and clothing not to mention keepsakes of many years; over two thousand negatives of Tibetan life; rugs, Tibetan costumes, silverware, and valuable papers including notes on Tibetan life and customs which had been gathered through the years.

I persuaded the mulemen and chairmen to transfer the skeletons of chair and boxes to the stone ruins across the ravine. Mr. MacLeod had been checking over his remains. He had lost a valuable manuscript which he had kept the last two years. All of their personal clothing and food and articles were gone only that which Andrew had begged back for the sake of the children. Andrew had kept his head and hid his master's field glasses in the ashes of an old camp fire. The robbers questioned him about it but he steadily answered he didn't have them so that was one article they were unable to steal. Mr. MacLeod's stallion was very wild so that the outlaws could not take him. This horse with two of Gelong's animals had not been caught; thus leaving us two horses and a donkey to help carry the remnants.

We ate a miserable dinner because we didn't have very good appetites, and the food was not up to par in quantity nor quality. We saw that the appetite of the Tibetans was not affected when they had food. Our chairmen were cutting up some sole leather and chewing it. When I went over to them and asked why they were doing this, they answered that they had carried us all morning and having no food, were ravenously hungry.

"Why don't you get some food from the mulemen who salvaged part of a bag of tsamba?" I asked.

Their reply was a revelation of Tibetan character.

"They would not give it to us for they are afraid we would not replace it."

I was astounded to think that in a time of mutual calamity such callousness should prevail, but on second thought, when one has nothing else in the world and can see no chance to secure food far from home, it is a matter of saving one's own life in the end. I went over to the mulemen and told them to share with the chairmen and that they would be well paid for it when we arrived in Atuntze. Our chairmen obtained food on the mulemen's faith in our word.

We thought to leave at once after dinner but everyone

except our five personal servants wanted to forsake us as rats do a sinking ship. My mulemen from Inner Tibet refused to go on and help carry the fragments although they had been paid to Atuntze. Their excuse was that they must go back and see if they could beg back their animals. Their actions aroused our suspicions that they had either willingly or through force acquiesced in the arrangement of the robbery here. The fact that they later were given back their animals proved their complicity or their bargaining power as subjects of a revenging and protecting government in Gartok. The escort refused to accompany us to Atuntze per agreement. Mr. MacLeod harangued and exhorted them promising liberal reward, but they were adamant. They complained that the brigands would prevent them from returning home if they went with us. Their weak defense, with the openness of the robber attack, their retreating when fire was first opened, and now their refusal to escort us, returning right behind the robber band, proved pretty clearly to us that they had aided in staging the attack. We did not consider it wise to accuse them of this; we were rather glad they soon left us in a body, first trying to beg food from us but not securing it. My mulemen after attempting a similar request that was likewise not granted followed the escort back up the pass.

Mr. MacLeod's mulemen insisted on returning but we said they could not take his animals, and Andrew's declarations backed by those of our other Batang servants that they would not be able to show their faces in Batang if they deserted us now finally prevailed on them to remain. The chairmen were a little reluctant but promise of extra reward persuaded them to go on.

XII

THE FRENCH FATHERS COME TO OUR AID

WITH the greatest difficulty we built up the morale of the party. Entreaty, argument, threats, and persuasion were used in saving ourselves from further disaster. It seemed likely that the lives of some of the party would be in danger from cold, hunger, or exhaustion before we could arrive at the nearest houses a long day and a half away. An appalling prospect was before us of trying to reach some place where we could hope to secure supplies and protection. With meagre provisions and insufficient bedding we must go on as soon as possible. The robbers might return to take what little they had left to us.

As some of the chairmen must carry the tents, roll of bedding, and what little food was left we abandoned my wife's chair since it was the largest and heaviest. My wife alternated with Mrs. MacLeod in her chair, the one occupying the chair holding the baby on her lap, the other riding on the stallion, Topsy. Lora and Duncan McLeod walked most of the time, now and then being rested on the backs of various members of the party. Shelton McLeod and John Kenneth Duncan were carried in the children's chair. The mare and the donkey which could not be caught by the outlaws were used to bear some of the remnants while every member of the party made up a light bundle of food or bedding which he slung over his shoulders. The servants wrangled over the loads, so we helped start them off by picking up a large load to carry which quickly shamed them into relieving us. At last by dint of much talking and working we managed to get the party started downward at three o'clock.

All of us were in a very disturbed state of mind. I don't know how the others felt but as we started the party and prepared to follow, a sense of relief filled me—relief that

was immediately followed by a reaction of grief and sorrow. For the first time I almost broke down as I thought of our loss and of the hardships we must endure on the long trip to reach the coast. With strenuous effort I overcame this depression as I thought how fortunate we were to escape injury and death. Our good friend Andrew had been badly beaten but it did not incapacitate him from walking. We were still alive and well with good prospect of reaching Atuntze in the same shape.

We made our way slowly and painfully down through the mossed fir forest for a space of three hours. Gathering darkness forced us to stop and camp on a steep hillside just above a glade of tall wet grass. The tents had to be pitched on a hillside so steep that the sleepers could hardly stay in bed. MacLeods generously allotted cots for Louise and our children. All had to sleep in damp and scantily covered beds. It was nothing unusual for me to sleep in my saddle slicker with the other Tibetans beside a camp fire.

We reached Dom after a long tramp over fallen trees and across rapid streams. It seemed as if we would never reach the first houses. A more miserable and sick at heart crowd would have been hard to find as we marched silently through the forest, tired, penniless and homeless in a strange land. The native diet was restricted and unfit for those who had been accustomed to other food and it seemed it would be impossible for women and children to keep well on such rations for a great length of time. We could not hope to reach the coast in less than two months. We had no money except the thirty rupees carried by Louise. There was little hope of securing food sufficient for all our needs to the coast. The future was so uncertain that we thought of only one day ahead.

Hospitality is not very extensively practiced in that country except with beggars and priests. We might be able to classify as the last but we were not the right kind to obtain a good living out of it. Without money or the quick means of getting money we would soon starve. Our only recourse

was to move on quickly to where we could secure money and supplies.

The house of the ruler in Dom had been burned by raiders under the Gonkalama and Ma Fu Gwan about eight months before. Perhaps this would explain the hesitancy of the escort to go on with us. This same band had attacked Atuntze a few days afterwards but were not able to capture the town. The ruler was now in Atuntze acting as Mayor. We lodged in a new outbuilding beside the burnt out walls of the palace. The old goitred mother welcomed us warmly presenting us with a rooster which we enjoyed for supper. She was an old friend of the missionaries, as both families had stayed in her home before.

We had another new experience. The servants told everyone that we had been robbed and could no longer pay the high prices which we had formerly given for lodging and food. Many a Tibetan had come to our home with this tale which had always been answered with money or food. We received a new slant on life; now we were in the other fellow's shoes. We passed a hard night on board bunks that gave us unyielding repose.

The next morning as we were about ready to continue our journey we were startled by the appearance of a man who had been one of our escort several days previous. He was a messenger bearing a letter from the headman who had hired to us six of his men as escort. The letter was written in Tibetan script which a Tibetan trader whom we had known in Batang deciphered for us. The letter was from this chief stating that he and his men had stopped the robbers beyond the pass and were holding our goods until either we or some of our servants arrived. This cheered us, although we suspected treachery. Bay and Andrew, our caravan leaders, offered to go and Gelong sent his son to help recover his mules. They secured animals and left at once for the pass with the messenger.

We mounted our mules saddled with the Tibetan pack

saddle and started out to scale the heights of Atuntze. MacLeod didn't fancy riding on the hard rail-like wooden seat guiding the mule with a halter up a steep grade. It was too much like giving an invitation to Charon to cross over and get him. I stuck on, as I was too lazy to walk up hill in the first place and too much of a Scotchman to hire an animal and not use him in the second. I was always willing to risk my life wherever a mule was willing to go. We stumbled along in a mist that climbed as we climbed and dropped down to the city as we dropped.

We stayed in Atuntze a day to see what we could do about supplies, finally procuring utensils and some ticking for cots from the orphanage supplies which were delayed here enroute to Batang. We were much disappointed to find that the Chinese merchants had sent most of their cash down to Likiang a few months back for fear they would lose it by a successful raiding of the town. We went to see the Lee Brothers firm who were willing to let us have what food and cloth we needed—such as they had. Wheat, barley, rice, pork and salt were the principal articles of food that we were able to secure. Red flannel, blue calico cloth and some narrow Tibetan wool cloth could be bought. We had the Tibetan cloth made up into blankets and took the rest along to use later for clothes. After considerable talking we borrowed enough money to pay off some of the chairmen so they could return home with the extra reward promised. Through the help of a native woman called Martha who was a former nun in the Catholic Mission we hired animals and left quietly for Tsetchong.

Atuntze was governed by two men, one the acting Mayor whose burnt home sheltered us in Dom, the other a ruffian who was a chief in a tribal district four days away. These rulers had little liking for one another and both had recruited Yaragong Tibetans to guard the city from invasion. These Yaragong men were rough and uncouth. They burst into our rooms and tried to handle everything we had, begging for

something from us until they were threatened with the wrath of the official to whom we sent a message by one of the servants. We also visited these rulers but could get no satisfaction from them. It was their enemies that had stolen our goods and it would be impossible for them to do anything without going to war. They expected to do this some day to get revenge.

We left early on July 10th so as not to attract the attention of the Yaragong soldiers and took three weary days to reach Tsetchong, which lay on the west side of the Mekong. Down the valley before we reached the Mekong, I was startled to note an enormous mass of limestone rocks which almost filled the narrow defile where once a beautiful chorden had stood. Mr. MacLeod informed us that this landslide had occurred more than three years ago and that several people had been buried under it. We went over old ground which was not the less fearsome because of familiarity. The coppery Mekong swirled by in high flood seeking what it might devour.

Father Ouvrard, the French Catholic priest at Tsetchong came down to the rope bridge and superintended our crossing. We had often seen people cross the rope bridges over turbulent streams and from the reluctance of most Tibetans we considered that one should make his last will and testament before making such an attempt. We were nervous now, though not as nervous as the servants whom we had with us, but we found after we were across that most of the fear was the product of our imagination. As with many another danger the first plunge is the hardest.

The rope bridge, more properly called a bamboo cable, is a most fortunate contrivance with a high degree of safety and adapted by the ease and cheapness of construction to the needs of these people. A scant population, poverty-stricken and individualistic, would never construct a standard bridge over such a stream, about three hundred feet wide at this point with a current equaling that of Niagara river. The river is

too swift and treacherous for swimming even by animals except at a few isolated spots, whereas the rope bridge is possible to every village. There are at least eleven rope cables between Atuntze and Tsetchong, a distance of about fifty miles.

The rope is made of split bamboo cut in the grass stage. Three strands are twisted into a cable about one and one half inches in diameter. Each strand is composed of from ten to twelve strips that are ten to twenty feet long and three-eighths of an inch wide. The cable is fastened to a tree or a large well-set post at each end, one end being at least twenty-five feet higher than the other. Sometimes the lower end is near the water's edge and again many feet above it. Two cables each about fifty feet longer than the river is wide are necessary, one for each way.

The car is a rope seat formed by a leather thong passed double into a hole in the butter-greased saddle and tied underneath the saddle which half encircles the cable, the loop end being fastened around the passenger's neck under one shoulder while the free ends are wound around buttocks and tied close to the body. The loose ends are used to tie the whole body close to the saddle so tightly that it is impossible to fall out. The saddle is an oval chunk of tough wood about a foot long and six inches in diameter—an inverted trough—grooved on the underside to fit over the cable with a slit in the top to allow the thongs to pass through easily. The victim clasps his hands over the top of the saddle and turning his face to one side so that bamboo splinters will not fly into his eyes, nerves himself for the worst. Someone dabs butter on the cable in front of the saddle and gives a sudden shove. Before one can cry out he is swaying over the angry dashing rapids that seem trying to leap up and drag one into its depths. There is a flash down and then up to waiting hands that grab and pull the breathless rider to the landing place. It is really only seven seconds of agony until skilled fingers are untying the ropes and the novel journey is over. Men go across alone but sometimes women and always children are

fastened in front of a man and clasped by his knees, riding lower down but taken safely. Our baby was tied inside a blouse next to the bare greasy skin of a Tibetan, and kicking and yelling in her tight dark quarters, was delivered safely on the other shore. Half-Jack and Peppy, our dogs, were tied together and sent across. Swinging in the air they fought until they plunged into the river and swallowed the Mekong water until pulled ashore. (Peppy was shortly afterward presented to the good priest.) It required about three hours to transport our little caravan. The same cable also took the struggling horses whose kicking and plunging caused no mishaps. Horses are suspended underneath the cable by two thongs that pass around the chest and abdomen. Heavier thongs and saddles are used for them than for goods and people.

Father Ouvrard's home was a haven of refuge, after sixteen days of dirt, smoke and anxiety, and his white-washed mission shining through the green trees brought the first breath of relief since leaving Batang.

It was necessary for Mr. MacLeod and me to go back to Atuntze to meet our men who had returned with the robber messenger to see if some of the goods could be recovered. Our servants and chairmen from Batang could go no farther with us and we had to raise money and food to enable them to return. The French priest was unfortunately short of money and there was a possibility that we could borrow more in Atuntze. We left the next morning on mules loaned through the kindness of Father Ouvrard.

Because of the shorter distance, we traveled on the west side of the river to Yangtze making the three long stages in a little over two days and lodging in the abandoned Catholic house near the south edge of the city. While Mr. MacLeod looked after our quarters and our breakfast, I went to our old headquarters in search of our men. We did not know whether they had returned or not. In our hearts hope alternated with despair. If only they could recover some of the

treasures and necessities that would make it easier for us the rest of the journey to the coast! As I arrived near the inn Andrew met me outside. One glance at his ashen face told me more than words, of the hopeless dangerous mission which had been theirs. Sleepless nights and ceaseless anxiety were written on his face and on the countenance of Bay whom we met in the upstairs room. We all walked gloomily to our new lodging.

The men told us the long story of how they had gone back up the pass but found that more robbers had come and forced the division of the goods. Mingling among the bandits was Kangling whom we had met a half day out of Tsongen. Another leader was a renegrade from Batang, Drashenorji, who was now a Secretary of Gonkalama and had been the one who had written the letter guaranteeing us safety to the top of the pass. There were twelve bandits in the attacking party but this secretary had brought up other men. Kangling and Drashenorji desired to kill our men so as to remove three reputable witnesses who would help to prevent them from ever returning to Batang and would also testify against them if they were caught. They were prevented from doing this by the chief who had escorted us and also hired to us the escort of the six men we had at the time of the robbery. The chief told our men that we would have received our goods back if more brigands had not come up and outnumbered his men. There were a total of fifty or sixty men gathered at the loot-dividing place. Regardless of the statements of the chief, he was seen riding off on Mr. MacLeod's horse with my saddle and one of my rugs on top of the saddle.

Andrew, Bay and the muleman followed the party down to Nymahsa and begged a load of miscellaneous stuff and two loads of food. They recrossed the pass of Tsa Lei and as they were making camp on the same site where we had stayed the night after the robbery, they were attacked again. Fired on at close range they luckily managed to escape with their

lives by flight among the trees. They made good their escape in the night and reached Atuntze after untold hardships.

We made arrangements for our servants and chairmen to return to Batang, borrowing some more money with the utmost difficulty and paying what we could in cash. Food and clothing were given our destitute helpers, who declared they would experience great danger trying to reach Batang. Some of the robbers would watch the road to kill them. They must pass through or near the district of the bandits who would have little mercy on those who could testify against them. They would have to wait in Atuntze until a large caravan was ready to start toward Yen Gin so as to secure their protection.

We left the next morning followed by our servants to the outside of the city where the parting was like the burying of a friend. Tears rolled down the cheeks of all of us as we bade each other goodbye perhaps never to meet again. Our servants had taken out of their scanty wages money to buy us a parting gift as was the Tibetan custom. That gift represented a sacrifice for them that they must pay in hunger and discomfort. It was the widow's mite and it almost caused us to break down when we saw this token of their love.

As we looked on these brave men whose faces showed the suffering they had passed through, we realized that only leaders are needed to bring these people to attempt what before seemed impossible. The ancestors of such men had followed the bold Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan in their merciless raids over death-dealing mountains and death-biting plains. In hunger which civilized people have never tasted, in thirst which only those living in deserts have experienced, in fatigue which only mountaineers have known, these iron people had conquered empires whose splendor emblazoned the pages of history for a hundred years. Neither hunger nor thirst nor prospect of death among icy peaks kept these men from sweeping across Asia and hammering at the threshold

of Europe. The Tibetans, descendants of those ancient heroes, fear neither man nor elements.

We hurried back to Tsetchung disheartened at the results of our trip, because we could neither raise more money nor obtain any of our stolen goods. For twenty days out of the twenty-one days we had been absent from Batang we had been in the saddle. We were grateful for life and health as we greeted our loved ones once more. Father Ouvrard assigned us quarters and supplied us with food and servants. That very evening we were agreeably surprised to meet Father Genestrier who had arrived from Yunnanfu, the capitol of Yunnan province, thirty traveling days away. We learned in the course of the evening that his coming was providential for he had brought in money and supplies which would enable the French Father to send us on our journey rejoicing. He otherwise would not have been able to do this. The way was opening up for the continuance of our journey without much delay.

We decided on the route through northern Burma because of the following factors: Large bands of robbers were operating between Weishi and Talifu; the consul had advised us not to go out by way of Yunnanfu at this time because of the unsafe and uncertain conditions; we were assured that the western road through Burma was safe although rough; we had and could secure only inadequate and conflicting knowledge of the western trail because no one had been over that route in its entirety except the Weishi missionary party who had preceded us such a short time that letters had not yet come back telling us of the conditions of travel; the French priests had gone over just this end of it. Thirty-four years ago Prince D 'Orleans with a companion had gone from Tsetchong to Kamde, but over a slightly different road than the one we proposed to follow. From all of the information that we could gather, we would reach the railway in about a month, when in fact it actually took us over two months. We took a leap in the dark preferring the hardships of travel

to the possible hardships of being robbed again and held for ransom by Chinese brigands. Our wives were particularly insistent that we try another trail which would be safer from robber attacks even if they had to walk part of the time.

During our stay in Tsetchong which stretched out to twelve days, the French priests aided us in every way possible. Father Ouvrard spent much time in re-equipping our caravan with supplies, hiring men to carry our loads and our chairs, and loaning us the money we asked for the continuance of our journey. Although we must use Tibetan or Chinese as the medium of communication, no men of our own tongue could have treated us with greater Christian kindness and courtesy.

In this French Catholic Mission, a large spacious building which fronted a lovely stone chapel, was our dry comfortable home during our twelve day sojourn. Here were the quarters of the priest and the storerooms and schoolrooms. The chapel would seat two hundred people. It was a fine granite structure that looked as if it had been imported bodily from France. A high outer wall inclosed these connected buildings. Part of the north wall was built up into stables and some of the east wall into a blacksmith shop and servants' quarters. West of the chapel outside of the wall were the homes of the nuns who aided daily in sewing clothes for the children under the supervision of our wives. Grouped around the Mission buildings and scattered over the hillside were homes of the people who tilled the fields. This whole side of the mountain had been awarded to the Mission by the Chinese government as indemnity for priests slain many years ago. Most of the converts, out of the seventy-five families who had accepted Christ, lived on this hillside, although there were some in adjacent villages and even a few in Atuntze.

Our thirty-four carriers and chairmen were secured from among the protegés of the Catholic Father who aided us in hiring them and then exhorted them to be faithful and trustworthy in going with us to the New Road which was sup-

posed to be about fifteen days' journey away. Hwagans, or light swinging rope seats slung between two bamboo poles with a fragile top to keep off some of the rain, were made for the women and baskets prepared to hold the children. The provisions and bedding were made into various odd bundles and baskets. Father Ouvrard loaned us mules to ride to the Salween and sent a man along to bring them back, for after we crossed that river no animal could go over the trail.

XIII

WESTWARD TOWARDS THE NEW ROAD

WE struck out "Westward Ho" on the morning of the twenty-fifth of July. A pleasant climb led up the mountain to an open swampy glade where we camped. The road was rough and steep. Six-feet diameter firs and tall clean-limbed pines contributed to a vegetation that was denser than any seen before. Among the multitude of wild flowers we were gladdened by the sight of yellow mullein, purple lilies and purple pitcher plants. We relished the wild strawberries that grew in the open spaces at our lunching place.

From now on we combined our forces in eating and service for the sake of economy and conservation of food. Of our four servants, two were serving both families—the cook and caravan manager. Martha Wang, the Tibetan Catholic nun, always efficient, hard-working and generous, started out as manager of the party of servants and interpreter for the carriers. Our polyglot caravan was composed of Tibetans, Chinese, Lisu, and half-breeds of these races. Akudolo, our caravan leader was a half-breed linguist speaking all of the languages known by our caravan, besides being adept at understanding our Batang dialect. Weather-beaten and wrinkled, his kindness, trustworthiness and courage combined with a sincere Christian belief were indispensable factors in landing us at the New Road.

Our "guessed" schedule was twelve days to the New Road and the end of the trail that had never been improved since the formation of the world. Beginning at this new road the trail had been widened and built up, according to the information at hand, though how much we did not know. After getting on the New Road it was estimated to be not over twenty days' journey to Kamde which our guides and some

of the caravan men who had heard of that place painted in glowing colors as the acme of delight.

One morning we began a climb that will live forever in the minds of all the party. For nine hours we toiled upward amidst firs that overshadowed those of yesterday in height—some of them two hundred feet tall. In the rich soil there was a mass of flowers wherever the huge maples, black and white birch and many unfamiliar tree species allowed the sun to penetrate. The road gradually became steeper and for short distances was almost impassable, but most of the time riding was possible until we reached a large glacier about a thousand feet from the summit. Here the timber line was reached but grass and flowers, among which were dark red and lavender lilies, grew to the top. We crossed the glacier and then assailed a patch so steep that neither horses nor men could carry us. The rarefied air made it difficult to carry oneself. The women had to be pulled and pushed along and when they reached the top they were well-nigh overcome. My wife was in the worst condition. A smell of ammonia helped to revive her. On this pass known as Sela very little rest was possible because of the height which must be near fifteen thousand feet as the timber line is a thousand feet below the summit.

The descent was so precipitious that the men refused to carry my wife down, therefore I carried her on my back. The carriers soon became ashamed and wanted to take her in the "hwagan" which I would not permit for a time, but after descending some five hundred feet I was glad to let them have the privilege. A drop of about 2,500 feet brought us to a dilapidated woodman's hut where we pitched our tents on a steep grade among a mass of weeds. My wife was so sick from over-exhaustion that she could not eat supper.

The water in this valley was brackish, tasting as if it had come out of a coal bin. Up the mountain side was a pond of black water fed by a glacial stream which was as pure as

crystal until it entered the inky water hole which might have covered a coal deposit.

Another stiff climb and we went over Nahla or Deer Pass. This summit is much lower than Sela and was covered with stubby trees. A long descent through a forest led us into a garden of ferns and wild strawberries which bordered on the Catholic Mission of Bahang or Pehalo where a tall soldierly priest called André lived. Father Genestrier whose station is at Chamutong had preceded us in order to aid us on our journey, although he had said nothing about this being his object. Father André had mastered only Lesu and Lutze, so we could not converse with him except through an interpreter. He presented us with a bag of beans and a sheep, which afterwards tided us over lean days that we did not then anticipate.

Our day's stay here was utilized in hiring two Chinese guides and interpreters who promised to take care of all our needs after we had reached the New Road. They had lived in the wild country, through which we must pass, for a number of years, trading with the people until business no longer made it profitable. Now they made a trip or two every year to Kamde which kept them conversant with the people and the road. Their names were uncertain but the call of "Ahsheeah" always brought a responding answer.

In this country there dwelt Lesu and Lutzu with a sprinkling of Chinese—mostly renegades who had been forced to leave their homesteads and seek refuge in this isolated spot. The roads leading out of this valley were impassable part of the year because of the dense snows; the remainder of the year they offered only a difficult access to this little-visited region. Our honorable guides were of this renegade category. Some trouble had arisen in their family, trouble so serious that the family was divided. They packed up and came to this region to seek their fortune. Their simple statements implied an eruption such as murder, for it would take a catastrophe of this kind to divide a Chinese family.

On the twenty-ninth of July we left our kind French hosts of Bahang. With regret we severed the last ties with white men, whose religion and sympathies like our own had made us brothers. They are working in the same Cause as we are. They preach the Christ in their tiny chapels which are the nucleus of each Catholic mission settlement. Two of these Missions are shut off from communication with the outside world during four months of the year, when the passes are blocked by deep snow. Visiting with the people, teaching them the rudiments of learning, acting as judge in their disputes and presenting a life of honest and conscientious labor to the people, they render a notable Christian service and we honor them in their efforts of Christianization. In this remote region the excrescences of religion are forgotten; it is the "spirit that giveth light."

We reached the Salween in five hours. The rope bridge here was not safe and the road on the other side of the river not practicable for chairs so we had a pleasant night at Podang in a house that was not yet finished, being built by the Catholic Mission as an outstation.

The Lutzu who inhabit this valley are a distinct tribe in habits and customs. Their physique is slighter than the Tibetan or Lesu. They speak a language that seems to have no relation to those other tongues. They are mild and docile and like sheep, easily frightened. In contrast to the Lutzu, the Lesu are reputed to be treacherous, but I am of the opinion that this reputation has arisen because of their timidity and fear. Weaker than the other tribes they have had to retire before them. They always carry cross-bows that shoot poisoned arrows. The sharp fire-hardened tips of the arrows have been dipped in a very thick solution of aconite. The arrows are carried in a bag of black bearskin or grey monkeyskin with the hairy side out. The flap overlaps the lower part, giving protection from the rain which would easily wash off the poison. One of our Lesu carriers demonstrated his skill one day for our curiosity by shooting a

few arrows into a tree. At a distance of about thirty feet he placed most of them into the hump of bark described for him, the others just outside of it. It is said that a deer or bear will not go over a hundred feet after one of these poisoned arrows has been shot into him. This carrier had a beautiful sister whose half-naked figure was adorned with strings of cowrie shells, with white beads around her neck and in her hair, while pendants of white beads hung from her ears.

We crossed a series of good rice-straw covered bridges over small streams that flowed into the Salween along whose steep eastern bank we made our way. Tall elephant grass, cat-tail and bamboo sprinkled the morning dew on us. We were soon wet through, but when the sun peeped over the mountain top it was hot enough to steam our wet clothes. At Yuragan we discovered our guides who were supposed to have gone on to Sekeen to make final preparations for our trip to Kamde. Their home was here and they had merely sent word down below to build a new rope bridge. They tried to persuade us to stay in their home until the rope bridge was finished. Wise in Chinese procrastination we insisted on going down to the crossing. They packed up and one of them accompanied us to Mongtze a mile this side of the rope cable.

Here we pitched our tents on one of the few level spots which exists in this country. Appearances were deceiving for during the night a heavy rain poured down and the flood which rolled down the mountainside washed Mr. MacLeod, who was sleeping on the ground, out of bed. Up to the present time most of our rains had occurred in late afternoon and at night, with a thick mist in the morning that would melt away into a bright sunshiny day.

We almost lost our cook at this place. He was standing on the edge of the gulf near our tents when the straw which had been strewn on the ground to take up the mud slipped down and carried him thirty feet until a rock stopped him at the bottom. Men hurried down and brought the groaning victim to a bamboo house where he was treated. He had only

bad bruises that kept him uncomfortable on his back for three days. He was very lazy and inclined to let his sister Martha do the work so that I always suspected that two of these days were to work on the sympathy of his sister.

Mongtze, the place where we were camped, is a collection of five squalid huts constructed of clapboards with rice straw roofs, woven bamboo floors and partitions. The best ones have the floor elevated a few feet above the ground which protects them from damp and insects besides providing an excellent shelter for the hogs. We were presented a number of chickens, some pork and tobacco, for medical services rendered here. This gave us visions of exchanging supplies for medicine when our money ran out, but we knew not the wilderness into which we were soon to plunge.

The Salween River at this point is about three hundred feet wide, except at a short canyon where it narrows to less than two hundred feet. At this canyon was a rope cable much smaller than the one at Tsetchong over the Mekong. Only men crossed on this one, animals must swim over at a place lower down where the water is calmer. In the low water season of winter a wooden boat ferries passengers and freight across, but the ferry was now a day's journey below us where the wider channel made it safe for use. The Salween appears to have less depth but greater width than the Mekong. Its color is a lighter shade of red. The sides of its canyon are more gentle in slope and not as high. The lower altitude of 5,500 feet and a greater rainfall produce a more luxuriant vegetation. Up to this point the river had to carry about the same amount of water as the Mekong. Its greater width and more sluggish current made possible the use of ferry boats.

Akudolo, our Tibetan head carrier, and the Ahsheeah, the new Chinese guides, developed animosity toward one another at their first association. It wasn't long reaching our ears. Akudolo claimed that we could have crossed at Podang. Another complaint which was echoed and found true was that the Ahsheeah were discouraging the Tsetchong men from go-

ing farther, desiring to replace them with Lesu from this vicinity. The constant deserting of Lesu carriers had warned us to engage the men from Tsetchong, who had promised to stay with us to the New Road. It was largely through the unfavorable treatment of the Ahsheeah that we secured a new outfit of servants. Martha could go no farther as she had to ride a horse and her brother had no desire to leave her protecting hand. The other two, who were an ex-Chinese soldier and his wife soon lost heart so we secured relatives of the Ahsheeah to cook and coolie for us. Four Lesu were taken on to carry the extra loads of food. Four Lesu and two more of the Ahsheeah family replaced deserting carriers.

Intermittent rain and rest gave us time to inspect the old rope cable. It was quite brittle and considered unsafe for the light bodies of the native people. It would be committing suicide for heavy Tibetans and foreigners to attempt to cross it. The cable was only an inch in diameter consisting of three strands, having seven and eight strips to each strand. The cable swung over a hundred feet above the river from one slippery rock to another.

After dinner we moved up to the cable station but found that the new rope was not yet completed. Across the river on the sands a half mile below us we could see them putting the final touches to the bamboo snake which writhed and twisted in the hands of the men as they turned it around and around. We were forced to erect our tents in a rain. As the dusk was gathering the cable workers came singing along the opposite bank with the new rope which they attached to the old one. Quickly they drew it across and made it fast to the posts.

We crossed in the morning with the same procedure as before, except that the women had to go alone since the cable would not bear the weight of two grown persons. Because of the bluff on the other side it was not safe to give the saddle a hard shove so each person would stop about twenty feet from the shore. Then he must swing around and pull him-

self hand over hand up the bank. The dip is made to slacken the speed of the person or goods crossing and rarely is the send-off accurately timed to land the object exactly at the shore. We held our breath when the women crossed for fear they would become frightened and hang dangling in the far middle where no one could help them, the rope not able to bear the weight of a rescuer, as was the case with the Mekong cables. All landed without mishap. We trailed down to Sekeen where we lodged in the Chinese schoolroom.

The rest of the day was spent preparing for our plunge into the wilderness. After the first day out we were informed by the Ahsheeah that no food could be purchased until we had reached the New Road, nine days distant. There we would need to buy some food to reach Kamde, fifteen days farther inland; however, we might depend on buying some food along the road. We bought enough food to give us full rations for thirty days. The carriers must have food for nine days so the greater part of each man's load was food for himself. The six Ahsheeah also needed food to Kamde which compelled the interpreters to shoulder light loads for the first part of the trip. In addition to our previous number of carriers we added four more because of food for the men. Every man for the first few days, until his stomach had lightened the rations, had a fearful load, not one much less than a hundred pounds. We restricted ourselves to the minimum of men from the lack of money. As it was we had a total of forty-two men besides the eight members of our families.

Sekeen was a Chinese trading center for business with the Lutzu and Lesu of the Salween and Irewadi valleys. The name designated the dozen buildings occupied by the Chinese traders and their families while other scattered collections of homes would total thirty houses in the immediate vicinity. The Chinese had a self-supplied community; they made their own shoes, sewed their own clothes; carried on official business; and conducted their own school; such a diversity of in-

terests surprising us because of the few inhabitants. They were a pioneer settlement, foreigners in a strange land.

The Ahsheeah wanted to stay another day but we refused, pointing out that we had enough food according to their calculation and if they had not sufficient, one of their men could stay behind and come on later. We repeated what they had heard before, that they were supposed to come ahead and buy supplies. These emphatic remarks stimulated their pokiness into action. Food was purchased and tied into loads. We told our guides that we had only a little money but since they were going to arrange credit for our food to be bought later on we would pay for this in cash. This was a mistake as they believed we were not telling the truth about our funds when we settled our bills in silver.

XIV

THE MONKEY TRAIL

HWAGANS had been prepared for the women of the party for the next part of the journey and rope seats had been woven inside baskets for the children to sit on, the basket to be carried on the backs of men. A narrow road to Sele and then the climb became so steep that the women had to desert their chairs and walk part of the time. The road now became mere footholds on rock faces at many places. I began to understand that it was useless, dangerous and slow for horses unless they were led around these spots which would further delay the whole party. We passed a large party of Lesu squatting under their temporary shacks of wild banana leaves on a framework of bamboo. Half naked and smoking their long pipes they stared at us like imps. A long winding trail led us, near twilight, to a rushing creek whose beauty tempted the unwary traveler but whose current was a dance to death. We crossed one at a time on two rotten logs and stopped on the far bank to discuss the possibility of going up a short distance to the village of Hrewadi. The Ahsheeah and Akudolo affirmed that it would be long after dark before some of our men would arrive and they never would make the steep hill climb, so we camped here. A box of medical supplies and a few baby clothes from Batang which we had asked for by runner at Tsetchong caught up with us to our joy. Our first letters from Batang friends were filled with their reactions about the robbery. We sent back replies, stating our position and prospects.

The next morning it was raining so hard that no one wanted to venture out. It was impossible to arouse enough pep in some of the foreigners let alone the natives who had to lug wet tents and soaked bags of food up a mud slide. As there was no sign of cessation some of the men groaning over

their loads, started out. Around eleven o'clock the rain ceased and the rest of us waded in mud and water up the road, which was now a drainage ditch.

When dinner was over in the damp hut of the headman of Hrewadi, we had one of the most depressing scenes of the whole trip. The quarrelling between the Ahsheeah and Akudolo reached a culmination. The Ahsheeah had been trying to get rid of all of the Tsetchong men in order to replace them with forced carriers of their own. Some of the more spirited grew angry. For a time there was danger of violence. We could do nothing with them, so after informing our guides and caravan leaders that they must see that the loads followed we got ready to depart. Then the Ahsheeah, who alone had accurate information of the route, came up.

"You are not going to try to go on?'- said the chief guide with a feigned look of astonishment.

"We certainly are. Do you think we can stay here forever or until our food is all gone?" was our retort.

"But there is no water which we can reach this afternoon."

"No water, with all of this rain! Besides you told me this forenoon that we could reach water in two or three hours."

"Well, there is water but it is a hard climb and it may rain. Some of the men are leaving."

"Yes, they are leaving because you are interfering with Akudolo's business. Didn't we make it plain that your sole duties were to guide and interpret for us until we reached the New Road? At the New Road you are to hire the men. You understood that before we hired you. Now, you either go with us according to your contract or we will go back and hire new guides."

"Yes, we can make the water and we will go on," said the guide quickly. "We understand what you and we agreed to, back in Bahang. But the men don't want to go on."

"That is not your affair; your job is to guide us. Akudolo, come here." The caravan leader came slowly forward.

"We are going to leave here and go two or three hours' journey on to the next water. We must travel some each day or we will never get there. You tell the men to put their loads on their backs and the chairmen to take hold of their chairs."

"I am perfectly willing to go on, but some of the men are going back home saying that the road is too hard for them," Akudolo answered.

"Well, you tell any of the men that leave that they will not be paid, while those that go on will be given a bonus. We will start in a few minutes."

The faithful Akudolo gathered his men together and we left. He had difficulty keeping the gang together but only six men deserted and two of these he replaced. The assistant cook and personal clothes washer had to carry the baby. Loads were rearranged and everyone carried so that in the course of time the belated ones crept into camp.

The chairs were undermanned because some of the deserters had been chair-carriers. The women walked part of the time and finally the precipitious path forced all to rest. We were informed by all who had been over this route that from this time on chairs would be useless. Lack of men compelled us to accept this statement and we found it true to our discomfort. The chairs were abandoned with the exception of Lora's and that too was forsaken the next morning. The chairmen were now compelled to lead and push the women up the acclivity. The tall swale grass gave place to fern and young bamboo which surrounded us in our encampment. The dripping pool was not sufficient for our large party and water had to be brought through a long stretch of matted bamboo thicket. Lesu root hunters arrived and crowded the narrow ridge. They were going up into the mountains to hunt roots and plants that are sold to the Chinese traders who market them for medicinal purposes.

The fair morning of August 5th will be memorable for the trail we began. The road was more of a cow path than a road, only a cow would not be able to get over many of the

spots. It was called the Monkey Trail by the native people because only men and monkeys could swing over the immense trees whose fallen trunks disputed possession. The monkeys had the advantage when it came to swinging under thrust-out limbs that threatened to tear off one's clothes. Since each of us had only one suit this would have been a serious misfortune in our case.

Because of a shortage of men, two more Lesu had deserted us the night before and I was compelled to be the mainstay in helping Louise up the mountain. In the freshness of the morning we made good progress, but the higher we climbed the rougher the trail became and the path steepened as it went upward. Living tree root-ladders displaced the grassy mire. The recent rains had made the roots slippery. Soon the altitude began to tire us so that we were forced to rest every few hundred feet. As time went on the strain of pulling one's own weight up straight drops of five or six feet became torture. Louise leaned more and more on me. Every time we stopped, the inevitable question would be asked by someone as to how near we were to the top. The guides kept answering that it was just a short distance until the ire in our eyes warned them that it was about time to quit lying. They failed to stop and rest at the next rendezvous, so we had no one to cheer us on!

Our rest periods became longer and longer and our advances shortened to twenty-five feet. Eleven o'clock came and vanished into twelve and we still toiled on, wondering if we would ever reach the top. The guides had gone on ahead to prepare dinner. We had had an early breakfast and so became faint long before noon. I always carried a few pieces of wiry doughbread but this had been divided long since among the children. One o'clock approached and we wondered if the guides had led us into the wilderness to perish, for all this time we were in a dense forest which gave us no glimpse from any side except now and then the distant hills across the valley. We rested more than we ran. We

worried more than we walked. I had almost to drag Louise and Mrs. MacLeod was being helped by two men, one to pull and the other to push. Mr. MacLeod and the children had preceded us an unknown distance. Lack of food was making us faint and we did not know how far ahead the guides were nor when we would have dinner, the food carriers being in the rear. Birds sang beautifully and flowers bloomed radiantly, but they only mocked us in our agonizing progress. We were alone and the trail was faint. What if we should wander from the right path? The rarefied air was a will o' the wisp. We could not catch enough of it to satisfy our ebbing strength. When we had just about given up hope of reaching the top, the path glided into a gentle slope—a token that the end was not far off. Soon we could see the tops of the trees leveling and we knew the pass was near. We rounded the top and literally fell with a cry of glad surprise into the camp. The water proved to be pool water, or surface water running into a dugout basin in a ravine, the beginning of a brook that later swells out into a river. The trickle of water in a source which we call "pool water" fills a bucket in about half an hour.

The carriers with the food did not arrive until about three o'clock when we had dinner and prepared to stay all night at this altitude of about eleven thousand feet. Some of the men did not show up until dark but fortunately for us our bedding arrived just before dusk settled down. We had to clear some of the forest, roll away logs and level off the ground before we could pitch the tents. For the next ten days we were never sure whether we would be in our beds the next morning when we awoke or halfway down hill toward the next stage. We called this Camp Despair for we had despaired of ever reaching it, crawling along on empty stomachs.

Hope came with the brightness of the next morning. We dropped 2,000 feet to Domba, an uninhabited town of banana-bamboo shacks. The inhabitants plodded in as we were eating dinner. They were the Lesu, about fifty in number, who

happened to be traveling at the same time we were. They were all bound for the mountain which we must cross to reach the Irewadi. There they would fill their packs (now filled with food) with the small yellow root rarely larger than a lead pencil which Chinese desire as headache and stomach medicine. When roots had replaced most of their food they would trek back again.

Leaving Domba we had to worm our way through millions of fishing poles to Tsekitu. A rich loam, ankle deep on a rock base, supports these rods which fall and decay to grow other poles, because no one in this country goes fishing. The sheep which Father André had given us was sacrificed at Tsekitu. He had grown thinner from the rough journey, but his meat would not keep at a lower altitude.

When Akudolo and the Ahsheeah had yelled out the roll call of men it was found that two of our Lesu, one from Sekine and one from Hrewadi, had silently stolen away in the darkness of the night. We were getting used to deserters but began to figure out how long we could stand this decrease daily and still keep going without abandoning anything vital.

Rain set in as we started, continuing upward on the path which was now often wide enough for us to place our feet side by side on the trail, broadening out occasionally to an expanse of two feet in width. Experience in twisting through a football line came in handy this day, though it was a sad misfortune that some of the party had not had that training. Bamboo thickets grew on each side of the path, their graceful limbs canopied so low that we could only keep the trail by following the tracks ahead of us. The first man to go through this quivering jungle had to be one of the guides who had done it before. Our feet were kept from sinking too deep in the mire by fallen bamboo trunks, many hidden below the top of the ground.

A long toilsome march through this reeking, dripping jungle ended in a marsh of a hundred lakes whose swampy shores were a hundred pitfalls for unguided feet. Their

miry banks often plunged us knee deep in mud and water. The first man in feeling out the path would suddenly drop down to his waist, which helped us out for we waited until he floundered to a shallow bottom again. The women had to be carried part of the time on the backs of men. It must have taken considerable courage for them to cling to a man when he was struggling through a boggy ford with water of unknown depth on each side. We finally slushed out of this swamp to a tiny glacier which rounded another bamboo forest like unto the first. A half hour of this under the encouraging patter of the rain which had been soaking us to the skin all day and we reached the caves which were supposed to be our camping place for the night. We walked over to the first cave and peered inside. Our Lesu Nemesis had not left us. The cave was filled with men and there was no vacant spot large enough to set up our tent outside, unless we placed it over a running brook full of big stones. I told the men that we must go on. Other caves were tried with the same result, all being full of Lesu herb hunters. After a half hour of breathless walking the bamboo merged into scrub rhododendrom at the foot of a glacier. We scouted around for a camping place and decided on a point near a long flat rock that seemed highest and most uniform. As the men came up we set up the tents. As soon as Louise came in she took off her wet clothes, put on a few dry ones and crawled into bed. Mr. MacLeod pulled in with a heavy attack of malaria and fever that had been with him for four days and made it almost impossible for him to reach the camp. He and his family who arrived soon afterward only waited for the pitching of the tent before they changed their wet clothes and tumbled into bed. With extraordinary effort the servants gathered a few dry sticks of wood in caves and started a fire. Coffee was made and rice boiled but most of the party were so exhausted that they had no appetite. All they wanted was to get warm and fall asleep.

In this place at the mouth of a glacier which may right-

fully be called Dismal Camp, we passed the most miserable night of the whole trip. Our camping ground was so soggy and water-soaked that our shoes filled anew at every step. The carriers were worse off than we were. They scattered around among the caves crowding in where they could beside a fire to pass a cold chilly night in wet clothes. Most of our bedding was damp but we had sufficient of it to sleep warm though wet. The men had plenty of warmth in their heavy woolen cloaks, if they could have been dry. Our servants laid their beds on the long flat rock and pulled the fly over them where the rain soaked them all night long. I wonder yet that no one sickened from that fearful exposure.

The rain had ceased shortly before dawn but there was every indication that the threatening clouds would pour out their wrath again within a short time. The morale of the men was zero. We insisted that we must move on or we would die in this dismal swamp. A number wanted us to pay them off so they could return home.

"Where could we get other men now in this frozen desert to take your place?" we argued.

"We cannot go on as we did not sleep last night and we are wet and cold now," they whined.

"We know that you had a fearful time of it last night but when we get over this pass, and it is only a short distance to the top, we will soon go lower down where it will be warm and you can get dry."

"But it is a long way and we will go no further."

I turned to our Christian caravan leader, Akudolo.

"Are you going to leave us?"

"No," he answered, "I am going on to the New Road as I promised."

"You cannot leave us now, for the children may die. If you have any mercy in your heart you will not leave the children here to perish," remonstrated Mr. MacLeod.

One of the principal kickers was the man who was carrying Duncan MacLeod, who was a much lighter load than most

of the food and clothing burdens, Duncan walking considerably to help the man out. The refractory men were not moved by pleas, remonstrances or argument from Mr. MacLeod or myself. Finally we put in our last most powerful shot.

"Well, if you men leave us now you will not get one red tongyen of pay that is due you, while if you go on you will get an extra present," were my parting words. Mr. MacLeod sustained and strengthened these words, and then we left the men to digest them.

As we were leaving, Akudolo, who afterwards told us that he was a Christian as we were, gave us a knowing look. Brave and faithful, he then said something that caused a turn in the thought of the disgruntled carriers. The grumblers picked up their baskets and slowly followed in the rear while we set out to conquer the last seven hundred and fifty feet of mushy glacier and precipitious rock. Men were needed to push and pull the women up the fifty degree angle. Ropes were fastened around their waists to which the women clung as the men scrambled up; while one or more would hoist from behind. A coolie and I half carried and half dragged my wife up the airless height. Other men rendered the same services to Mrs. MacLeod. Even these helpers must each lug a light load because the amount of food eaten had not yet kept pace with the decreasing force of men. We were getting far enough away from home that the distance, and more potent yet, the loss of wages, would deter those who might think of desertion.

This pass, except the last thousand feet, had been approached by such easy gradients that the rarefied air had not worn us out as it did at the much lower pass two days previous. As we neared the top we were dismayed to see masses of bones scattered along the roadside. They looked like human skeletons and we asked the guides what they were. He answered that these were men who had been caught in heavy snowfalls at the crossing of the pass and, exhausted by the climbing at this high altitude, did not have the strength to

continue before they were frozen to death. Every year a number of men leave their flesh to feed wolves and their bones to bleach whiter than the snow that covered them. We were grateful that no such disaster had overtaken us.

Slowly we moved along a precipice while the rain assailed us. We were now in the valley of the Irewadi but this didn't thrill us for we did not know it until later. At noon we had to eat lunch of rice and beans without any water, because there were no streams at hand. It seems odd to speak of no water when there was a constant downpour, but one can't set out a pail and catch water when on the march. As we mounted another five hundred feet over a second pass we were on the boundary between India and China, but it did not arouse any enthusiasm. We slid down a long spur that twisted us around so that we lost our sense of direction and after being on the road all day we stopped at about four o'clock to pitch our tent in a wet, soggy bunch of weeds. Pitching a tent in a steady downpour of rain that chills one as it strikes is no bit of fun especially when the weeds are high and the slope uneven; but we finally had the tents stretched tight and the crying children on cots where they lay wrapped up in wet blankets.

The next day there was no sign of a let up. The spirits of the men soaked away with the dripping waters. It was only by constant fanning that a fire was kept going. The heat from such a fire did not even keep the fanner warm. Talk as we would we could not persuade the men to go on. They wanted to wait until it ceased raining. Pointing out that it might rain for several days in succession was wasted energy, but our fussing with them had two good effects. It kept us warm and it kept the minds of the men off of their condition for a short time at least. After several hours of haranguing with the leaders and some of the men we obtained assurances that we would move on the next morning. Rain is always depressing; a warm rain numbs activity and a cold rain paralyzes it. This was a cold rain.

Clear sky broke about three in the afternoon when it was too late to attempt a journey. We had a fire built in front of our tent where we tried to dry clothes. Louise and our children spent the day in bed. I strung lines over the fire and in between the intervals of blowing up the fire, gasping for air and blowing my nose, I turned the clothes. Several fell in the fire but were only slightly scorched. The smoke filled the tent. Our eyes watered constantly, our throats dried out and we coughed gustily. I would rather have carried two packs down hill than have to pass another day such as we spent here. But we lived with all of the comforts of a hotel, for did we not eat our meals in bed?

There was one serious calamity. Some bichloride of mercury water was being heated to treat an infection of John Kenneth's hand when the hot pan was tipped over and spilled into a pot of beans. No one would eat the beans except Half-Jack and he was none the worse for an antiseptic meal. I think this was the last square meal he received for twenty days, getting only left-overs and they grew scantier each day.

The following day, August 10th, broke fair. We plodded through the usual jungle of bamboo and over the protruding roots of firs on a path so steep that we often had to go sideways. While in the bamboo thicket we watched carefully lest we miss the uncertain trail, in the dense haze that now enveloped us. What was our dismay when fifteen of us really lost the main body. We tried to steer back but as the party began to become panicky, we halted and set up a yell. Our shouts were heard before we had gone far. The guide found his bearings and we hacked our way at an angle back to the faint trail. Our men, like all the people of this country, carried short swords resembling corn knives but much heavier. These swords were indispensable on the march and the men were adept in discovering hacked trees made by other caravans.

As we half slid and half jumped down the grade, the misty clouds grew lighter, until we emerged upon a grassy

hillside into bright sunlight. The soil soaks up the moisture so fast that the pool basin at our noon stop was almost dry. The afternoon's march was over a hard grassy turf so slippery and steep that it was worse than climbing up hill. A slip here would be serious for the low grass was devoid of rocks or shrubs and so near a cliff that a falling person would roll down hundreds of feet to the river roaring below. We were actually afraid that we would fall off the mountain and land in the rushing river.

Our next stop was high above the river at a little distance from the village of Millewah at whose foot tumbles a torrent that is the boundary line between China and Burma. This stream comes down from near the pass which we had crossed two days before. Here beside a pool formed by the water that drained off the hillside into a depression we found ideal places for our shelters. The men made themselves glistening banana huts that enticed one to slumber. The sky was bright. The air was warm. We were not over seven thousand feet above the sea. Waterlogged for days, we dried out and felt like human beings once more.

From this elevated site we should have enjoyed the expanse spread before us. Wave on wave of rounded hills, whose bases bounded charging rivers that twisted through superheated banks of sweating tropical plants, mounted up and down in endless succession until they were lost in the immeasureable horizon. No smoke curled upward from the recesses of this corrugated jungle. No trace of the altering hand of man could be detected. The feeble handiwork of its wild people was so scattered and so like the moldings of God that it could not be discovered. There were people, but like the lilies of the field they toiled not, neither did they spin. The Chinese called them wild men. They had not been domesticated by stern necessity. Nature provided for their wants and they were content.

We were still in China but this jutting point was our last contact with her soil. Behind us to the east and north were

thousands of miles of freezing heights rarely trod by the foot of civilized man. We had suffered there. Before us to the south and the west were hundreds of miles of rolling jungle unconquered and unknown. We were to suffer there. It seemed ages since we had left home and comfort. It was to seem ages longer before we would reach comfort and home again.

We were now in a foreign land. We had been at home with the Chinese and we had not felt very strange with the Chinese-dressed Lesu and Lutzu whose principal distinctive features of ornaments and weapons testified to their relation to these wilder tribes. We were now among a people called Chutzu by the Chinese, whose dress, habits of living and manners indicated that they had only the slightest contact with other peoples. Money had no value to them because there was nothing for them to buy; and it was too hard for their rude tools to beat into ornaments. Some of them had never seen coins before we passed through to hire them.

On the morrow we had our most violent disputes over our plight. Some wanted the milk reserved for the use of the children. Some were fearful lest they die in this land. Most of the party were ill with malaria. Our stock of quinine was so meager that it had to be carefully conserved. Everyone was becoming tired from the rough marches which now could be made only with great difficulty. Everybody was so weary at the end of the day that even the smallest trifles would irritate. Our stages had to be commensurate with the strength of the weaker. We did not average over eight or ten miles a day, but hewing a path through high altitude jungle is not marching over a macadamized highway.

Harassed by a threatened shortage of food, disheartened by sickness that tried our tempers and our courage, and dismayed by the slowness of our progress, we faced the unknown future, over a trail which seemed endless, with faith in the God of Heaven and Earth. The way might be long and the path rough but so much greater is the rejoicing when the

journey is done. We did not believe that God intended our destiny to be undiscoverable graves in this wilderness.

Arriving at the edge of the river we crossed the third rope bridge of our journey. This one was different from the others in structure. The one for the westward crossing had four sections, one new strand stretched in honor of our expected approach, and this eastward one had three distinct strands instead of being woven into one combined cable. The familiar wooden saddle or trough was suspended over two, three or four strands according to the weight of the load. As each strand contained ten strips, making it about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, the combining strands made a loose cable just as reliable as those over the Mekong and Salween. We had become so seasoned to swinging over surging torrents from a swaying rope that fear of its breaking troubled us no longer.

The Chutzu fasten their body to the cable at a different angle than the Tibetans and Lesu. The latter tie themselves tightly in a sitting position and ride along with the cable opposite the lower chest. The former fasten their fibre ropes around the waist and lie level, suspended beneath the cable, waist grasping the rope with their hands and pulling themselves along like a monkey each outstretched leg moving rhythmically in unison with the opposite arm. They wear only a scanty breech cloth and their skins are bronzed which made the resemblance so striking that the carriers exclaimed to us, "They look like monkeys crossing that cable." We had been seeking a name for this road; we found it here and knew the name was fitting. We were indeed on "The Monkey Trail." Following in the footsteps of man's reputed ancestors it was not altogether strange that we must adopt some of his habits. It may have been a reversion to type but necessity knows no pride.

This river is called the Chujiang by the Chinese—Chu being the designation of the people and Jiang meaning river. Wild and turbulent it is, a twin brother in fierceness to the

Mekong and the Salween and the Yangtze with which it runs in a parallel line for a long distance in the interior of Tibet. No other section of the world can boast of such a unique phenomena as that of four mighty rivers coursing parallel to each other and separated by only a single narrow mountain range and four parallel canyons so deep that days are required to climb out of one bottomless pit and down into another. The Chujiang which is the N'mai Kha of Burma is the least of these four giants. It looks to be about a hundred feet wide, one third the width of the Salween but with a current that rivals the Mekong. A mile or two below this point the river swings around to the west, the first of the quartet to break the parallelism.

On the west bank of the Chujiang is a small village, Mondu. Here we ate dinner and quartered our caravan. We were now in a land of bamboo huts. Bamboo trees, large and small, whole and split, were used in the construction of the roomy, clean looking houses. Bamboo leaves tied together in sheaves were the shingles for the roof. Because of their airiness, ease of construction and lightness, these homes are ideal for this climate. The heat and humidity demand a building that will easily dry out; the primitive tools of the people make a more solid home impossible; the lightness of the timber enables them to perch the home high in the air so that insects, snakes and rats cannot harbor underneath. The shining yellow bamboo fastened in artistic weaving without the use of pegs or nails is beautiful when first built, but the constant rains with the bleaching of the sun soon tints it a dark gray which lends the whole an air of unstability and decay.

Four of the men insisted that they could not go on because all of their food was gone. This starving wail was soon to become a familiar tune. These four men were Lesu from Sekeen. Investigation proved they had started with food for a longer period but had gorged themselves. When they awoke at night they would build a fire and eat a hearty meal before lying down to sleep again. Improvident, they satiated

themselves like animals when they had food and went hungry when it was gone. We paid them off although we hated to part with any of our limited funds. Four Chutzu were hired in their place.

The slowness of our advance and the continued short stages which we must make until we struck the New Road caused us much anxiety. We had started out from Sekeen with chairs, because the guides affirmed that we would be able to use them. Their statement was misleading for the women had been walking every day since we left that place. Other assertions of the Ahsheeah turned out to be false so that we had no assurance that they were telling us the truth about the future road. The New Road might be farther than they stated and when reached might be of such a nature that chairs could not be used. In a land of uncertainty and with an undoubted shortage of food, we resolved to despatch a messenger ahead asking for relief. Mr. MacLeod and I both wrote letters to the foreigners who were reputed to be at Fort Hertz.

The Ahsheeah pointed out to us a house set apart from the rest, which they claimed was a hut erected by the English government and in which once a year a native agent gathered the people to pay their yearly tax. The boundary line ran west up to the top of the mountains where it followed the range on north. That the way might be prepared for us the Ahsheeah cut out a wooden paddle having a notch on each edge near the tip, one for each family, and a diagonal groove on the back which indicated that the road was to be prepared in advance for us. We signed our names in huge letters on the blade and between the signatures added a few words about our need of food and help. We insisted that the letters go forward rapidly and the Ahsheeah assured us that they would likely reach Kamde in twelve to fifteen days. The letters and paddle went along together by special runner that afternoon.

The Chutzu have no written language, their speech has yet to be reduced to writing. They have no knowledge of characters so that signs are necessary. It was our first experi-

ence with notched stick correspondence. I wrote down over a hundred common words in English and secured through the men of the caravan the equivalent of these words in the five languages of Tibetan, Chinese, Lutzu, Lesu, and Chutzu. Comparison of these words proved that only the Lutzu and Chutzu languages were closely related. The men of the caravan who knew both languages said that they were very much alike having a large number of words in common, while others vary only in tone. They must be dialects of the same root language. The Lesu, Lutzu and Chutzu all have tones and aspirates.

We left the malaria infested village of Mondu at our usual starting hour of eight-thirty. It was the twelfth of August. The path now led over low saddles, countless spurs and deep vales sometimes along the bank of the river and sometimes high above it. We followed the N'ami Kha for sixty miles in its westward race to the point where it dashes southward, paging this river for five fearful days. Previously we had travelled in a cool altitude, except one or two days. Now we began to swelter under a tropical sun. Insects swarmed around us by day and by night. Movement was our only relief, but we were not perpetual motion machines and the insects were perpetual because they worked in relays. That is where we lost out. At night the mosquitoes and sand flies did business while during the day blister flies, wasps, sweat bees, blue bottle flies, green bottle flies, no bottle flies, horse flies, grey stinging horse flies, and the common house flies, which were the least of many others too numerous to mention were on duty.

On our second day we climbed over a cataract spanned by a bridge of three bamboo poles lashed together. A railing had been fixed up at one side but trying to use it almost precipitated me into the river so that those following were warned to trust only to the three poles laid close together for the feet. The women and loads had to be assisted across this torrent as a plunge would have meant death on the rocks below. The

end of the bridge rested on a huge rock from which we descended by a ladder into a green cavern. From here on we had frequent ladders many of which were notched logs grown mossy and rotten with age. Now and then one would break but, fortunately, no lives were lost. Hereafter our dog Half-Jack found the ladders impossible to climb and had to be helped up them. He would jump and fall down them. There was no detour.

When we chanced upon an inhabited shack to stay in the few people would crowd us. They had never seen a tiny white baby before—Marion Louise, who was the cynosure of all eyes, was just four months old.

Once in a while we could buy chickens so thin and wiry that we called them robins. They did not have enough fat to make good soup. A fat chicken would never be able to crawl through the thick tangled jungle or the tall wire-like swamp grass. Twice we had a few fish but in our large party these did not give everyone a taste. For twenty days we saw no animal larger than a dog and dogs were very rare. We were informed that the people would travel for days to secure a cow which once in their possession would be killed for a village feast. It seemed incredible but no fruit was available. Several fig trees whose green fruit tantalized us were passed just before our first night's camp on the river's rare sands.

Along grassy lined paths, the footing so narrow and steep that a leech could hardly have obtained a real footing, we wound our weary way. Up and down dripping leafy lanes we crawled only to find another curve back to the valley top ahead of us. Once we had to climb along the face of a granite cliff, whose mossy face was broken by a rough split which had to serve as footing for our feet as we leaned against the cliff—below, the gurgling waters of a deep pool yawning to embrace us. Tree-root ladders and uncertain vines supported our tired bodies along such a precipitious face that fear was crowded out by the attention which we must give to our foot-

holds. Three and four mountain torrents were passed every half day. Most of these streams had to be crossed by walking a moss-covered log that had been felled as a bridge over the water. With bare feet it was not bad but with shoes it was torture. Often we made a human rope to clamber down the side of a cliff, the loads being let down from one hand to another or slid down by a thong.

As we rounded a bend in the river that evening there burst in view a glorious flow of water that poured over a ledge onto the banks of the N'ami Kha. It was one of the usual mountain torrents, not over twenty feet wide where it was crossed by a log on the top of the spur. In a sheer drop of two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet the crystal water spread out into a thin sheet of diamonds that melted into a cloud of mist which the wind drove up and down the river. We crossed through this whirling mist which now drenched us, now held threateningly over us, as the playful wind darted to another point. We were in a cave of winds under a miniature Niagara. Our camp was on the sands just beyond the waterfall. The next morning, as we prepared to depart across the river along the forested shore, gusts of mist rose like wisps of smoke from a thousand fires, circling and curling heavenward from every ravine, pillars of incense from unnumbered altars. But we knew that no hand of man had created those thin white clouds; of men there were few who could even gaze at these scenes. Set in an unknown wilderness, this paragon of beauty hurls down a continuous string of pearls into the diamond studded waters of the river which rumbles past pillars of mist that stream out of sweating forests under the lure of a burning sun.

One day Louise fell through a rotten bamboo support along a precipice and badly bruised her side which made it painful for her to walk or to be carried. She must have cracked a rib as the pain did not subside for three weeks. The women were walking most of the way; they rested themselves occasionally by riding on the backs of the former chair car-

riers who relieved each other at this arduous task. As Louise was nursing the baby girl, she needed all of the strength which she could conserve. Five days from Mondu she was so worn out that we carried her on a cot the last thousand feet to the New Road. She was so exhausted that I had to give her a little grain alcohol as a stimulant. We were greatly worried about her. But there was the one bright ray of hope. We had arrived at the New Road!

Gushen was a magic name to us. It was the beginning of the New Road. We had been struggling for five days since crossing the Chu River or the N'mai Kha and twenty-four days since leaving Tsetchong, to reach this place. We were surprised in only one respect, the New Road was much wider and better built than we had dared to think possible. To reach a road, which was wide enough for chairs or for a horse and likewise graded to an incline which did not require one to support the body with a hand on bank or root, was unbounded relief and pleasure. We found, however, that we had dropped old troubles to take on new ones.

Akudolo and his faithful crew must leave us here. We were sorry to lose some of them. We paid off twenty while four were chosen by the guides to accompany us on to Kamde. Here the real responsibility of the Ahsheeah began. They must find carriers and pay them. They must see that we secured food. We gave liberal bonuses to our Tsetchong men who did not have enough food to take them back to Sekeen but must eke out their food supply with greens which grew on the mountains. Most of the men had been faithful under the most trying circumstances but a few of the former chair-carriers had been grumblers and groaners whom we would have liked to dismiss with a well-placed kick but restrained ourselves and gave instead a scathing denunciation. When we arose the next morning they were gone, having left in the first rays of light. With all of their faults, we felt lonely without them for the last ties of Tsetchong represented by a Christian Tibetan, Akudolo, had been severed forever.

XV

A RACE WITH STARVATION

THE tender associations of mutual hardships were swallowed by the demands of the present. Our next thought was the buying of food. The Ahsheeah had promised us that food could be obtained at this point but when we asked our guides to buy supplies they could get nothing but two scrawny chickens. By searching and pleading they finally bought a few fish and some roots. There was only one house here and four across the river and one now and then within two miles of Gushen. It was just a bare two weeks until the tiny fields of millet would be harvested, but we could not wait that long. Careful survey of our food supply revealed that we had enough for ten days, provided it could be supplemented by a stray chicken. It was fifteen stages to Kamde and as delays are inevitable we must consider that a possible twenty days would elapse before we reached aid.

A day of renewed rest was necessary for the building of baskets and of hwagans. Bamboo was plentiful and our permanent staff of ten men skilled in construction of these articles. A large basket was made for both of our children, Marion Louise's smaller basket being fitted into one end and John Kenneth sitting in the other end. Two bamboo poles were attached to the sides of this larger basket and two men carried both of the children. Four men carried the chair of each woman. Two men were used for Lora in one chair and two for Duncan and Shelton in a double chair. Mr. MacLeod and I walked.

The lessened supply of food and the fact that most of the men would only carry for one or two days at a time necessitated a reduction of men and on the other hand the smaller physique of the Chutzu required that the loads be lighter. Our new party would consist of thirty-four men, thirty of them

bearing a burden. The eight foreigners made a grand total of forty-two.

We were now trusting ourselves to the Chutzu who composed more than two-thirds of our outfit. Simple, improvident children of the forest they were, living, in this lean season of the year when the food of the previous harvest had been consumed and the new crop was not yet ripe, on the pulpy center of the sago palm, the tips of bamboo shoots, banana buds, red and yellow blackberries, and a variety of tree roots including those of ferns and lilies. Such a diet left them thin, pot-bellied and dull-eyed. They had not the strength to carry us more than two days at a stretch. In this scant population the carriers must be recruited from an area of two square miles. Many times some of the men must be held over for another stage before they could be exchanged. Mature men only were used for the chairs, while women and youths and young girls of fifteen and over shouldered the light packs.

Casual glances directed toward the chairs as they moved through the forest would have led one to believe that the carriers were naked. All that many of them wore was a short skirt that was readily converted into a loin cloth which sometimes was very scant indeed. When it was raining these Chutzu had a peculiarity of desiring a mantle thrown over head and shoulders, or if they lacked this they would cut off a banana leaf which they held over their head with their free hand. Every one of the males carried a short sword not unlike a corn knife in a wooden scabbard supported by a bamboo hoop which was slung under the left shoulder. The women would borrow from a man if they had use for a knife. Thin black coppery threads were worn around one or both calves by the men but especially around the left calf of the leg. At first I thought they were copper but after inspection I was told that they were bamboo threads that had been blackened. The ears are sometimes pierced for the wearing of jewels. The

hair is clipped short. The short stout men are often handsome when young.

Chutzu women wear a short narrow skirt that hangs above the knees and is tucked tight around the hips. The favorite colors are red and blue, stripes on a background of grey. The cloth seemed to be linen and was homespun. Sometimes the women have a loose shawl tied by a knot over the left shoulder or in front which partially covers their bosom but leaves the abdomen bare. Around their waist are yards of the blackened bamboo threads. Strings of beads or white buttons are worn around the neck and around the naked waist where they rest on the top of the skirt. The lips are circled by three or four curved blue lines which cover the chin and upper lip. Bobbed hair is the fashion for the women. Some of them have heavy brass bracelets around their left wrist, one woman having seven varying in width up to a half inch. Sometimes, if they wish to dress up, the women thrust sticks of bamboo an inch in diameter into the lobe of the left ear or even into both ears. The young maidens are comely but they age rapidly.

We saw very few old people of either sex. Babies were rare or they were kept hidden. Undoubtedly the birth and death rate are high, a fact that keeps the population practically stationary. The few babies we saw were carried slung on the back in the same manner that packs are carried. It was an interesting study to note how various people supported packs on their backs. Tibetans pass a leather thong underneath the burden and tie around the shoulders the two ends which they regulate by their hands at their chest to keep it tight or loose, as they desire. The Chutzu fasten the loop around the forehead. They make their rope out of bamboo and the part which fits over the head is wider and flatter than the other portions. They ascertain the size of the loop required and tie it together around the load. Then they must bend down and place their forehead under the proper place and rise under the weight of their burden. Often a flat piece of wood is fitted to the

shoulder and the bamboo thong attached through holes in the ends of this board. When their heads become tired or if the burden is too heavy they adjust this shoulder frame so that some or most of the weight rests on the shoulder. The Chutzu had never carried a chair before so they would attempt to fasten their pack slings to the poles. Every new crew as they came on had to be taught to carry by resting the poles on their shoulders.

We left the shack of Gushen on the eighteenth of August. For ten days we had had only an occasional rain that soaked us through when we would quickly dry out in the sun. On the twenty-third there began another wet stretch which lasted for the next three weeks. From the beginning of this deluge until we dried out in Kamde our day clothes ranged from dampness to saturation and at night we slept in bedding that was soon musty and mouldy.

Our first day out of Gushen was discouraging. It was almost dark when we reached a valley which was reputed to be a fine place. It was fine only the bananas and weeds and bamboo had so thickly covered the huge stones that it was a mountain of labor to make it usable as a camping place. Everything was wet and everybody was tired and hungry. We slashed away at the jungle, broke down weeds, cut off banana plants and heaved rocks, and sometime after dark managed to pitch our tents. There were no lights except candles and they were always going out when most needed. The wood was wet, so we ate a fireless supper of weak tea and tsamba.

The hardships of the night before were balanced the next day when we were able to make the government house of Wangchedow. Here we paid out a little cash to the returning carriers. The Chinese guides were astonished to find that we had no more money. Now they believed what we had told them at Sekeen. We reminded them that they were to finance us from the New Road on to Kamde. This placed them in a tight hole and they resorted to a written contract

to which we had to consent. A long stick was brought and for every day's pay a notch was cut on one end. Then the stick was broken in two; one end was given to a designated leader of the returning coolies and the other end retained by the guides. On the return of the Asheeah from Kamde with funds the broken stick would be fitted into its mate and the men paid the money due to them.

We were rounding a miry spur dark and gloomy when one of the Chutzu suddenly put down his pack and climbed a tree. Up twenty feet he walked with the aid of a vine and brought down a mass of twigs which looked like a large bird's nest. Dissecting it into layers of fine grass and hair there were found two monkeys about the size of half grown rats. Their features and light grey color would have led anyone to call them rats at the first glance. One was dead but the other one was alive although blind and helpless. They must have been born only a day or two before. The mother soon began to chirp and cry like a bird. We could not locate her but our men said that it was the mother monkey mourning her young. I told the men to put the live one back in the nest and leave it by the tree. This species of monkey, so the men said, was small, attaining a height of one foot when full grown. One of our Chinese, the cook, said he would take the dead baby monkey along and make medicine out of it.

An hour's march out of Wangchedow took us to the Dee Dji River, one hundred feet wide at this narrow point near the mouth. Here there was a newly built cable. Three hoops were fastened together with five bamboo strips, forming a barrel. We were shoved in at one end and pulled across the river by an attached rattan rope. My barrel stuck on one of the knots and refused to budge. I had the baby, Marion Louise, in one arm so that I had only one hand free. Tugging violently did not release me. The boiling waters below were not an inviting spectacle. I began to sweat as I tugged at the barrel which was tipping to one side while the men were jerk-

(1) Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod and children taken at Rangoon after the trip through the Burmese jungle. (2) Dr. Shelton and his two mules, both named "Abe." (3) Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, John Kenneth and Marion.

ing it. For a moment I became panic-stricken as I held tightly to the baby with one hand and strove to aid the barrel hoops over the knot. I knew that the rattan cable was too weak to permit a man to come out and help me. Realization that I must help myself calmed my fears and I stopped jerking to note carefully why I was stuck. Examination revealed that I must pull myself back an inch as the knot had a fork sticking out which would not permit a forward movement. With strenuous efforts I pulled the barrel back and lifted the hoops over the knot with one hand. Now, the men pulled me in without any more trouble. I never felt happier in my life as I thanked God that I had been able to bring the baby safely out of that predicament.

We ate the last meal of old moldy rice on the twentieth of August. Our white sugar and tea were all gone. We still had a half-pound of brown sugar which, dirty as it was, was carefully kept for the tsamba and children's cocoa, which they had once a day. Fortunately we were able to buy more rice, enough for three meals, that very evening.

The next day we bade farewell to the Chu Jiang or N'mai Kha river and turned northwest up a branch of this river which is known as the Tololong or Tolo Jiang by the Chinese. It is a turbulent stream now more than a hundred feet wide. We cannot soon forget it as we were compelled to sway across it over a swinging rattan bridge which spanned a hundred foot tributary. This bridge was so safe (?) in its blackened and rotting condition that only one person was allowed to go over it at a time. Our Tibetan and Chinese feared it more than they did rope bridges.

Just before the tax collector arrives every year the people are ordered to build new bridges. The inhabitants are paid for doing this work as well as for repairing the road. As the structures were now almost a year old they were in about the worst condition possible. The long rains had blackened and rotted the framework until it was no

longer safe. Every one who crossed them now did so at considerable risk.

We were now in leech land. These long wiry creatures turned from green to black as they filled themselves with our blood. Whenever the carriers stopped to rest, which they did about every fifteen minutes, the road would be stained with the blood which flowed when one of these suckers was pulled loose. The Chutzu have a clever method of taking a leaf and grasping the leech and by gentle pressure persuading him to let go gradually, this method causing less blood to flow. Leeches are extraordinarily tough and their body must be on a hard object before a knife will cut them into pieces. Penetration of the skin by a leech or by a fly was often the beginning of a sore that refused to heal. Lora MacLeod and John Kenneth Duncan soon had their legs covered with hideous sores that were a constant irritation. They grew deeper in time forming wells of pus which we had to wash out at great agony to the child. Others of the party had a few of these sores but not serious as compared to these two children whose sores did not entirely heal until they had been in America for some time. They each had as many as sixty at one time on their arms and legs.

We were now at a place where a small official resided. This man, who might be called the district supervisor, was a paid agent of the English-Burmese government of Burma and we had high hopes that he could obtain the food and carriers which we would need for the further continuance of our journey. The guides had assured us we could expect substantial aid from the official here. Alas, for our too sanguine hopes! We sent for the supervisor and asked him what he could do for us. He wailed out the usual reply that the people had no food and as the harvest was just beginning it would be impossible to sell us anything. After much urging he promised to have some millet thrashed out for us and after a great deal of questioning he said that he would try to find some meat. Later he presented us with a

chicken and sold us a little millet. Here we first learned that the supply of rice of our permanent staff of servants was low. They had begun to ration themselves a week before but now they dared to eat rice but once a day, satisfying themselves at other meals with the food of the people, mostly sago palm center, a soft, yellow, juicy, sawdust pulp which is squeezed dry and flattened into a pancake, that is fried over a fire. When eaten it has a woody flavor with a ferocious odor. Our servants found that this diet was not strengthening and besides led to indigestion.

We dined on a model razorback hog here. It was the only pig that we had encountered in all of the days since leaving the Salween river. It was a runt pig of uncertain age but not of uncertain fatness. We had exhausted our lard supply. Before we killed this pig, the only one in the country, we had visions of enough fat to last us for a few days. Alas, we had not reckoned on the leanness of jungle fare. We tried to fry the meat but there was not enough fat in the skin—which had all of the fat there was in the pig—to fry the meat. We were forced to boil the flesh which gave our party of eight people just moderate portions for two meals. The pig was reputed to be several months old, and certainly he was old enough to be tough. We were so hungry for meat that every scrap of his hide was eaten.

The coolies were tired of working on credit. Our guides used this condition as an excuse for resting a day. They fatuously claimed that the people needed one day to prepare their food for the three days' journey which must be undertaken before another village would be reached. Our dwindling food supply worried us, yet there was no other alternative but to agree to a day's delay. These Chutzu cared nothing for money. Fear of punishment was the only motive which they understood. Our guides had been forcing the people to carry for us. Compulsion was distasteful to us but the needs of our party were so imperative that we could not wait.

The coolies which we then had with us were expected to continue carrying the loads until relieved by another village. In the pouring rain of the second morning we were dismayed at the sight of our guides rushing over to our hut, shouting that the coolies had fled. These simple people of the forest had decamped before daylight leaving no trace of their departure other than a vacant room.

Mr. MacLeod narrowly escaped injury at this place and some of the men were actually badly hurt. A higher official had arrived from the district capital the same evening that we reached this dismal spot. We sent the guides over to interview him. They returned with the report that he would help us in every way possible but that he could not come over and see us personally because of an attack of malaria. Mr. MacLeod was not satisfied with this statement. He took the small official with the two interpreters and started over to see this higher personage. One guide had got across the rickety swinging bridge and Mr. MacLeod had half crossed when a crash and a cry caused him to look quickly around to see what was the matter. On the slimy rocks beside the river's edge lay one of the guides with the small official and his son of about thirteen years. They had been standing on the approach which led to the bridge when their weight had caused the poles, which had been loosened by the recent rains, to slip down dropping these men fifteen feet to the stones below. To us in the bungalow, a hundred feet distant, the sound was that of a falling tree but the cries sent tremors of fear to our hearts. Hurrying down to the source of the moans we discovered that the three victims were badly hurt. We carried them to our hut and rendered first aid. MacLeod continued on to the quarters of the high official and came back reporting that a letter had been sent ahead to the villages along the road, ordering all to prepare for the coming of our party. When this official was notified that our coolies had run off, he sent his own men to gather them in again. By nightfall all of the runaways had been brought

back with a few others who had to be used to carry the guide who was too badly hurt to walk.

The flight of the coolies had delayed us for two days and in that time the swinging bridge had been repaired. The people had strengthened it with new knots and repaired the parts that had broken; but the blackened strips of bamboo and rattan cracked and bent under our tread. When we started out one person at a time walked slowly and cautiously across the frail structure and a great sigh of relief came as the last of the party safely passed over the angry river. It had been a hundred and eighty feet of heart palpitation to walk that bouncing pathway whose springing reeled us in a drunken lurch.

Our food was dangerously low. We now knew that we would not have enough to last to Kamde. If it had not been for the providential arrival of the higher official we would likely have been delayed longer than the two days as the small official in his badly wounded condition was less able to govern his people. Whether he could have forced his villagers to carry our loads without the intervention of the higher man is a question which will forever remain unanswered.

A muddy path led over a pass some two thousand feet above the Tolo river, as we continued our journey. The houses of the people of this pass are large airy bamboo structures set upon posts. With a roof of bamboo or fan palm leaves the people pass a lazy loafing day when it is raining and when the weather is clear they seek palm trees for the purpose of scooping out the pulpy center or digging some of the many roots which they soak in water until they are soft and decayed when they are fit to eat.

Many times the guides on one pretext or another had threatened to go back but were held to their contract by promise of liberal treatment when we settled with them at Kamde. They had so much money tied up with us, besides the loss of face if they went back, that we did not worry much

about their going. When the chief guide got hurt they wanted to return at any price, but we promised to have the injured man carried in a chair, which we did, when we could secure carriers, until we arrived in Kamde. Our guides, the Ahsheeah, had suffered great hardships in the past two weeks. Part of this suffering was caused by their avarice. Between Mondu and Dudom, the first two days this side of the N'mai Kha, they had eaten but two meals a day in order to retain some four Lesu carriers from their home district. They had supplied the Lesu with rations for five days but the Lesu ate day and night consuming the five days' food in two days so that the guides in anger and disgust secured funds from us to pay off the four improvident rascals whose place was taken by local Chutzu.

On the twenty-seventh of August, which was the second day out of Bunandundow on the Tolo river there is an entry in our diary which reads, "Sugar all exhausted. The fifth day of continuing rain that has kept us soaked constantly. The children, especially MacLeod's, are wearing wet clothes most of the time. I throw my saddle slicker over the huge basket containing Marion Louise and John Kenneth so that they are kept fairly dry. We take off our wet clothes at night, climb into damp and moldy beds and arise to put on the same wet clothing. We forded a small river up to our knees. We bought five cups of rice and a few fish to extend our food supply which was only enough to last us two days. I drink out of every large stream for the heat creates great thirst. The water is almost warm. Gnats and leeches assail us with unabated fervor."

On August the twenty-eighth, "More rain but no water on the pass which we reached by long approaches so that we were forced to carry water with us for the noon meal. MacLeod is weak from constant malaria attacks which make him very tired at the end of the ordinary days but on these long, hard stages, he is barely able to make it. I discovered a leech on Marion Louise's eye which was almost hidden by

the swelling body of the sucker. I pulled it off and the wound did not bleed long. No harm resulted as the leech was attached to the fleshy corner. John K. had a big fat greenish black one on the back of his neck. We have run into a different variety; they are dark green with faint luminous spots on each side. We bought two chickens but the cook is slow as usual so that we did not eat them for supper until almost twilight."

The next day we gradually descended a long incline and arrived at the capital of the official of Maung La who had been accompanying us from the Tolo river to make certain that our coolies would not run off. This place called by the Chutzu, Lomandumdow, was on a large river about four hundred feet wide. In the winter it was fordable but now a dugout canoe ferries over the passengers. Clear and with a moderate current, it tempted me to take a swim. Swarms of butterflies of every color and size fluttered around the shore. Girls would come down and bathe, retaining a short skirt as a bathing suit.

Our milk was all gone and we had only enough food for one day. The district official came to our aid, forcing the people to sell us a cup of rice for each family out of their scanty stock. With thirty cups of rice and nine chickens we were ready to set out again. Between this point and Kamde there were no homes for the first four days. We tried to buy one of three goats seen but could not as the people claimed that they were pets. There were a few cows, but they were not giving milk and these were the first cattle seen in almost four weeks. Our men worked their hardest to buy food, but it was so scarce that even at the high price of a rupee for two cups they could only secure enough rice to provide them a meal once a day for the next five days. They had been living on one meal a day of millet for the last four days and they had begun to look like the natives, emaciated and thin. With careful use, our rice and chickens would last eight people for the next seven meals while our remnants of moldy barley,

about a cupful, a half cup of cornmeal and a few split peas presented by the official would last another meal. The prospect was appalling because we had no assurance that we would be able to get any more food and so many statements of our guides had proved incorrect that we did not know what was true. We took another leap in the dark, setting out for a five days' journey with three days' food supply and an unknown situation at the end. Kamde was reputed to be a land flowing with milk and honey but since finding, after talking with the official, that we were still a long ways from the railway, we refused to believe anything that could not be seen with the eye. What the future held for us we did not know. We could only go on in hope and prayer that God did not intend for us to die in this wilderness.

My wife and baby were daily getting thinner. Their condition had been growing worse so gradually that we did not realize it for some time. We older people had often gone hungry so that the children might have what they needed. It was hard for them to understand that they must eat the same kind of food day after day and that we could only cook a limited quantity. It is hard to ration children.

The thirtieth of August marked the crossing of the river known in Burma as the Tshang Hka. In a round dugout that rolled and seemed to be about as stable as riding a log, we were poled across. This dugout was thirty feet long and two and one-half feet wide at the largest end. Six or eight persons could squat on the wet bottom, sitting quiet lest the unstable craft should cast us upon the waters. Half Jack swam the wide river following a canoe. This amazed the Tibetans, whose dogs are afraid to enter water. Arriving on the other side we waited in the tall wet grass for the chairs and men to be ferried over. As our men picked up the chairs and started through the heavy grass, rain began to fall making the seventh day of incessant rain, not counting days of spasmodic showers that had drenched us. We were so wet that we could absorb no more water. Plodding through

swamp and mire, wading streams and mudholes caused us little thought. If it had not been for the insects and leeches we would gladly have gone barelegged and barefooted like the native Chutzu.

Begonias, red and yellow blackberry bushes and many other familiar plants awakened poignant memories of happier days. Swamp grass and smartweed which grew in more open spaces recalled barefoot days when we sought the straying cattle in distant parts of the woodland pasture on the farm. Chestnuts and a multitude of other nuts tempted us to eat, but it was only rarely that we could find anyone who could assure us that they were edible. The lack of bird life astonished us until we considered the heat and reflected that only early in the morning when we were arising could their chirping be heard. When separated from the others we would conjure vivid dreams of attacks by tigers that, it was reported, loved to hide in the tall swale grass.

We plugged along for four hours in mud and rain to top a pass over two thousand feet above last night's lodging. It was so hot that I imitated the men of the caravan and let my shirt hang outside of my trousers. MacLeod looked at me with my bristling red beard that stuck out at all angles and my ragged rough attire and twinkling one eye said, "Duncan, you look like a pirate."

I laughed and retorted, "I don't know whether I look like a pirate or not, but I do know that I have been pirated."

MacLeod had not shaved since he left Pamutang; his black beard streaked with grey was longer and silkier than mine, giving him the appearance of a Jewish patriarch seeking the Promised Land.

The thirty-first of August will live forever in our memories. The long arduous climb over the mountains in a burning heat that steamed the fallen rain, was made in the face of a shrinkage of our food which could only last us one more day, with the most careful use. We would be left without food for the children until we reached the nearest settle-

ment, two days' journey away. We were weak from hunger but we were not as weak as our men whose haggard, wasted faces haunted us as their starving wolfish eyes gazed at us beseechingly. Once we saw the younger guide swallow a pill and asked what it was. His reply, that it was opium to keep up his strength, confirmed our suspicions that they had been doping themselves. When one of the chairmen who was a servant of the Ahsheeah, was too worn out to carry his end of Lora's chair, light as she was, the exhaustion of the whole party dawned fully upon us. This man was one of the strongest but he had denied himself too much for his master, who was weaker than he. The other guide, the one who had fallen through the broken bridge, was gaunt and thin because his internal injuries would not permit him to eat roots and tree pith while there was not enough rice to give him a sufficiency of the food which he had been raised upon and which he craved.

Our own servants had been very slack in their duties at times, but we had overlooked their delinquency knowing its cause. When the time of reckoning with the Great Judge of all men shall come, it will be set down to the credit of our men that they were faithful under circumstances which are rarely found for severity and suffering. Starving and weak they struggled on with us rather than leave us stranded and helpless in a wilderness where death hid behind a profusion of vegetation. All honor to them who suffered more than we in an experience in which they had promised to see us to the end.

As we neared the summit we met the long-looked-for relief party that had come in answer to our letters sent sixteen stages previous at Mondu. Just the sight of this party of three men arriving was as beneficial to us as a full meal. The trail no longer wearied us and the jaded muscles needed no more urging, as we moved hilariously up the road. At noon we gorged ourselves on sugar, milk, and biscuit. The fear of starvation was past, for we knew definitely that plenty of

supplies could be secured at Kamde, which we found is known to most of the English world as Fort Hertz. The supplies had been sent by a Burmese called Ludin who was the Assistant Commissioner of this district. Our men were stimulated, as they knew that there was a good meal awaiting them at the stage house which we reached about three o'clock. Here we met the second of three loads of rice which had been sent off two days later than the first, the party with the first having been delayed by the swollen waters of a river that had to be forded. As we told the men that they could have as much rice as they wanted, they seized the bags with the lunge of famished beasts, hugged them to their bosom and ran for their fires where they soon had kettles of white grains steamed and ready for their aching hunger. Just one good meal, the first they had tasted in three weeks when they could eat all they wanted, made a marvelous change in their appearance and their disposition. Contented and amiable we had no word of reproach for the rest of the journey to Fort Hertz.

Across an iron-cable swinging bridge we plunged through dank forests in the rain caring naught for the weather. Our hearts were at rest, as the Ahsheeah had told us a month before they would be, although it was not due to any foresight of theirs. The torrents of water poured down with a fierceness not surpassed during the whole trip.

Our clothing was long since in such a dilapidated state that we wondered if we would not be driven out as beggars when we struck a decently clad community. Three weeks previous, Mr. MacLeod had loaned me his extra pair of shoes when Father André had given him a heavy pair at Bahang. I was then enabled to let Mrs. MacLeod have an old pair of shoes which first were Dr. Shelton's and later Mr. Morse's. A pair of native-made foreign style shoes which Father Genestrier had given me were put to use by my wife whose feet had swollen so she could not wear her own ragged shoes which were now worn by Lora, whose shoes had fallen to pieces. Mr. MacLeod's shoes had loosened at the soles so that he had to

strap them on. It was a good thing for our feet that we arrived in Kamde when we did or we would have had to walk barefooted. As it was, our shoes were full of holes which let in mud at every step.

We forded a swollen creek that came to our waists on the second of September. The current was so strong that we clasped hands to keep from being swept away. Just before we arrived at the dak bungalow in a small village, we saw our first rice fields in more than a month. This touch of higher racial life filled our hearts with joy. We felt that our hardships were about over. We almost ran as we sighted the village whose carts and bullocks, hogs and chickens, assured us that our starving days were gone forever.

This day was made memorable by another happening. As I was rounding a high bluff, I was astounded at seeing a tall white stranger greeting my wife in her chair. She called to me that here was a white man. My tongue was paralyzed as I staggered forward to meet him. He was Captain Dean, the Military Commander of Kamde or Fort Hertz. We thought he had come out to meet us, but he told us he was on his way to check up on the northeastern boundary of his district if he could possibly do so in his month's vacation. He asked about the relief supplies saying that our letter was the first intimation they had of our coming through northern Burma and that they had concluded we must be near their post as the letter was sixteen days old when they received it. Soon Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod came up. We talked rapidly for over a half hour when we must leave in order to make our respective stages. Captain Dean gave us an order to aid us in securing the supplies available at his Military Post.

We crossed, here at Kamchu, the other confluent of the Irawadi known as the Mali Kha. A broad expanse not far from a thousand feet wide had to be crossed in a dugout canoe which the natives managed with great skill. This village of Kamchu with some twenty houses was the largest we had seen in the Burma jungle. Our dog, Half-Jack, the friend and

guardian of the children, who had plodded bravely through the tangled forest with its heat and biting insects, the leeches daily sucking his blood and often with only the scantiest remnants from the children's plates as food—he had really not had a square meal for over two weeks before the relief party arrived—tried to swim the river. He eluded our grasp and made a second attempt, having been carried down the first time and forced to return to the shore from which he had started. On the second trial, he was swept out of our sight around a bend, before he could reach half-way across. We told the Ahsheeah, who were anxious to have him when they returned home after their short sojourn in Kamde, that when they found him they might have him. These guides had helped him over many a precipice and cliff when there were only notched log ladders that he could not ascend. We hated to part with this friend who had guarded us for five years in Batang and watched over us for two and a half months' travel on bleak Tibetan highlands and through stifling Burmese jungle.

Tropical fruits—limes, oranges, and grapefruit—gladdened our eyes along this final day's trip. The last half was over a level plain covered with elephant grass. When we struck the highway leading south with its telegraph line and its width sufficient for carts, we experienced the thrill of a lifetime; we felt that we had reached the borders of civilization at last. A mile distant surmounting a high plateau, gleamed the white buildings of military barracks which we gazed at in wonderment and asked the Ahsheeah, "Is this really Kamde?"

With equally glad eyes, they answered, "It is indeed."

Just outside the town, we were met by a genial, smiling Chinese gentleman with mules for us to ride. This man, Lipaiyoh, was a Chinese Christian to whom we owe a debt of gratitude that we can never repay. Mr. Subah of the Burmese government met us at the edge of the plateau and told us that a house was ready for us to occupy. We were safe with friends at last after forty-one days of misery.

XVI

IN JUNGLE LAND

OUR quarters were in the dak bungalow used by the transient government officials who came occasionally to Fort Hertz. It was on the extreme northern border of the plateau, a remarkable elevation a half mile square jutting twenty-five feet above the low marshy rice lands on all sides of it. The military post is laid out in regular streets which are lined by the barracks of the dark skinned Ghurkas and homes of the officers of the military and civil government. A postoffice and telegraph line afford constant communication with civilized Southern Burma. A civil hospital gives free treatment to all natives that come daily to its dispensary and hospital. The military have their own separate hospital that cares for the three hundred soldiers who safeguard this farthest north post of Burma. A Burmese, Mr. Lu Din, the first of his race to fill the post of assistant commissioner, had just recently arrived. He made forced marches to return from judging a tribal dispute which he had been compelled to decide, after he heard that we were nearing Fort Hertz.

Fort Hertz was the name of the military post. Putao was the official name for the village while Kamde was the Tibetan designation. The Tibetans affirmed this town to be the capital of a great state which figured in their history. Kamde and Tibet exchanged embassies in ancient times. The Tibetan border lies a week's journey to the north, but villages of Tibetan people are found in the mountains three days north of Kamde. The hardy Tibetans had swept down from a northern home in ages past, unchallenged by the weaker, more timid Chutze or Khanungs, nor halted by the decadent Shans. But where man failed to resist the relentless Tibetan hordes, nature stepped in to protect her children. The sultry steaming forests and burning plains cut down the hardy Tibetans

whose bodies inured to cold and sheepskins could not endure heat and nakedness. When the mountains spread out into plains, where winter met summer, there was the dead line. This climatic weather barrier proved more effective than armies of strong arms and flashing swords.

To the north of this plateau was the Chinese village with its five large shops of foreign goods. Beyond the southern border across a small river squatted the Shan village. The Chinese shops had attracted a few Chinese and Burmese artisans who married native women and these wives were their chief means of support when other sources failed. The Shans furnished the farmers of the community. Indians imported from the far south were the workmen. With their unforgetable caste they sent a sweeper to clean out one's rooms, a waterman to carry one's water and a milkman who furnished milk. The officials had Indian servants whom they had brought north with them. We did not understand Hindi so we asked for Chinese cooks and washermen, but such servants were rarer than a dark day in June, so we had to be content with halfbreed Chinese or Lesu, whose boasted knowledge of Chinese was less than our own scanty stock of words.

The only pure white in Fort Hertz was Captain Dean whom we had met on the road two days out east. The other official employes were either Burmese, Indian or Indo-European. These men received us royally, exerting themselves to make our stay comfortable and to supply us with what was necessary on the journey south. We were loaned money and supplies by the Burmese government through the efforts of Mr. Lu Din. He requisitioned coolies to carry us and our luggage. It was impossible to hire the jungle folk to carry loads as money has little value or use to them. Besides they were afraid to travel far from home in a strange district where, if they were out of food, they might die, or if they escaped this disaster, one of the many jungle fevers might strike them down far from home and friends who could appease the unknown spirits. Mr. Lu Din rendered us an in-

valuable service which we appreciated the more in the trying days that followed.

In spite of the aid given us, Kamde did not come up to our expectations, which no doubt were too high. We were able to secure staple food supplies with a smattering of dainties. Shoes were difficult to buy and the women had to wear slippers made for men. Mr. MacLeod and I made with our own hands the sedan chairs which are called "dhoolies" by Indians. We cut up one of the tents, painted it with cheap red paint from the Chinese shops and made tops that shed most of the rain. Lipaiyoh sold me a mule that carried John Kenneth and me for twenty days over a muddy, steamy road.

All of the party improved in health except Louise and the baby, both of them gradually getting thinner, which worried us, for there would be no adequate relief until we reached Rangoon. We rushed our preparations for departure.

Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod and our family separated at this point. We left on the sixteenth and they followed us in about ten days. As usual the departure was hurried. Instructions for the loan of the money had not arrived the evening before which compelled Mr. Lu Din to borrow money from the Chinese shops that we might settle our bills and have cash to pay coolies on the road. Everyone prophesied that we would not get off on the scheduled day but ten o'clock found us tramping out of a center of civilization into the jungle again.

We had a twenty day trip ahead of us over a well prepared road whose southern extremity was being widened for the use of carts. In the dry season motor cars could come up four days from Myitkyina. As it was the rainy season we had no relief from the daily grind of dhoolie and mule. We slushed through mud and rain fighting the usual horde of gnats, flies and leeches.

Except for the first and last days when we rode through elephant grass and rice fields our course lay through the dense tropical jungle that was kept from growing over the

narrow road by the constant slashings of gangs of men who daily cut down bamboo and banana and weeds that grew several inches every day. Even with constant supervision of engineers and the continuous working of large gangs of men, portions of the road were almost closed from tangled undergrowth and washouts. Winding in and out of deep ravines, over steep mountains and beside yawning caverns we skidded and slid day in and day out. Our marches were short, averaging a little over ten miles. The intense heat, unparalleled in sunshine, but bearable in pouring rain made longer marches impossible. We felt just as tired after such a day of sweat and toil as we would have been working fourteen hours in harvest fields of the temperate zone.

Our most familiar friends were bananas and palm and bamboo. A myriad of vines and flowering plants and shrubs entwined themselves around the larger trees forming undulating carpets of leaves that rose high up the tree trunks to swing down to a leafy vale before climbing up again. The jungle was a sea of leafy waves, vast mountain surges of quivering trees. Under such favorable climatic conditions one expects immense trees but we were surprised to find them conspicious by their absence. It was only as we neared Myitkyina during the last four days that we came into the region of teak whose immense trunks, sometimes five feet in diameter, consoled us for the scrubby trees of previous days.

It was not until we reached Kamde that we found the native tribes cultivating varieties of the banana. From that place on south whenever we came to a Chinese or Burmese store there would be found a group of banana plants producing luscious fruit that we could buy.

The simple jungle folk of the Kachins and Shans were like their brothers the Chutzu, who had carried us through the western march, a people who thought not of the morrow. They lived from hand to mouth knowing that nature provided food which would keep them from starving when the more nourishing foods had been exhausted. They did not know

that the woody indigestible diet left them easy victims to disease which had kept their population almost stationary in spite of a high birth rate. Regardless of nature's kindness in providing an equable climate that provided for their wants with little exertion, the land was more sparsely settled than the hard, unyielding heights of Tibet where man's life is a continual struggle to secure food and clothing.

The bamboo plant is as great a boon to the natives of northern Burma as the yak is to the Tibetan. Its tough trunk is the framework of his house and its leaves are tied into sheaves to lay on his roof. When boiled it is a tasteful vegetable as nourishing as cabbage.

The jungle man would feel helpless without his sword, a short thick blade of inferior beaten iron, carried in an open wooden scabbard slung from the right shoulder. The men are the sole carriers of this weapon which can be used in fighting, cutting wood or underbrush, digging a hole in the ground or scraping a rough edge. It is the commonest utensil for clearing roads or cutting off the head of a chicken. The adolescent youth glories in the possession of a sword as a sign of his developing manhood. He loans it or more often wields it for the use of a pretty damsel with an air of exulting pride. He may forget to bring food but he never leaves his sword behind when he departs from his home.

The Chutzu, Kachins and Shans have few wants that they cannot supply from their own home regions. They search the mountains for the flint that they use to strike their fire. The only articles that they desire in trade are salt which is expensive and difficult to procure and swords which are manufactured as cheaply as possible by the Chinese who receive in return medicinal roots, bearskins, monkey hides, or a few articles made of bamboo. They can use a copper vessel better than a wooden or clay one to cook their food; but their cooking utensils are few for their menu is limited. Our former guides, Ahsheeah, had traded for years among these people but abandoned it because of the small profits.

Scarce were all species of animals except the monkey which abounded with noise and clamor. Down by the river not far from our bungalows which were often located near the water's edge there would arise a chorus of barks in several keys, mingled with cries and screams that permitted no sleep after daylight. Their snarling barking cries sounded as if an army of dogs were fighting among the tree tops. This racket would last for an hour gradually fading as the monkeys departed in groups to hunt for breakfast. We saw them but once, although often they seemed near at hand, for dense foliage hid their leaping forms from view as they retreated from the sight of us before we could see them. One morning the silent tread of my wife's chairmen who were leading the caravan, surprised them; she saw their hairy faces but I never got to see them at all.

One day's march through the jungle was much like another. Every morning we arose in the quiet coolness to call for breakfast and as it was being served, we would ask our washerman to go down and see that the coolies were awakened if they had not arisen. It was a rare morning that he did not vex us with the news that one or two had deserted during the night, silently stealing away without his day's wages. Sometimes we exchanged men every day but more often they must go with us two, three or four days before there would be another village that could relieve them. Three times we were held up either from deserting coolies or through failure of our "Beahda," our caravan policeman, to gather in the required number for the carrying of the loads and the chairs.

Our worry was that Louise or the baby would get incurably sick. Every delay was an agony, the desertion of every coolie, a torture. Increased wages and threats were tried but they availed little. We bent every energy to reach Rangoon at as early a date as possible.

After our caravan was once started there was little danger that men would drop out enroute, as the Beahda always brought up the rear and he knew the men so that they would

be punished if they ran off. When we arrived at the next stage house the men would drop their loads and we would make our beds while the cook was preparing supper and the washerman was washing out the baby clothes. The tired caravan men would rest a few minutes smoking a pipe or chewing betel nut; and then they bashfully crowded the door for the wages which I would hand personally to each one to make sure that they knew how much I paid. Later, they might have to split with the policeman or a chief but I forestalled any extortion between myself and them. The first day I had given it to the policeman to have complaints come that he had kept a commission out of each person's wage. Supper would be brought in as the shades of night were falling. As soon as the meal was finished we would retire quickly under our mosquito net to escape the bite of gnat and mosquito. In a few places numbers of the tiny sand-flies would work their way through the netting and battle in a weary struggle the whole night long in which they came out the fit and we the groggy survivors.

We had visions of an auto ride for the last day of our journey provided the weather abated. The rain ceased but the auto finale faded because we arrived too late to accept the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Geis who had gone south to attend a conference at Moulmein. Through the graciousness of the road engineers we secured by personal interview a number of road coolies who dragged us in, the last four days. The government is educating these people to the dignity of labor at great expense, paying them liberally by wages and bonuses. After they have been taught to eat rice they will be lured to labor again for the sake of eating this white grain when no other incentive will move them.

At the edge of Myitkyina on the ninth of October, members of the Kachin church came out to welcome us with a royal dinner and a gharry (carriage). The Christian warmth of their greetings and the fellowship of both men and women in a sumptuous Burmese meal will never be forgotten. That

lovely brick church, the center of that Christian Village, will ever remain as a living memory that belief in Christ makes all men brothers.

For twelve days we revelled in luxurious rest in this teak bungalow of a Baptist missionary, buying a few clothes and waiting for the washed out railway bridges to be rebuilt. The whole Kachin church was kindness itself in all ways, helping us in every way possible. Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod with their children arrived on the twentieth to take up the rooms which we vacated in the Geis home. When part of the railway had been repaired we proceeded to Katha on the twenty-second. Here we boarded the river steamer for Mandalay.

The vessel was loaded with a polyglot burden of chattering people from many races—English and American traveling in first class state and waited upon by dark-skinned Indians; half breed Indo-European filling the second class rooms; Indians in their voluminous white gowns, Burmese in tight black jacket and gay shirt, Kachins in breech cloth and shawl, Chinese in blue baggy trousers and foreign shirt with a huge rice-straw rainhat slung behind, Shans and Chins with mixtures of all these, scrambled for places on the deck where they laid down their rugs. Floor space the size of a cot were their cabins and they ate their own food in groups upon the deck.

The open-decked river steamer outraced the current down the widening Irawadi. Constantly searching for the channel by casting the lead, our course veered from one bank to the other. Primeval jungle, broken by tiny bamboo villages from whose midst rose sky-kissing white pagodas, hemmed the muddy waters of the flooded stream. In many places the recent rains had inundated the low ground covering the tall elephant grass and rice fields leaving the stilted huts standing like sleeping cranes waiting for the unwary frog to thrust his head above the waters. The elephant grass was waving stately plumes bringing balmy days and sunnier life. As we gazed at these manifestations of happier days, our

hearts were singing in tune with the proverb of this land that "when the elephant grass is in bloom, you know it is the end of the rains." God who sent the rain was now bringing the sunshine to cheer us homeward.

Two nights and a day landed us on the wharf of the semi-modern city of Mandalay—that fascinating city celebrated by Kipling in verse—"where the mist rolls up like thunder, out of China cross the bay." Once the capital of Burma, Mandalay is still the most important city of upper Burma. We visited the brilliant palace of King Thebaw, the last of the Kings of Burma, with its gold-lined pillars and nine gilded thrones, each in its own immense room and connected with the others by spacious passages and great pillared porches. The "Paths of Glory lead but to the grave" was our thought as we saw the elaborate colored glass mosaic tombs where the Lords of this Mansion have turned into dust. Around the high wall enclosing the palace grounds and past the hundreds of pagodas we drove, noting the ever-growing Mission buildings with their increasing Christian influence. We hurried to the train which brought us after a night's run to Rangoon.

It was the twenty-sixth of October. The long struggle was over, the days of peril and starvation were past. Worn out and emaciated, my wife Louise, and the baby, Marion Louise, were taken to the government hospital the next morning to recuperate. It was six weeks before they could continue their travels to America.

When the ocean steamer pulled out of the harbor of Rangoon, our thoughts raced back to the arduous days of the sweating jungle, over the airless passes, across the rumbling rivers, up and down the four parallel ranges crowned by the hoary head of Kawagabo to the brave men and women in Batang. We lived again the ambushing of the robbers and prayed that those pioneers of Christ would be protected by His Unseen Power as they pointed the Way of Life to the worshippers of the Mountain of Silver Snow.

ABOUT FACE

ABOUT FACE

A YEAR has passed since we left the shores of Burma. In that time health and strength have come to Mrs. Duncan. The baby, Marion Louise, has grown stout and chubby. The other two members of the family, John Kenneth and I, never had any serious affliction except that of not getting enough to eat.

Recent developments in China augur well for the Church's future. The prospect of a permanent government has had a beneficent effect upon the semi-independent provinces of the interior. Letters from Batang and Chengtu are encouraging in their reports that firmer steps are being taken to control the outlaw element. Missionaries are rapidly returning to the distant inland stations taking their wives and children with them. In Szechwan Province life was never disturbed much out of its normal course except along a narrow strip fronting the Yangtze River. The political attitude of the United States has created a strong friendly feeling among the Chinese for the American citizens. Security of life and property has permitted the people to think about the eternal verities of life. They are thinking more seriously than ever about spiritual values and their relationship in the building of a strong national life. The individual has broken farther away from the past and is seeking for a new faith to guide his thought and action. The command of "Mark Time" for missionary efforts is being replaced by new orders of "About Face" and "Forward March."

We are returning to the Tibetan Border where we made our home for almost six years. We are homesick. When we were taken over that long, long trail by Dr. Shelton, there was much that we did not know about the road. Trials and trails that were discouraging and dangerous did not worry us then,

for they were an unknown. What we know now about the journey makes it harder for us to go over it again. But the call of service banishes these thoughts as we recall the people in Batang whom we love and who love us. Our home life there with its daily tasks; the association with Tibetans and Chinese in the solving of multiplied problems of their religious, social and economic life, the tender recollections of other workers both native and foreign friends in the upbuilding of the Kingdom; the joys and sorrows we shared with each other; all these draw us with a magnetic power that cannot be resisted.

The political, social and religious life of every Tibetan community centers in the monastery. They hold the people in a vise of ignorance and superstition and feudal warfare. The priests are not to blame as they are blind. Their ignorance is only slightly less than that of the laymen. Leading others in the belief of a miserable round of existence, they know not how to escape from their own wretched state. In constant fear of evil spirits, who harass them in every thought and deed, they are not able to direct anyone into the path of happiness and life. Poor, ill-clothed and ill-fed each community lives in a state of alertness lest the enemy creep up unawares and deprive them of what little they possess. Feuds arise never to stop until one side is annihilated. With the vast majority striving daily for a bare existence, the yoke of supporting a numerous priesthood keeps them in an abject state of servitude.

The strong control of the priesthood is understood when we know that the ideal is a priest for every family. The ideal is generally attained. The property of a priest when he dies can only pass to a priestly relative or it will fall to the monastery. Such a custom urges the family to dedicate a younger member to succeed the elder priest. As the priest is under the direct control of the monastic head, there is a religious oligarchy which enthralls the whole country, directing the action of the individual in thought and deed to their support.

The religious heads of the different monasteries are obedient to the greatest incarnation of them all—the Dalai Lama who in spite of his august titles and holy nature is often an ignorant, overclothed and overfed individual who huddles before a smoking fire in the grimy mud castle of Lhasa, whose glories as the City of the Gods stands in the minds of all Tibetans as a dream of perfect delight. All Tibetans believe Lhasa to be the most wonderful city in the world and if by chance a few are disillusioned they will not destroy the vision which means so much to the drab life of millions.

Tibet needs Christ. As we think of the vast throngs untouched by the appeal to seek the Way of Life, as we remember the shackles of superstition, as we recall the handcuffs of ignorance, as we realize the zeal and earnestness of the multitudes in their search for salvation, we know that we must not fail to answer their need for Jesus. We hear the cries of the suffering for the healing hand of the physician. We see the outstretched hands of the orphans pleading that we will not leave them helpless. We gaze sympathetically into the faces of the seekers for the Truth as they grope toward The Light.

We see those two missionary families, the Petersons and Bares toiling daily, praying that friends in America will not fail to reinforce their efforts. They want to hold on until help comes. That aid must not be too long delayed. We visualize that fine young Sino-Tibetan preacher Lee Gway Gwang presenting Christ in word and in life, keeping that struggling church living the ideals of Jesus. He needs spiritual reinforcement lest the trials and temptations undermine the fineness of his high morale. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson in the school and orphanage cannot carry that burden indefinitely. Dr. and Mrs. Bare in the hospital cannot go on forever. Both of these families, in their evangelizing, need the stimulus which comes from the knowledge that they are to be reinforced from the homeland. The permanence and continuity of the Christian service on the Tibetan Border call us to continue with the

Spirit of Christ in working for the redemption of those stalwart mountaineers.

There is the appealing spirit of Christian adventure. When the vast melting pot of Asia which has always led in the quest for truth shall have caught the true import of the Jesus Life, then the world can look for spiritual exaltation which it has never seen. When the teachings of Christ have penetrated the inmost soul of the mystic, meditative East, spiritual values of Jesus will be found that will enrich and reflame the materialistic West, saving her from a threatened civilized decadence. To have a part in molding the thought of young men and women as they meet and solve their religious and national problems kindles the spirit of Christian adventure. We face the future with courage in our desire to have a part with youth in their questing adventure for Christ.

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though asters grow
In Batang fields."

In a little plot of ground just south of the Mission Compound on the Road to Lhasa rest the bodies of Dr. Loftis and Dr. Shelton amidst a circle of childrens' graves. Their white tombs glisten brilliantly in the dazzling sunlight and gleam ghostly white under the rays of shadowy moonlight. As these heroes dwell in their houses by the side of the road, they are friends to man for here the tinkling caravans of Tibetan traders roll by on their long journey to the city of the Gods. Twirling their prayerwheels, the dusky Tibetan eyes can read on the headstone of Dr. Loftis, "Greater Love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends." Turning to its companion in front of Dr. Shelton's grave, "He came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life as a ransom for many." In three languages Tibetan, Chinese and

English through the ages three races can read these Testimonies of Christ in the Lives of Men.

In that land of the four parallel rivers whose raging torrents are guarded by the dazzling white crown of Kawagabo whose icy tips can be seen from the mountains that overshadow Batang, we would labor that men might turn from the worship of "The Mountain of Silver Snow," to the Christ of the shining life.

PRONUNCIATION KEY

ă as in hăt	ō as in tōne
ā as in rāy	ŏ as in tŏn
ä as in äh	o͞o as in scho͞ol
ai as in kaiser	ong as in song
au as in kraut	ow as in cow
aw as in raw	ŭ as in bŭt
ĕ as in mĕt	û as in fûll
ẽ as in hẽr	ü as in the German ü
ē as in bē	ch as in chin
ĭ as in pĭn	ts as in catsup

tz as the ordinary t and z only sounded together

h is always sounded even when final

Ahsheeah .....ä shē ä
Akudolo .....ä kû′ dō lō
Anamese .....ăn′ ă mēs
Andre .....ăn′ drā
Atuntze .....ä dûn′ tze

Bahang .....bä′ häng
Batang .....bä′ täng
Beahda .....bē äh′ dä
Bu .....bo͞o
Bunandundow .....bŭ năn′ dûn dow

Cha Pieh .....jä bā′
Chao Er Feng .....jau ẽr fong′
Chianiting .....jä nē′ ding
Chins .....chĭns
chorden .....chōr dĕn′
Chu Draw .....cho͞o draw′
Chupalung .....cho͞o bä′ long
Chu′ Hsiung .....cho͞o song′
Chu Jiang .....cho͞o jĭ äng′
Chutzu .....cho͞o′ tzû

dak .....däk
Dalai Lama .....dä′ lä lä′ mä
Dee Dji .....dē djĭ′
dewajen .....dĕ wä′ jĕn
dhoolies .....do͞o′ lēs
Dom .....dŏm
Domba .....dōm bä′
dorje .....dōr jĕ′
Dorjetroleh .....dōr jĕ′ trō lĕh′
Drasheechopee .....drä shē′ chŏ pē′

Drashenorje .....drä shē′ nōr jĕ′
Drima .....drĭ′ mä′
Dudom .....dōō dōm′

Erh Hai .....ẽr hai′

Gartok .....gär tōk′
Geis .....gais
Genestrier .....jĕ nĕs trā′
Gezongondu .....gĕ zong ōn′ dü
Gonkalama .....gong kä′ lä mä′
Gora .....gẽ ra′
Gore′ .....gō rā′
Gushi .....gû shĭ′
Gushen .....gû shĕn′

Haiphong .....hai fong′
Hongkong .....hong kong′
Hrewadi .....hrĕ wä dē′
Hsia Gwan .....hsä gwän′
Hwa Fu Pi.....hwä fû′ pē
Hwagan .....hwä găn′
Hweilichow .....hwā lē jō′

Irewadi .....ẽr wä dē′

Jaygosumdo .....jā gō sûm′ dō
Jong .....jông
Jongu .....jōngû′

Kachin .....kă chin′
Kamchu .....käm chû′
Kamde .....käm dē′
Kangling .....käng lĭng′
Kawagabo .....kä wä′ gä bōō′
Khanungs .....khä nŭngs′
Kia La .....jä lä′

Kongtzeding .....kong tzĕ dĭng′
K′un Yang .....kŭn yăng′

Lamaism .....lä′ mä ism
Lamasery .....lä′ mä sĕ rĭ
Lama Dorje .....lä′ mä dōr jĕ′
Lee .....lē
Lee Gway Gwang .....lē gwā gwäng
Lee Gway Yin .....lē gwā yin
Lesu .....lē soō′
Lhasa .....lhä sä
Lhamden .....lhäm dĕn′
Likiang .....lē jĭ äng′
Liu Dja Ge .....loō djä′ jē
Lipa .....lā bä′
Lipaiyoh .....lĭ pai′ yōh
Litang .....lē täng′
Lolos .....lō lōs′
Lomandumdow .....lō măn′ dûm dow′
Lu .....loō
Lutzu .....loō tzû′

Ma Fu Gwan .....mä foō gwăn′
Mali Kha .....mä lē khä
Mani .....mä′ nĭ
Mandalay .....măn dă lā′
Maung La .....mong lä′
Maung Lu Din.....mong loō dēn
Mekong .....mē′ kong
mien .....mē ĕn′
Millewah .....mĭll ē′ wä
Ming Shan .....mĭng shăn′
Mondü .....mōn dü′
Mongtze .....mong tzĕ′
Mosu .....mō soō

Moulmein .....mowl mān′
Myitkyina .....mē jĕ′ nä

Nahla .....nä lä′
Nashi .....nä shē′
Nemasah .....nē mä′ säh

Om Mani Padme Hum..ōm mä nĭ păd mĕ hŭm
Ouvrard .....ōō′ vrard

Pamutang .....bä mōō′ täng
Pehalo .....pā hä′ lō
Pondang .....pō däng′

Ranalama .....rä nä lä mä
Retri .....rĕ trĭ′

Salween .....săl′ wēēn
Sekeen .....sē kēēn′
Sela .....sē lä′
Sele .....sē lē
Shan .....shăn
Shangchen .....shäng chén
Shih Ku .....shĭh gōō′
Shisonggong .....shi song′ gong
Silinong .....sĭ lĭ nong′
Songding .....song dĭng′
Subah .....sû′ bä

Tachienlu .....dä jĕn lōō
Talifu .....dä lē′ fōō
Tegoting .....dĕ gō′ dĭng
Tengyueh .....tĕng yû ä
Thebaw .....thē′ baw
Taoyantze .....tow′ yăn tzĕ
Tibet .....tĭ bĕt′
Tibetans .....tĭ bĕt′ ăns

Tolo Jiang .....tō lō jĭ äng′
tongyen .....tong′ yĕn
tsamba .....tsäm bä
Tsa Lei .....tsä lā′
Tsa Lei Ding .....tsä lā ding
Tsetchong .....tsĕ tchong′
Tsekitu .....tsĕ kĭ′ tōō
Tshang Kha .....tshäng kä′
Tsoling .....tsō lĭng′
Tsongen .....tsong ĕn′
Tsongkhapa .....tsong kä bä
Tzuku .....tzĕ gōō′

Wangchedow .....wäng chē dow′
Weishi .....wā shē′
Wu Luh Tien .....wōō lōō tē ĕn

Yachow .....yä jō′
Yak .....yäw
Yalung .....yä long′
Yangtza .....yăng tzä′
Yangtze .....yăng tzĕ
Yaragong .....yä rä gong
Yei chi .....yā jĭ′
Yen Gin .....yĕn jĭn′
Yunnanfu .....yŭn năn fōō
Yuragan .....yûr ă găn

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Tibet
BETANS
Dorjetroleh
Batang River
Batang
Pamutang
Tsongen
Kia-La-Pass
Mekong R.
Yongin
Tsa lei Pass 15,800
Joyogsumdo=Point of Robbery
Songdim
Gushi
Dom
Atuntze
Chia Pien
KAWAGABO=The Mountain of Silve
Yangtze
Hwa Fu Pi
Tsetchong
Salween River
N'mai Kha River
Chu Giang River
Dee Du River
Mali Kha River
Irrawaddy River
Pass 13,700
Pass 15,000
Setu
Sekeen
Yei Chi
LESU
MOSU
Yangtze River
Komandundow
Gushen
Kamchu
Kamde
Tiort Hertz
Chutzu
Jungle Land
Kachins
BURMA
Nmai Kha River
Mali Kha River
Mekong River
Lesu
Weishi
Wulutien
Shih-Ks
LiKia
Talifu
Hsia-Gwan
To Rangoon
MyitKyina
Tengyueh
Salween River
Mekong River
Tremodi River
Yon

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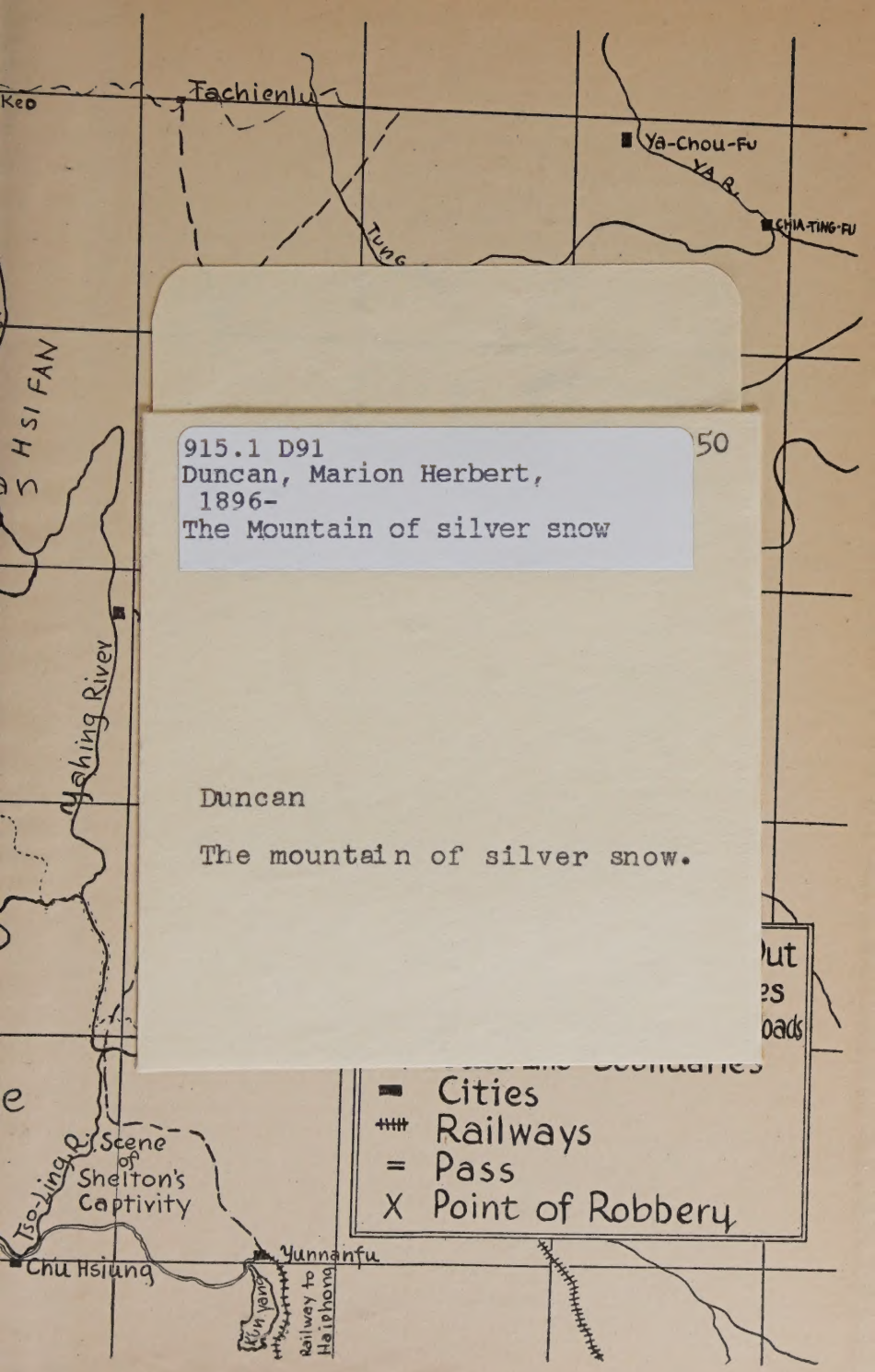

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Duncan, Marion Herbert,
1896-
The Mountain of silver snow

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Duncan

The mountain of silver snow.

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